

MAY 31 1935

"TALENT SCOUTS ON BROADWAY" By Ed Sullivan

Silver Screen

July



JUL 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Carole Lombard

MARLAND
STONE

There Are Seven Reasons Why Ginger Rogers Is Tops"
By Elizabeth Wilson

★ WAKE UP, LITTLE GIRL . . . WAKE UP ★



TODAY IS YOUR WONDERFUL DAY

A CANTER with that nice Princeton boy over the Westchester hills, green and misty . . . luncheon at the Ritz with Paul and Frank and Leila . . . to the matinee with Jud . . . then in Charlie's plane to New Haven and that wonderful party where your partner will be a real prince . . . What a lucky girl you are to be so popular! What's that you say . . . it's not all luck? A little forethought and common sense mixed in, you maintain . . . How right you are, little Miss Charming.

* * *

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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The Opening Chorus



Claudette, the Nature Lover.

THE LETTER FROM LIZA

WELL, for weeks and weeks everybody told me that I should see the desert flowers. Joan Blondell and George Barnes drove way up to Bakersfield to see the famous California poppies along the Ridge Route, and came back raving like a couple of horticultural maniacs, and Madge Evans returned from a week at La Quinta simply doing nip-ups about the flowering joshua trees, which are a branch of the cacti family. I'd do my best to coax a little juicy tidbit out of Madge about Gloria Swanson and Herbert Marshall and other La Quinta habitués, but all Madge would say was, "Liza, you just ought to see those joshua trees. Right there in the middle of the desert they are blooming like tropical plants."

So I decided finally that I really ought to see the desert flowers (they bloom only for about a month every year, you know, just to make a lie out of science) and I sold the idea to Claudette Colbert who has become a California land-owner and thinks she should know all about flowers. So, one morning about ten o'clock we set out for the Mohave desert.

One thing I must say about Claudette, in her favor, is that when she enters into anything she does it whole-heartedly, so when I stopped by to pick her up I found a picnic lunch had been prepared and there was Carlos, Claudette's chef and a former tenor in an Italian opera company, all done up in an immense chef's cap entwined in apple blossoms and singing away on "Rigoletto." Barbara, the maid, came rushing out with thermos bottles of hot coffee and cold orange juice, and Winifred, Claudette's personal maid, dashed out with dark colored glasses and an extra scarf, and what with the dogs barking and Carlos' aria I felt just like a scene out of "Enter Madame."

We reached Lancaster several hours later, and cut off into Antelope Valley where the poppies, according to rumor, were supposed to be the biggest and brightest. "Ah," said Claudette with poetry in her veins, "we'll spread our lunch in a poppy field." And we rode for hours looking for a poppy field, but one of those cold desert winds, like the mistral in southern France, had sprung up and

[Continued on page 13]

REFLECTING the MAGIC of HOLLYWOOD

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Silver Screen

ELIOT KEEN

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Art Director

CONTENTS

SPECIAL FEATURES

"TALENT SCOUTS ON BROADWAY".....	ED SULLIVAN	16
<i>They Hunt High And Low For Talent For The Screen</i>		
7 REASONS WHY GINGER ROGERS IS "TOPS".....	ELIZABETH WILSON	18
<i>No Girl Has Quite As Much To Give To Pictures As Ginger</i>		
IRENE DUNNE "NUCLEUS".....	HELEN FAY LUDLAM	20
<i>Wherever Irene Is, There A Party Begins To Form</i>		
RUGGLES, THE RUGGED RANCHER.....	MAUDE CHEATHAM	21
<i>Charles Ruggles Has Gone In For Chickens</i>		
THE CRUSADES.....	JULIA GWIN	22
<i>Cecil B. DeMille's New Picture Of Richard, The Lion Hearted</i>		
BEAUTIFUL JOAN!.....	LENORE SAMUELS	24
<i>Joan Bennett Is Capable As Well As Beautiful</i>		
STUDIO NEWS.....	S. R. MOOK	25
<i>Read About The Pictures You Will See In June</i>		
STARS ON THE SHELF HAVE THE MOST FUN.....	HELEN LOUISE WALKER	26
<i>The Famous Beauties Who Have Left Pictures Now Enjoy Life</i>		
THE HOLLYWOOD BRAND OF PARTY MANNERS.....	GRACE KINGSLEY	28
<i>Being Informal Is The Latest Party Idea</i>		
SINCERELY—CAROLE LOMBARD.....	HELEN HARRISON	31
<i>She's A Girl On The Level</i>		
"CHASE ME!".....	"LIZA"	32
<i>The Publicity Racket Has A Lot Of Fascinating Angles</i>		
EVERYTHING IS ROSY—NOW!.....	EDWARD CHURCHILL	51
<i>Edward Arnold Reaps His Reward</i>		
"H. M.".....	CRUIKSHANK	52
<i>Harry M. Warner Has A Passion For Helping The Unlucky</i>		
ROMERO.....	DENA REED	53
<i>Cesar Romero Is A Real Latin From Manhattan</i>		
PUZZLES.....		72
<i>What Movie Players' Names Are Represented?</i>		

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

THE OPENING CHORUS.....		4
SILVER SCREEN'S PATTERN DEPARTMENT.....		6
<i>Get This Pattern Of Patricia Ellis' Dress</i>		
REVIEWS:—TIPS ON PICTURES.....		6
LET THE BEACH REVEAL YOUR BEAUTY.....	MARY LEE	8
MRS. PAT O'BRIEN TELLS HER COOKING SECRETS.....	RUTH CORBIN	10
"YOU'RE TELLING ME?".....		12
TOPICS FOR GOSSIPS.....		15
REVIEWS OF PICTURES SEEN.....		54
A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE.....	CHARLOTTE HERBERT	82
THE FINAL FLING.....	THE EDITOR	82

ART SECTION

ANN SOTHERN, ONE OF THE BEST DANCING STARS.....		35
TARGETS FOR CUPID.....		36-37
<i>Love Does Not Interest Them</i>		
HOLLYWOOD SHOWPLACES AND HIDEOUTS.....		38-39
<i>Homes Of The Stars</i>		
ALLURE, APPEAL & CO.....		40-41
<i>The Screen Boasts Many Beautiful Women</i>		
SHOOTING AT THE BIG SHOTS.....		42-43
<i>The New Pictures Of The Big Stars</i>		
THE GANGSTERS ARE IN AGAIN.....		44
<i>But This Time They Are On The Run</i>		
WILL THE MOVIES MOVE?.....		45
<i>Hollywood's Side Of It</i>		
THAT'S ACTING.....		46-47
<i>Katharine Hepburn Displays Her Great Talent</i>		
STICK AROUND.....		46-47
<i>Everyone Finally Gets A Break</i>		
SHIRLEY TEMPLE.....		48
<i>New Photographs Of The Baby Star</i>		
THE WATER BABIES.....		49
<i>Following Mr. Kingsley's Idea</i>		

COVER PORTRAIT OF CAROLE LOMBARD

By MARLAND STONE

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"Turn about is fair play" is what Joan Crawford means to convey to Robert Montgomery whose solemn pledge of "No More Ladies" proves to be worth about as much as a politician's promise... Bob seems to get the idea... The air is packed with dynamite, but Grandma Edna May Oliver, now on her fourth Double Martini, is serenely undisturbed by the whole business...

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents the season's gayest romance adapted from New York's laughing stage hit!

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with
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Size.....

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On the Fourth, Una Merkel lights a fuse to see it work-el

BABY FACE HARRINGTON—Amusing. A fast-paced, breezy little farce, in which Charlie Butterworth, the meek little office clerk, finds himself in a maze of bizarre adventures after his wife (Una Merkel) makes him ask the boss for a raise.

BLACK FURY—Excellent. For stirring drama, this simple story of a coal miner who inadvertently splits his union wide open thereby causing unspeakable tragedy, has more ambitious efforts whipped right off the cinema map. Paul Muni gives unsurpassable performance as Jo Radek.

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS—Elaborate extravaganza. An English version of the already familiar story of the man who had to squander over two million dollars in a year in order to inherit six million more. It's not so easy as you think! (Jack Buchanan-Lily Damita.)

CASE OF THE CURIOUS BRIDE—Good. An interesting murder-mystery that is adroitly directed and capably acted by a cast including Margaret Lindsay, Claire Dodd, Warren William and Allen Jenkins.

DARING YOUNG MAN, THE—Interesting. Treated in a light, sardonic manner this film actually refers to the scandalous conditions of affairs existing in some of our jails. (Mae Clarke, James Dunn.)

DINKY—Fine. Once again we have young Jackie Cooper playing the leading rôle in an entertaining story of adolescence. Youngsters in this film whom you may remember are Edith Fellows and Jimmy Butler, and among the adults are Mary Astor and Roger Pryor.

EIGHT BELLS—Fair. The action takes place on board a tramp steamer commanded by Ralph Bellamy, who is later demoted in favor of John Buckler. The ship's owner is the father of Ann Sothorn, our heroine—and there's your story in a nutshell.

FOUR HOURS TO KILL—Good. This is an exciting melodrama with the action taking place in a theatre during a theatrical performance. Dick Barthelmess is cast as a killer trying to get even with the man who squealed on him. (Joe Morrison, Gertrude Michael.)

GO INTO YOUR DANCE—Nice entertainment. Here's your opportunity to see Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler together—with both at their best in their particular fields. Glenda Farrell, Helen Morgan and Patsy Kelly contribute some nice bits also.

GEORGE WHITE'S 1935 SCANDALS—Entertaining. An amusing musical revue, with the familiar "backstage" plot, and featuring Alice Faye and James Dunn and Lyda Roberti, Cliff Edwards, and Ned Sparks.

HOLD 'EM YALE—Amusing. Patricia Ellis as the society girl who can't resist a uniform. She makes an error, however, when she falls for Cesar Romero, who turns out to be a gangster. (Andy Devine-Geo. E. Stone.)

HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, THE—Fair. For those of you who loved reading this classic in your childhood, this film will prove most interesting. Norman Foster is in the title rôle, and Charlotte Henry plays the girl.

IT HAPPENED IN NEW YORK—Light and amusing. The romance of a taxi driver and a switchboard operator (Lyle Talbot and Heather Angel) gets interspersed with some tall doings when movie star Gertrude Michael hits town. (Hugh O'Connell.)

LES MISERABLES—Most impressive. Victor Hugo's thrilling novel brought to the screen so magnificently that it will forever remain in your

REVIEWS

TIPS ON PICTURES

memory. Superbly played by Fredric March, Charles Laughton, Cedric Hardwicke, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake.

LOVE IN BLOOM—Fair. The story of two love-sick youngsters (Dixie Lee and Joe Morrison) who make a valiant effort to earn a living by song alone. Burns and Allen, of vaudeville and radio fame, provide the comedy highspots.

MARK OF THE VAMPIRE—Eerie thrills. A horror story on the "Dracula" type which lovers of the mysterious will gloat over, but which may give those less hardened some bad dreams.

MEN OF TOMORROW—Only fair. A story of Oxford undergraduate life which, if it had not been so severely cut, might have been much better. It was made in England and has Merle Oberon and Robert Donat in two of the main rôles.



Blows it good to aid the flame

NIGHT AT THE RITZ—Just so-so. How a press-agent maneuvers to get a man who can't cook into the job of chef at a famous hotel. It is breezy in spots. (William Gargan, Patricia Ellis, Erik Rhodes, Allen Jenkins.)

ONE NEW YORK NIGHT—Good. The plot—a murder mystery—somehow gets lost in a shuffle of breezy and amusing situations that lead up to and around it. Nice cast includes Franchot Tone, Una Merkel, Conrad Nagel, Steffi Duna.

PEOPLE'S ENEMY, THE—Fair. Preston Foster plays the rôle of a gangster—a prototype of Al Capone—who finally was sent to jail for income tax evasion. The story is melodramatic in the extreme, and the cast includes Lila Lee, Melvyn Douglas and Herbert Rawlinson.

PEOPLE WILL TALK—Most amusing. When Mary Boland and Charlie Ruggles are cast in a comedy of domestic relations, you can promise yourself a high percentage of laughs.

PRIVATE WORLD'S—Excellent. A stirring and quite different drama, set in a sanitarium for neurotic patients. It is thrillingly acted by Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer, Joel McCrea and Joan Bennett. Don't miss this.

RECKLESS—Good. From a plot standpoint this is not particularly novel, but the production is lavish and the drama is supplied by Jean Harlow, Bill Powell and Franchot Tone, while May Robson, Ted Healy and Nat Pendleton take care of the comedy. So, what more can you ask?

RICHELIEU—Fine. As the Cardinal who ruled the France of Louis 13th (Edward Arnold) with magnificent daring and rapier-like wit, George Arliss chalks up another superb performance to his credit. (Maureen O'Sullivan, Cesar Romero.)

SPRING TONIC—Amusing. A farce, directed after the slap-stick manner, in which a prospective bride (Claire Trevor) dashes away from her husband-to-be (Lew Ayres) and gets embroiled in some exciting situations.

STAR OF MIDNIGHT—Fine. A sophisticated, good-humored mystery à la "The Thin Man," with suave William Powell playing the lawyer who has a yen for solving fascinating crimes. Ginger Rogers gives a tincture of romance to the opus.

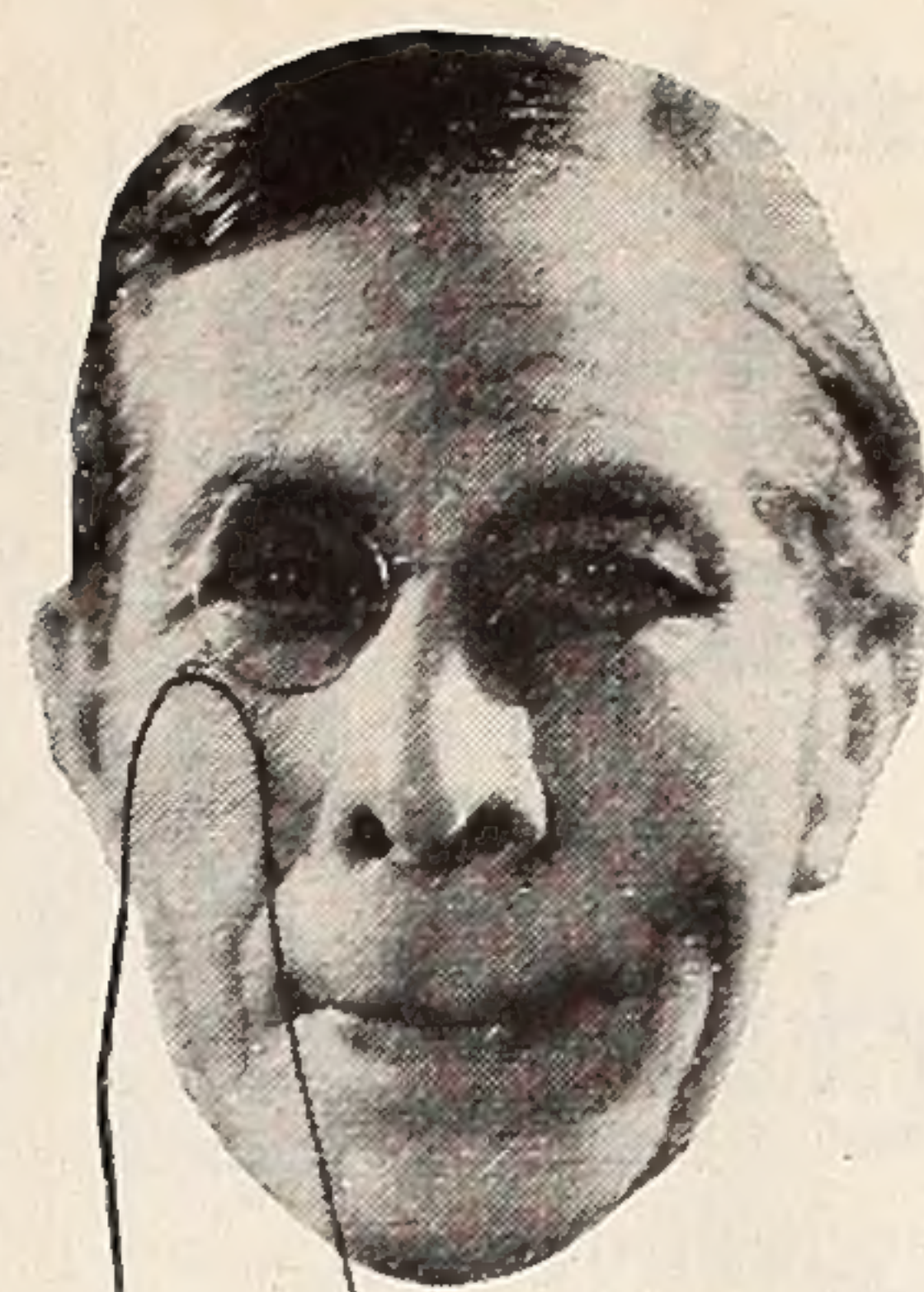


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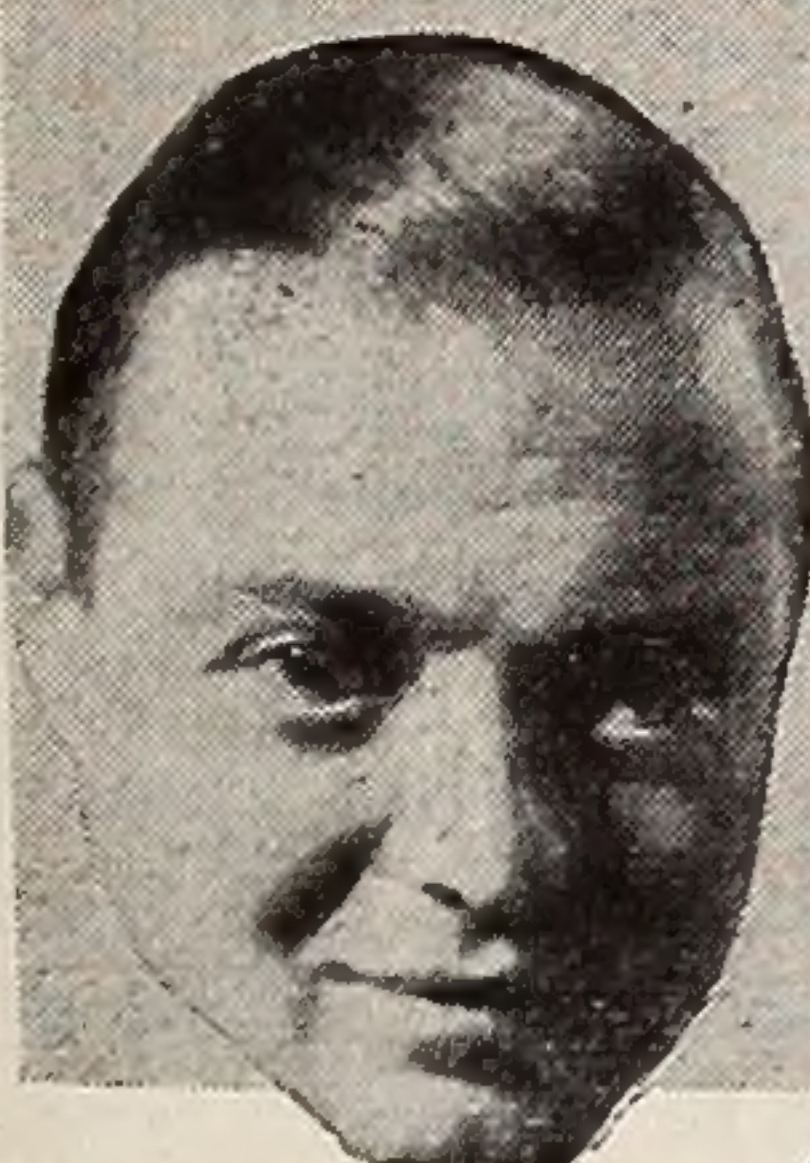
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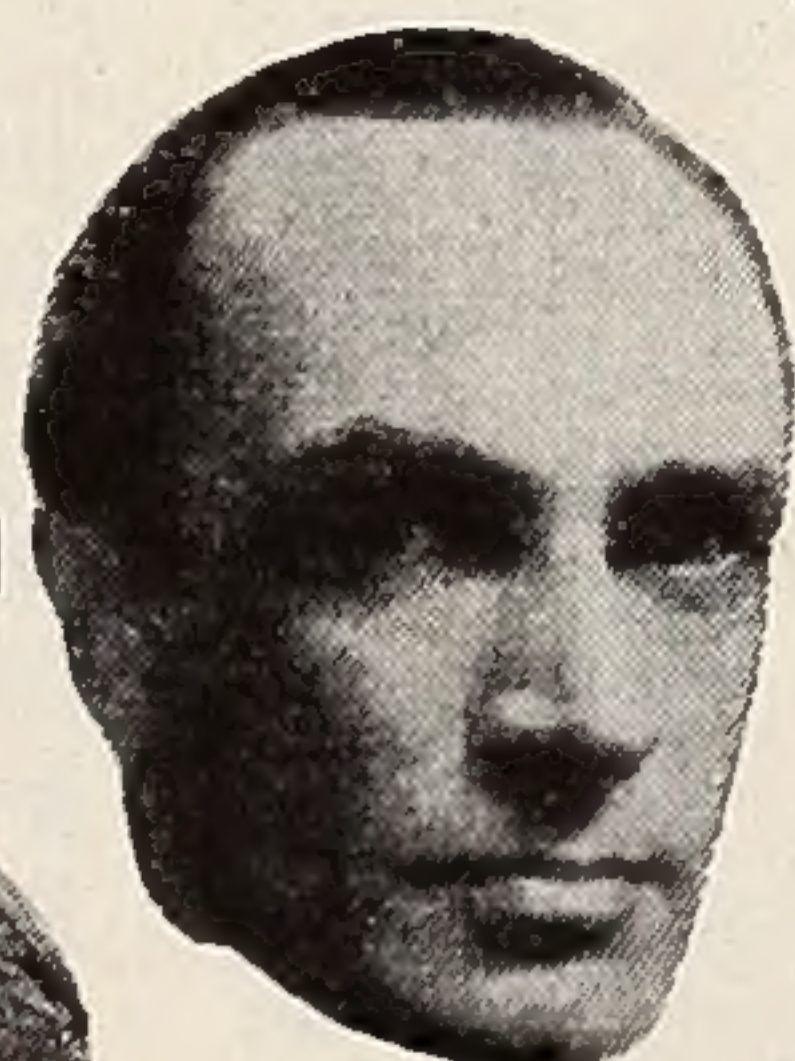
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CICELY COURTNEIDGE



BARRY MACKAY



TOM WALLS

Watch For These Pictures!

THIRTY-NINE STEPS

THE CLAIRVOYANT

THE TUNNEL

THE KING OF THE DAMNED

THE MORALS OF MARCUS

RHODES

KIPLING'S SOLDIERS THREE

PASSING OF THE 3RD FLOOR BACK

MODERN MASQUERADE

SECRET AGENT

DR. NIKOLA

KING SOLOMON'S MINES

TOPS 'EM ALL



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Let the Beach Reveal Your

BEAUTY

By

Mary Lee



A special make-up is required when you wear a swim suit or fancy dress, if you wish to look as pretty as Dixie Lee.

IT TAKES a figure and a face and a lot of sparkling energy, too, to play Dixie Lee's new role in "Redheads on Parade."

Girls, Dixie Lee's recent ascent on the Hollywood horizon is no lucky accident. Our best Summer bonnet is off to her for the way she has come back to stellar roles after nursery duty nobly done to three very young and lively offspring in the Bing Crosby family! We miss our guess and the cameras are previous prevaricators if she hasn't returned with more in the way of good looks and charm than she ever had before. Professionally speaking, that means wise beauty care in every big and little detail. Dixie's come-back ought to be a good lesson to us who relax in matters pulchritudinous when the going is a little hard.

Summer is without a doubt the most trying time of the year for one's good looks. Stop and figure it out. Or shall we do it for you? First of all, there's the bright sunlight—danger signal for unbecoming sunburn or patch-work tan. And, it's a fact, bright light does show up every little line and blemish you might be able to get away with when skies are cloudy.

Secondly, you show much more of yourself to the appraising gaze of your dear public in Summer-time. Even in street costumes, you display more neck (furs cover up a multitude of sins when furs are being worn). Your stockings are thinner, if you wear them. And short sleeves or no sleeves are Dame Fashion's decree.

The beach, most revealing of all, demands a perfection few women have unless they work hard to get and keep it.

For the figure, keep up those bending and stretching exercises that make tummy muscles taut, and the rolling that takes excess inches off the hips. Summer sports won't take the place of them. To make the most of your figure, wear a bathing suit that is flattering and fashion-right. Jantzen has some honeys!

Don't, for Heaven's sake, let yourself sunburn and tan haphazardly. If you want an even tan that shines like burnished bronze, use a good suntan oil. There are scads of them in the stores. If tan's not flattering to your style of beauty, or you're inclined to freckle, take an extra minute or two before you face the sun to rub in one of the pro-

ductive anti-sunburn preparations. All the big cosmetic houses have them.

Now for a word on Summer make-up. If you don't know it already and haven't started the practise, we'll tell you now. You positively must not wear as heavy a make-up as you did in the Winter and the rainy part of the Spring. We all wear lighter color clothes in the Summer, white and pastels predominating. The rich, warm shades of rouge and lipstick that are marvelous with black, brown and dark green, look garish with pastels. And remember, the sun itself gives you extra color. To get the right effect, try out the color tones of your make-up all over again when you're wearing light clothes and, more important still, do it with your mirror reflecting bright daylight.

You probably won't have to change your brand, but change the shades and the amount you use. You may need a different powder, too. For most complexions, the rachel or beige shades are better in Summer than the pinkish flesh tints. If you go in for tan in a big way, get one of the sun-tan powders. Don't put sun-tan powder on a pale skin, though, with the idea it will make you look tanned. It won't.

Give much thought and a little care to your arms and legs. They're made to use, but people do see them, especially if you're the outdoor type who loves the beach and tennis courts.

By the way, are you going in for knee-high stockings this Season? If you are, remember skirts are shorter and you may be displaying either an unsightly or an intriguing expanse of upper 'limb,' as our grandmothers used to say. We suggest, by way of precaution, a little softening cream applied to the knees and elbows at the same time you use it on your face. A tiny bit of rouge on the knees has been known to be used with devastating effects!

And toenails—let's not forget toenails! Carefully pedicured and brightly colored nails are an old story on the beach, but we'll be seeing more and more of them on the street and the dance floors this Summer. Open-toed sandals are all the rage. There are stockings made specially for them, but if you have the legs and the feet to go stockingless, you'll be just that much

smarter. Red is still the favorite color for toenails, but you can achieve an added touch of chic by matching them up with your frock or accessory colors.

Now, to be really personal, may we warn you not to let ugly hair mar the attractiveness of your arms and legs? It can be removed with a good depilatory or specially prepared mitten. It stays away longer if you pull it out with wax, but don't expect any wax to be entirely painless. You can lighten the hair and make it less conspicuous with a bleaching rinse (same kind some of you use on your heads).

The finishing touch to ravishing Summer beauty is fragrance. Avoid body or perspiration odours like the very mischief! Perspiration checks and deodorant soaps, creams or lotions are among your best Summer friends, and don't you forget it!

Eau de Cologne, after-bathing infusions and light skin perfumes that you can spray or douse all over you without being overperfumed, are staging a big come-back. They're delightful to use and they give you a wonderful feeling of luxuriant freshness. Dusting powders are a big help to hot weather daintiness, too.

Give a thought to your crowning glory! Summer sun and ocean dips are apt to be hard on your hair unless you do something about it.

Exposure to the sun has a tendency to dry and bleach your hair. If you are a blonde or 'ex-blonde' perhaps you'll like that. However, you mustn't forget that sun-bleached hair has a dull, lifeless look unless you use brilliantine or an oily tonic, or better still, give it plenty of brushing to stimulate the activity of the natural oils.

Personally, we're all for the brushing—at least a hundred strokes a day with a good stiff brush that gets right down to every quarter inch of scalp. If you want to make the brushing doubly effective, give your scalp a healthful sun bath at the same time. Brush your hair in the sunshine and let the rays and the good fresh air get into your scalp. Only, don't do it in the heat of mid-day when the rays are too intense. Early morning and late afternoon are the best times to get real benefits from sunshine without over-heating or scorching.

Perhaps you're afraid brushing will take the wave out of your hair, and we'll admit sometimes it does. You can get an electric comb that is specially constructed to stimulate the scalp and important glands under it without disturbing your wave one little bit. Whether by way of the brush or the electric comb, scalp stimulation is the surest road to hair health and natural beauty!

Here's a tip to you who take your sea bathing strenuously. Salt water is none too good for your hair if you let it dry and stay on. Protect your hair the best you can with bathing caps and, if it does get wet, rinse it out well with fresh water.

ANIMAL TROUBLE



Fay returns.

FAY WRAY, who has been making pictures in England, returned to wild and woolly America, and, uncultured though it is, compared to London, she says, she likes it. The only thing is, the howling of the timber wolves keeps her awake at night. You see, her suite in the Pierre is practically right above the Central Park Zoo.

What's the matter with Me and Men?



"**H**ERE I sit alone, evening after evening, reading or listening to the radio. What's the matter with me? Why don't men take me out? I'm not so hard to look at — and I love a good time!"

Poor girl! How surprised and chagrined she would be if she knew why she is left at home alone.

You can't blame people for avoiding the girl or woman who is careless about underarm perspiration odor. It's too unpleasant to tolerate in anyone, no matter how attractive she may otherwise be.

There's really no excuse for it when Mum makes it so easy to keep the underarms fresh, free from every trace of odor.

Just half a minute is all you need to use Mum. Then you're safe for the whole day.

Use it any time — *after* dressing, as well as before. It's harmless to clothing. It's soothing to the skin, too — so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Depend upon Mum to prevent all unpleasant perspiration odor, without preventing perspiration itself. Then no one will ever have *this* reason to avoid you! Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., N.Y.



ON SANITARY NAPKINS, TOO.

Guard against this source of unpleasantness with Mum. No more doubt and worry when you use Mum!

MUM

takes the odor out of perspiration



Mrs. Pat O'Brien

tells her

COOKING SECRETS

*She Runs Her Home
And A Dress Shop,
But Pat's Food
Comes First.*

By Ruth Corbin

LOVE in the moonlight may sound more romantic than love in a kitchen, but I am convinced that a good per cent of the romances that lead to wedding bells and orange blossoms are the ones that begin in the vicinity of a cook stove or a lowly gas plate.

Eloise Taylor was a beautiful and talented young actress, but that was not the reason why she became Mrs. Pat O'Brien. Love bloomed between her and Pat in the tiny little kitchenette of her apartment in Brooklyn, where she spent her evenings cooking his favorite foods in the way he liked best. This was not difficult for she has been an "A number one cook" ever since she was big enough to hold a frying pan.

The romance of Pat and Eloise has a story-book pattern. They met in Chicago, when she was sent out from New York to play in "Broadway." When she stepped into the theatre, the first person she laid eyes on was Pat. She didn't think much of him, either. The feeling was mutual more-over. She thought Pat was fresh. He thought she was high-hat.

Tempus fugits, however, and eventually they found themselves back on Broadway. Moreover, they gradually changed their original opinion of each other. Eloise went to work in pictures at the Warner Bros., Vitaphone Studio and she rented a little apartment in Brooklyn. She began going around with Pat.

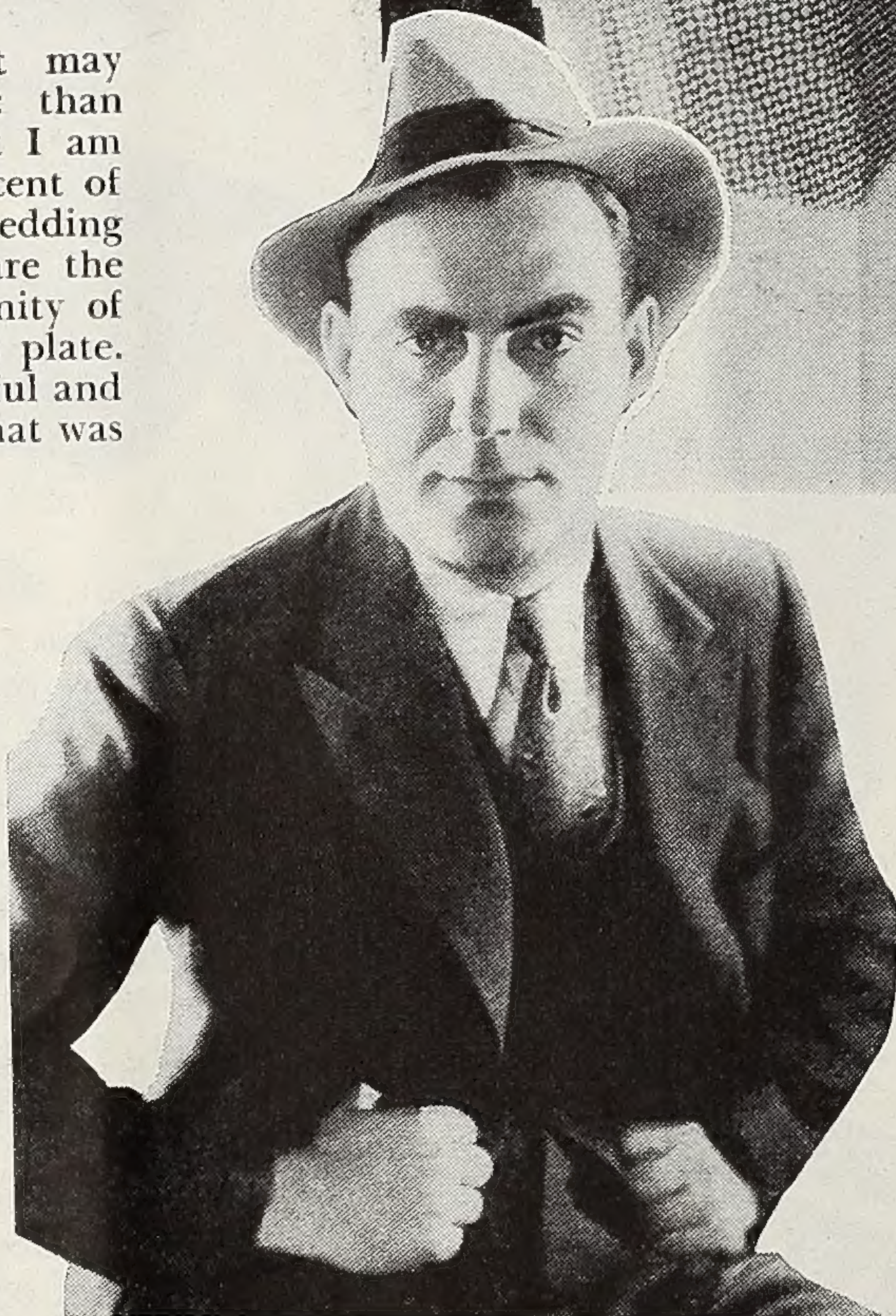
Money was not too plentiful with either of them and they found that it would go much farther if they bought and cooked their food. Came a slack season, when money became even less plentiful and they had no choice in the matter. Upon one occasion, they found themselves with neither money nor food. It was the evening before pay day. The kitchen shelves could have doubled for Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard. All that they

possessed in the way of food was some corn meal. Eloise hit upon a happy thought. They would have fried mush. Okay by Pat!

But while Eloise, in a cute, little house dress, was in the act of cooking some mush, came an interruption in the form of a movie executive with an invitation to dine out. When he found Pat present, he included him in the invitation, but Pat's pride would not let him accept. He told the M. E. that he would rather stay home and eat the fried mush, because it was his favorite food and Eloise had prepared it especially for him. But he insisted on them going.

Having a healthy, young appetite, Eloise went, and dined in state while Pat stayed at the apartment and ate his mush. He has never eaten any since, either.

It wasn't long after this that Pat received a tempting offer from Howard Hughes to



The "barbecue pit" where Mrs. O'Brien cooks the meat for outdoor parties.

Pat O'Brien is always working. He is next in "Oil for the Lamps of China."

come to California for a rôle in "The Front Page." With a contract signed, sealed and delivered, he decided the time had come for marriage. However, he had to leave immediately for the coast. So Pat and Eloise left for California, were married, and soon Pat was working on the "Front Page" set.

They started housekeeping in a lovely little single apartment on Franklin avenue not far from the studio, and Pat bought a yellow Ford coupe. He did such a swell job of his part in "Front Page" that offers from other studios came in thick and fast. He has never been idle since he first landed in Hollywood. Eloise did a good job of being Mrs. O'Brien, by being both cook and chauffeur for Pat. They were happy and congenial and soon had a host of friends in the colony.

After she gave up her career she found it difficult to be busy enough to keep from feeling lazy. When she was a girl, she usually held down two jobs at the same time and idleness has never been in her line. She started out in life as a secretary and her first job, or rather her first two jobs, was as secretary to the Attorney-General in Des Moines, Iowa,—and as a player in the Princess Stock Co. of Des Moines.

As soon as Pat could afford it, they bought a lovely home in Brentwood and hired a flock of servants. Eloise found herself with too much time on her hands and, finally, she persuaded Pat to let her open a dress shop. She has worked out an "all day" plan, of course. She doesn't try to be in two places at once. She looks after her home and domestic affairs in the morning. Then, after lunch, she runs down to the shop and sees that everything is running per schedule, and she is home again in time to dress for dinner.

Although she has a good cook and dietitian, Eloise makes the salads herself and sees that everything is cooked exactly right for Pat. He thinks he is on a diet, so he doesn't eat Irish potatoes. He is very fond of sweet potatoes, and he thinks he doesn't eat them either, but Eloise gets around this easily. She cooks sweet potatoes and calls them squash, and he enjoys them and doesn't know the difference. Pat is fond of green onions. Wouldn't think of sitting down to lunch or dinner without them on the table.

His favorite salad is made of lettuce, tomatoes, and finely chopped onions. One half of it is onions and the other half is shredded lettuce and sliced tomatoes, served with French dressing. The only other salad he likes is hearts of lettuce with Roquefort cheese.

His favorite meat is steak, cooked medium. He does not eat dessert ordinarily. Once in a while, he has peppermint ice cream with chocolate sauce.

His breakfast consists of orange juice and coffee. On Sundays, they have either sausage and hot cakes or fried chicken and waffles for breakfast.

Here is Eloise's favorite waffle recipe:

Cream Waffles

- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour
- 2 tablespoons sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 egg whites
- 2 tablespoons melted fat
- 1 cup milk

Mix all together and serve ice cold. and baking powder; add the milk gradually, then the egg yolks and melted fat and mix thoroughly. Then fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites. Have waffle iron well-greased and piping hot.

Both Pat and Eloise are popular in the film colony and they entertain frequently. Frank McHugh, Allan Jenkins and Jimmy Cagney and their respective wives are among their most intimate friends. They have a badminton court, a swimming pool and a handball court, the latter being lighted for night play, so that guests are never at a loss for entertainment.

In summer, they have barbecue roasts, steaks and sometimes weiners for their guests, depending largely upon how many are being entertained. They had one hundred guests at one of their recent barbecue parties and hired a chef for the occasion. He began preparing the meat at four o'clock in the morning and worked steadily all day until seven o'clock that evening, when the dinner was served.

They usually serve beer and potato chips with the barbecued meats.

Eloise gave me two of her favorite punch recipes, which are suitable for summer afternoon parties. Both are easy to mix and delightful to taste.

Tea Punch

Pour 1 quart boiling water over 5 teaspoons tea and let stand 5 minutes; strain and cool; put ice in punch bowl and pour tea over it; add juice 3 lemons, 3 cups grape juice and 3 cups cold water. This will make 12 glasses.

Fruit Punch

- Juice of 6 lemons
 - Juice of 6 oranges
 - 1 can grated pineapple
 - 2 cups concentrated grape juice
 - $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Maraschino cherries
 - $1\frac{1}{4}$ quarts cold water
 - 1 pint sherry flavoring
- Mix all together and serve ice cold.

Hush!

Grace Moore is singing!

Millions sigh . . . dream . . . live anew . . .

when the divine star of "One Night of Love" bursts into glorious song . . . as

melodrama, romance, music are brilliantly

blended in a grand story!



Divine
Grace Moore
 in her new picture
LOVE ME FOREVER

with LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

GLORIFY THE
Natural Beauty
OF YOUR HAIR



GLEND A FARRELL
Warner Bros.' Star in
"IN CALIENTE"

A SEALED package of DUART permanent waving pads is opened especially for you when you ask for a Duart wave. Then you are sure your hair will be waved with the same genuine materials used to create the soft, naturally beautiful coiffures worn by the Hollywood Stars.

FREE BOOKLET shows how to dress your hair like the stars

Twenty-four pictures of famous stars showing how to copy their smart new coiffures. Hollywood's noted hairstylist, Perc Westmore, created them exclusively for Duart. Sent FREE with one 10 cent package of Duart Hair Rinse. NOT a dye nor a bleach. Just a tint. 12 shades—see coupon.

DUART

Choice of the Hollywood Stars



**SEND COUPON
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Duart, 984 Folsom Street, San Francisco, Calif. Enclosed find 10 cents; send me shade of rinse marked and copy of your booklet, "Smart New Coiffures."

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- | | | | |
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| ☐ Dark Brown | ☐ Chestnut Brown | ☐ White or Gray | ☐ Medium Brown |
| ☐ Henna | ☐ Golden Brown | ☐ (Platinum) | ☐ Golden Blonde |
| ☐ Titian Reddish Brown | ☐ Titian Reddish Blonde | ☐ Ash Blonde | ☐ Light Golden Blonde |
| | ☐ Black | | |



In "Top Hat," Fred Astaire dances—which makes that picture an event.

"You're Telling Me?"

Compliments Cost You Nothing, But Make Your Favorites Very Happy.

"WE ALL SAW 'It Happened One Night' and thought it grand," writes Marion Dexter of N. St. Andrew Place, Hollywood Calif. "We know we would never have the luck to meet anyone like Clark Gable. So we'll never hitch hike. We're all smart enough to know it only happens in pictures. We have enjoyed it, but never will we have the same experience. Worse Luck."

Clark Gable wouldn't like any girl who would hitch hike.

"WE MISS dear old Charlie Chaplin. We could always leave the show with a smile on our lips and giggle the next day when we remembered some of his funny antics," writes Maude Brown of Harriet avenue, Montclair, Quincy, Ill. "This gloomy world needs some good laughs to cheer us up and Charlie is the one to do it. So hurry, Charlie, we're waiting for you."

He'll like that "old Charlie Chaplin!" He'll make a couple of million out of it, so he feels he ought to work a year or so on the new picture.

"'NAUGHTY MARIETTA' has just started its third week in Cincinnati," writes

Sue Mitchell of Cincinnati, Ohio. "Nelson Eddy is the kind of hero the girls have been wanting. His voice—oh, gee! it's heavenly! His acting can't be beat. And his looks! Swell! But please don't put him in a modern picture. Keep him back in New Orleans or as another Captain Warrington."

Costume demanded—unusual! And they used to think costumes were fatal.

"READING BOOTH TARKINGTON'S sparkling novel 'Presenting Lily Mars,' I was astonished," writes Carroll Lane of Brooklyn, N. Y. "at the remarkable similarity between its heroine, Lily Mars, and Katharine Hepburn. In personality, manner, eccentricity and genius, they are one and the same person. Hepburn should be starred in a picturization of the book."

How could she "act" if she is the part already?

"PLEASE, PART Ginger Rogers' beautiful hair on the side and throw away the bangs. Keep it as in 'Flying Down to Rio,'" writes Ermel Hammit of Kenton, Ohio.

Every little thing is important. No wonder the stars are afraid to change their appearance in any detail.



"THE WHOLE town is raving about Edna May Oliver since her fine performance in the picture 'David Copperfield,'" writes Jane N. Jensen of S. W. 2nd St., Miami, Fla. "During the part of the picture where the step-father comes to Aunt's (Edna May Oliver) to fetch little David back home and Aunt (E. M. O.) tells him to scram and keep away from her door henceforth, is the finest bit of acting put on in a long time. The audience held its breath during the scene and when it was over everybody applauded loud and long for Edna May Oliver."

She's the best bet—the Marie Dressler—of the screen right now.

The Letter from Liza

[Continued from page 4]

naturally no self-respecting poppy was going to lift her head that day.

We got hungrier and hungrier, and finally in desperation tried to spread our lunch on a little knoll, but the wind took one whiff at the lettuce salad and away it went, followed by the tops of three sandwiches. Back we scrambled into the car, and when a movie star begins to starve, her disposition is no better than yours or mine. Late in the afternoon we huddled under a group of Joshua trees which were not flowering and which proceeded to prick us with their needles, and spread the remnants of our lunch. "Picnics," I said biting into an ant, "are not all they are cracked up to be." "N-neither," said Claudette shivering with cold and extracting a bit of cactus from her anatomy, "are desert flowers."

Next year I have decided to see my desert flowers in comfort from the front porch of the Desert Inn at Palm Springs. Claudette's going to get a book and read about them.

I heard a funny story about Marlene Dietrich's recent visit to New York, which had me in stitches. It seems that Marlene was at the swanky El Morocco night club one night when a drunk, albeit an unknown drunk, weaved his way over to her table and asked her to sing. Marlene thought the drunk was the manager of the club, and that it was probably the custom of visiting celebrities to oblige with a song. So up she got, to everyone's complete surprise, and informed Irving Rose, the orchestra leader, that she would sing "Falling in Love Again." If the Paramount studio had ever asked Marlene to sing a song in a public place she would have swooned with horror. But anyway, you have to admit that Marlene was a good sport and was honestly trying to do as the Romans do.

About a couple of weekends back I drove down to Del Mar, on the Pacific, to spend a Saturday and Sunday with Una Merkel and her family, and I'm telling you when you week-end with the Merckels you have reached the top in entertainment. "Bring your tennis racquet, bathing suit and everything," said Una over the phone, "which sounded rather fishy to me as Una is definitely a bath-tub sport, but I decided that summertime and the great out-doors had gone to her head. Well, as soon as I got there we all sort of gathered in my room, which had lovely barnswallows on the wall paper, and we got to talking, and the next thing we realized it was Sunday night and time to go back to Hollywood, and we might just as well not have left home. When I started to pick up my sporting equipment I found, stuck into the tennis-racquet and golf bag, the hotel Del Mar's "Please Do Not Disturb" sign. So that's the kind of athletes Una and I are, and the only cups we'll ever win will be demi-tasses.

Liza

"A rose by any other name—"

The TITLES
HAVE BEEN CHANGED
on the following
PICTURES

"Men Without Names" (Fred Mac-Murray) formerly "Federal Dick"
"Boom Town" (Richard Dix) formerly "The Peacemaker"
"Going Highbrow" (Guy Kibbee) formerly "Crashing Society"
"Broadway Joe" (Joe E. Brown) formerly "Back To Broadway"

★
★
★

Three Warner Bros. Stars

Reveal Hollywood's New MAKE-UP

Discover How to Enhance Your Beauty as Famous Screen Stars Do



ANN DVORAK
in Warner Bros. "G Men"

★ To lend enchantment to the warm color tones of brunette beauty, Ann Dvorak chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Carmine Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.



JEAN MUIR in Warner Bros. "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

★ To accent appealing charm of delicate colorings, Jean Muir chooses Max Factor's Rachele Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.



MARY ASTOR
in Warner Bros. "Dinky"

★ To harmonize naturally with the distinctive colorings of the auburn type, Mary Astor chooses Max Factor's Olive Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Carmine Lipstick.

THE magic of color... beauty's secret of attraction... has been captured by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, in a new kind of make-up. It is color harmony make-up... original, new color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick, having a matchless lifelike quality that actually seems to work a miracle in creating lovely beauty.

Wouldn't you like to share this secret with Hollywood's stars? You can!... for whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a particular color harmony for you that will do wonders in emphasizing the colorful beauty, the fascinating charm of your own type.

The very first time you make up you will see an amazing difference. You will marvel at the satin-smooth loveliness the face powder imparts to your skin... at the entrancing lifelike color the rouge brings to your cheeks... at the alluring color accent the lipstick gives to your lips. Your complete make-up will be a perfect harmony of color... and you will find that it will remain perfect for hours and hours.

New beauty can be yours today... for the luxury of Color Harmony Make-Up, created originally for the screen stars, is now available at nominal prices. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by leading stores.

Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively

★
Max Factor ★ Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP: Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick In Color Harmony



Mail for your COLOR HARMONY IN POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... FREE.
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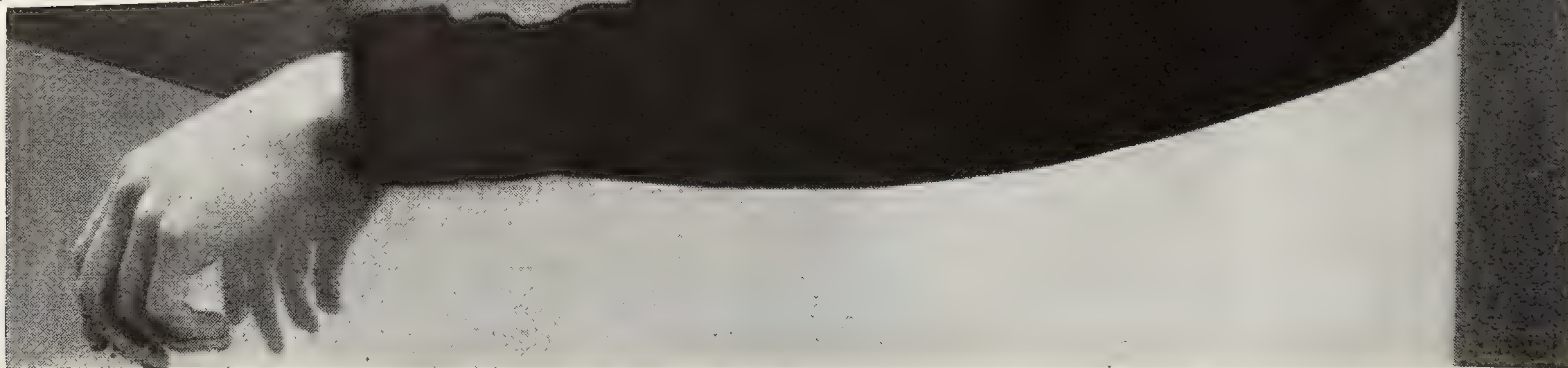
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐ Only ☐ Normal ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
	AGE _____	

PHOTOGRAPHED

MORE THAN 5,000 TIMES

Sometimes you see her as a debutante, sometimes as the happy housewife and young mother; again as the blooming bride. Her flawless teeth have gleamed at you from scores of tooth paste pictures. She is Elizabeth Russell, most photographed of beautiful New York models and one of the most successful.



*"This toothpaste gives the Brilliance
the studios demand"*
says **ELIZABETH RUSSELL** famed New York model

"No one," says Miss Russell, "is in a better position to judge products, especially those affecting health and beauty, than models.

"Manufacturers are constantly asking us to try various creams, powders, soaps and tooth pastes. It doesn't take long to find out which have merit. They prove themselves quickly. These we use. The others we reject. For, after all, when one's good looks and livelihood are concerned, one cannot afford to take chances. That is especially true in the case of tooth paste. A model with poor teeth is a model without work.

"Of all the dentifrices, I like Listerine Tooth Paste best. I began using it when I first went into modeling four years ago. It's really marvelous how thoroughly and quickly it cleans. It seems to impart to teeth a brilliance and lustre that photogra-

phers like to see reproduced in their work.

"And it is reassuring to know that it is safe to use. The ingredients are so fine and so pure that they are not a menace to enam-

el—the thing all models guard against."

Your Teeth Can Look Better

More than two million women and at least one million men have found that this tooth paste accomplishes remarkable results in keeping teeth healthy and beautiful. Such results are due to ultra-modern polishing agents—thorough but oh so gentle in action—that Listerine Tooth Paste contains.

Why not get a tube and try it for a week or two. See how much better your teeth look and feel. At all druggists in two sizes: Regular 25¢ and Double Size 40¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



THE FILM-COMBATING, STAIN-ATTACKING TOOTH PASTE

SILVER SCREEN



Carl "Alfalfa" Switzer, Harold Switzer and "Spanky" McFarland of "Our Gang" celebrate the Fourth of July.

THIS is the tops for this month's party faux-pas. A gay group was gathered at the home of Glenda Farrell, and for the occasion Glenda had hired an extra maid and was watching her closely as she made the rounds of the guests serving hors d'oeuvres, cocktails and so on. Suddenly she noticed the maid had entered the room with a tray of empty glasses, and started around the room with them.

"Verbena," said Glenda, "why the empty glasses?"

"Them's for them what ain't thirsty," Verbena informed her as the guests roared with laughter.

WHAT Joel McCrea has often wondered, but won't know until he reads this, is how Frances Dee knew so much about milking a cow! When Frances and Joel moved to their three thousand acre ranch, and Frances, who had been a little city gal all her life, knew more about cows than he did, Joel was terribly curious. The secret is that while Joel was away at the studio during the day Frances hired a neighboring farmer at fifty cents an hour to teach her the art of milking.

NOTHING if not amusing is the discovery that Pat O'Brien receives most of his fan mail from interested English professors who berate him for his bad grammar, and the way he tosses off his "g's." Pat's daily mail includes a motley collection of correspondence school offers on English. But what nobody seems to know is that Pat is a graduate of Marquette University, and there he majored in composition and English.

MYRNA LOY is very proud of her pioneer ancestry. Her grandparents

moved into Montana in covered wagons. Myrna was born on a ranch, and some day plans to go back.

BUDDY ROGERS, who has been away from Hollywood for almost three years, has just signed a new contract with RKO and will be starred in musical pictures. It is rumored that he and Mary Pickford might step up to the altar one of these fine days. Buddy got his start in a Mary Pickford picture about six years ago. And, according to those Continental gossips, it looks very much like Doug Fairbanks Senior will marry Lady Ashley after all.

ONE of the neatest little feuds that Hollywood has had in many a day is the one now raging between Gene Raymond and Ann Sothorn. Gene and Ann were the romantic leads in "Hooray for Love" and sort of got interested in each other on the set and Gene invited Ann to a premiere. The next day it appeared in a local column that Gene had sent Ann a dozen orchids, and he was furious and asked the columnist to deny it because he didn't want his fans to think he was so extravagant. When the denial was published, Ann got furious because it looked as if Gene didn't think she was worthy of a dozen orchids. "He ought to be glad of the publicity," snapped Ann, "he only sent me gardenias, and I don't like gardenias." Of course, while the feud was at its height, Gene and Ann were doing tender love scenes before the camera, but the minute the director shouted "Cut" they'd glare at each other and dash to opposite ends of the set. Hooray for love, indeed.

GRAND CENTRAL AIRPORT simply reached the zenith of excitement a

week-end not long ago. Hundreds of people, tourists and fans, have gotten into the habit of gathering at the airport over the week-ends to see the famous TWA Douglas plane, called the Sky Chief, take off for New York, for the chances are ten to one that a movie star will either take off on the plane or come down to see someone off.

On Friday the incoming plane brought Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, and there was Joan Bennett down to meet them, and instead of ducking into limousines as they usually do, much to the fans' surprise Connie and Joan simply sat down in the waiting room and talked. It seemed that Joan was leaving for New York on the four o'clock plane, so Connie was going to stay to see her off. What a fiesta the autograph hounds and the kodak snappers had—two Bennetts at once.

Then, in a cloud of orchids (not sent by Gene Raymond) Ann Sothorn arrived to take the same plane. The following day the Saturday mobs were treated to a very gay and snappy looking Kay Francis arriving in a confusion of photographers, reporters, and orchids (not sent by Gene Raymond) to take the four o'clock Sky Chief for New York and three months in Europe. Down to see her off were the Dick Barthelmesses, Countess di Frasso, the Clark Gables, and the Donald Odgen Stewarts, and her pet dachshund, Weinie, who got the biggest kiss of all. Kay told reporters she expects to stomp around France and Italy and visit a lot of villas and have a lot of dates with Chevalier, but she doesn't expect to marry him or anyone else. That's what she says.

A FINE example of the "retort discourteous" was shown here not long ago when Moss Hart, co-author of "As Thou—"
[Continued on page 58]

"Talent Scouts on Broadway"

They Hunt High And Low For Talent For The Screen, But They Find Only One Out Of 3,000 Possibilities.



Katharine Hepburn was found by Paramount, rejected by their West Coast officials, and then landed at RKO. (Above) Joe Morrison, Kitty Carlisle and Franchot Tone—all discoveries.

That is my deliberate conclusion after a careful survey of the nine talent staffs that feed new talent from New York to MGM, Warners, RKO, Columbia, Universal, United Artists, 20th Century, Fox and Paramount. These are the specialized dealers in Personality, Pfd., and they report a lean market. Picking their talent from the cream of performers who have clicked already in grand opera, the legitimate theatre, vaudeville and radio, and gathering into their net the prize beauties of the professional models, these highly-trained talent scouts report in dismal accents that if they snare one great personality out of 3,000 possibilities, they are blessed with unusual luck.

I have just come from the talent-scout offices at MGM, where J. Robert Rubin, Metro tycoon, supervises the "discovery" work of the veteran Al Altman, and Bill Grady, his assistant. It was Bob Rubin, Harry Rapf and Al Altman, in March of 1925, who spotted a chorus girl in the line of a Shubert musical at the famous Winter Garden. In the chorus, she was known as Lucille Le Soeur. Under their adroit manipulation, she became internationally known as Joan Crawford. I cite this single instance to let you know, if indeed you have any doubts, that here are fishermen who have made tremendous catches with rod and reel and net, their hooks baited with tempting offers of dough-re-mi.

The breezy Bill Grady was the first one I met, and his figures were depressing. Grady, a hard-boiled, shrewd Irishman, with years of Broadway experience behind him, had just returned from a tour that had carried him the length and breadth of twelve states, or one-quarter of the United States. His route had taken him to every barnyard theatre from Canada on the north to Maryland on the south, Pennsylvania on the west and Vermont, New Hampshire and Massachusetts on the Atlantic seaboard. In the course of his travels, he had seen 108 dramatic and musical shows and possibly 1600 performers. From this field of professional talent, Grady had suggested and Metro had signed exactly TWELVE people.

"The thing that burns me up," said Grady, "is that the one I consider my best bet, Frank Shields, was not in the

Jeanne Cohen of Columbia never misses.



Harry Rapf, one of the prospectors who found the bonanza we know as Joan Crawford.



Miriam Howell is the searcher for Universal Pictures.

THE talent-scout's office of any major film company might well be called Heartbreak House. There are nine of these offices in New York City, each one searching for new talent for the films. To them come, in an endless trail, thousands of boys and girls every year, from every section of the country, each one of these hopeful youngsters convinced that he or she has that indefinable something which will achieve the pot of gold at the end of the cinema rainbow. From them depart, heartbroken, these same boys and girls who started out so hopefully. Cold figures don't lie and cold figures say that only one out of every hundred will win a screen contract, and that only one out of every three thousand has a chance to become a box-office personality.



Jean Muir, now a Warner star, was a scout find.

By Ed Sullivan



A talent conference at Paramount. (Center) Fred Datig, Casting Director, Oscar Serlin (left) and his assistant, Joe Egli.

Joan Crawford was dancing in the chorus at the Winter Garden when the M-G-M scouts discovered her.



J. Robert Rubin, Vice President and General Counsel of M-G-M, and a star finder of note.



Mildred Weber, of Warners, may attend your next amateur show.



Katherine Brown carries Diogenes' lantern for RKO.

cast of any of these 108 plays. I found him on a tennis court. Madame Jeritza, my second best bet, I discovered in grand opera. So I signed exactly ten people out of 1600 I saw in my tour of the stock companies and shows that were breaking-in out in the outskirts before coming to Broadway.

Returning to New York, Grady peevishly composed a poem which he presented to Al Altman as a metrical digest of his tour through the provinces. This is a family magazine, held

held in high repute by the citizens, so I cannot carry Talent Scout Grady's composition in full but I hand you these lines to give you a faint idea of a scout's feeling when he completes a nine-state tour:

"Trooping through the rural belts, seeing summer plays—
Searching for a noodle in a stack of hey-hey-heys,
Stalking actors, trailing debts through sunny vales and shady
I've seen them all but I regret not one could make the Grady."

Not that your talent scouts aren't enthusiastic. Grady is a healthy, husky Irishman, still full of an amazing energy after countless fruitless forays into the provinces and sticks. Altman, who aided in the discovery of Joan Crawford, tested and signed Franchot Tone, Mady Christians and Walter Huston, made the original tests of Grace Moore and Jean Muir, and still has fire and terrific enthusiasm.

The same holds true at Paramount. On the ninth floor of the Paramount Building, you will find Oscar Serlin, head of a department which includes Boris Kaplan, Fred Datig, Joe Egli, Eddie Blatt, Cecil Clovelly, Lillian Manley and Walter Colahan. This is one of the most thoroughly organized talent-scout departments in the industry, a tribute to Serlin's capacity for organization and his genius for instilling into all of his men the same unquenchable eagerness that he so plainly manifests. It was Serlin who signed Dorothy Dell, when the late film prodigy was all washed-up in and around New York. It was his department that signed Lanny Ross, Fred MacMurray, Kitty Carlisle, Joe Morrison, Iris Adrian and Gladys Swarthout.

The Paramount office works with the [Continued on page 74]



She is SO pretty that the bigger the close-up the more beauty you can see—remember the beginning of "42nd Street?"

WHERE were you in the winter of 1929? Probably, just like me you were losing your shirt in the stock market crash or meeting up with an old friend in the gutter, but we won't go into that, for after all I don't care where you were in the winter of 1929, I only want to tell you where Ginger Rogers was. Ginger was dangling precariously on the first rung of that much discussed ladder of fame which was destined to carry her right to what Mr. Cole Porter musically calls the "Tops" in the winter of 1934. And where were you in the winter of 1934? Don't tell me, let me guess.

Anyway, the Astoria Studios on Long Island, in the winter of 1929 (Gee, it's a refrain) were all agog with excitement. Sound apparatus for talking pictures, which had been fluttering around like Lilian Gish for a couple of years, had finally moved right in, and Claudette Colbert, and Chevalier, and Mary Boland, and Charlie Ruggles, and Miriam Hopkins and lots of cuties were skipping across Queensborough Bridge every morning to do their stint before the microphone, and rushing back every evening to face the footlights on Broadway.

When they were casting Katharine Brush's delightful "Young Man of Manhattan," they needed a pretty and somewhat sexy young girl to play "Puff," the modern flapper of the story. Ginger, who was appearing in "Top Speed" a stone's throw from Broadway, only there are no stones to throw, made a trip over to Long Island, took a test, and got the part. "Just a Charleston dancer," the Paramount casting office said. "She can't act, but she's cute and young and pretty, and will do all right for a flapper role."

That's what they said. Ginger certainly made a big lie out of them later. No star in Hollywood could have turned in such a perfect performance in the recent picture, "Star at Midnight," as Ginger Rogers did. Not one of those little ingenues who romped across Queensborough Bridge and got a chance at talking pictures in those days has ever been heard of since, except Ginger, who today is a popu-



There Are

No Girl In Hollywood Has Quite As Much To Give To Pictures As Ginger.

By
Elizabeth Wilson

lar star in her own right, and the feminine half of the most sensational dance team that has ever been in Hollywood. Ginger has had as much rotten luck as the other ingenues, but she worked hard, thought fast, and best of all, kept in tune with the times.

And this keeping in tune with the times is really something in the movie world, for movies in the last five years have changed even faster than the color of Nancy Carroll's hair. It gets tougher and tougher every year for an ambitious young actress to become a movie star, and Ella, this means you too, so you'd better stick to your knitting.

Time was when a beautiful doll made a most acceptable silent picture star. If she were only easy on the optics no one cared whether she could act or talk, or do a song and dance. All she had to do was look utterly lovely in a long trailing negligee, and register upon demand, joy, sorrow and despair. No one would ever have thought of asking Billie Dove or Florence Vidor to go into a rumba. And then those upstart

"talkies" came along and the lovely ladies discovered that they had uncultured voices, so off they dashed to take voice lessons while Ruth Chatterton took possession of the screen.

Acting, which had been completely overlooked before, suddenly became an essential requisite of a movie star. Now the American public likes good acting, to be sure, but it also likes a pretty face, provided the pretty face has personality. Catherine Dale Owen and a lot of other girls had beautiful fresh young faces, but somehow or other the personality wasn't there, and after a few pictures they were heard of no more.

Then the sound engineers made an important discovery. They discovered that singing is much easier to record than the staccato and slurring enunciation of speech, so

She has personality and style. After all, it takes a dancer to wear clothes.

musicals were upon us with a hey nonnie nonnie and a hot cha

Seven Reasons Why GINGER ROGERS is "Tops"

cha, and the poor movie star now had to be able to sing as well as look beautiful, read lines, act and radiate personality. Mercy, was it getting difficult.

But that wasn't all. Joan Crawford kicked up her heels, and Ruby Keeler went into her tap routine, and immediately all the producers shouted, "We gotta have stars who can dance." Which, my pets, is easier said than done. You can't become a dancer overnight, even if you have the one and only Bill Robinson for an instructor. No, you've got to start dancing when you're Shirley Temple's age, or you might just as well not bother about it at all.

The great hunt for a singing-dancing-acting-talking-personality star was on. New York was combed with a fine tooth comb, and so were all the dance halls in Europe, but, as usual, right in their own backyard the movie moguls found Ginger Rogers—Ginger who had been hanging around for five years, keeping in tune with the times, and waiting for the big break that would send her sky-rocketing to stardom. The big break came in the form of nimble-footed Fred Astaire, and with "Flying Down to Rio" and "Gay Divorce" Ginger became the "Tops."

It was the Charleston dancing rage that swept the country in '27 and '28 which started Ginger on her career, and appropriately enough, it was the musical picture dancing rage of '34 and '35 that definitely established her as the Best. Ginger told me the other day that as a child she loved dancing, and some of her earliest memories of Fort Worth, Texas, were of Florine McKinney and herself acting and dancing out fairy tales. There was one, particularly, that always fascinated them. Florine would climb on the kitchen stool and pretend to be a statue. Then Ginger, with a poker in her hand and a cake box on her head, on account of she was the Fairy Queen and had to have a wand and a crown, would dance around and around the kitchen stool until the statue came to life and joined her in a bit of toe work.

Then there was the pageant that her mother wrote and which the Fort Worth kids acted in the town auditorium. It was supposed to be the history of music and Florine symbolized the classical music, and managed to trip over her long flowing draperies, but she was put to rout by a red-headed Ginger, done up in tin and tinsel, as the spirit of jazz. These yearly pageants in Fort Worth gave Ginger confidence in herself, and when she was fifteen she



Scene from "Top Hat," in which Ginger and Fred Astaire are again teamed. Only one other dancing couple has made the audience applaud, and that couple was Bill Robinson and Shirley Temple.



A scene from "Roberta" which has made screen history.

entered a state-wide Charleston contest arranged by a theatre circuit, and to this day considers the greatest triumph of her career the night she beat a Dallas boy before a partial audience in his own home city and was crowned Miss Charleston of Texas.

The award was a vaudeville engagement, so, with her mother, Ginger went on a tour of the South, scoring big hits in Memphis and St. Louis. Paul Ash, famous master of ceremonies and band leader, offered her a spot in his act at the Paramount Theatre in New York, but Ginger even at that early age had more sense than most actresses ever have. She refused the New York engagement, saying that she was not yet ready for the "big time." Eighteen weeks in a specialty act at the Oriental in Chicago followed, and again Paul Ash made his offer. This time Ginger decided she was ready to make a bid for fame. She appeared with Paul Ash at the Paramount for week after week, and started breaking Helen Boop-Boop-a-Doop Kane's [Continued on page 64]

Wherever Irene Is,
There A Party Begins
To Form.

IRENE DUNNE

"NUCLEUS"

By
Helen
Fay
Ludlam

"LOVELY to look at, delightful to know" — let's give her a party!

Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach must have been inspired when they wrote those songs for "Roberta" for they fit the lady who sings them like a glove, and now the whole country echoes them. The radio sends them to places where the picture perhaps will never be; orchestras play them in restaurants and night clubs, women hum them as they go about their work, delivery boys whistle them as they make their rounds—and all that means the thing is a hit. The whole world seems enchanted by the melody of the lady who is so lovely to look at and delightful to know.

Not that Irene Dunne, as an excuse for throwing a party, is anything new. It's been going on for years. That girl is just a natural party inspirer. One has only to look at the knot of people crowding around her, like bees about a flower, and one thinks, now I *must* give a dinner for Irene and invite—and before she knows it the hostess is wondering where she will be able to hire chairs enough to accommodate all the people who will want to see Irene.

I don't know what it is about her, a certain womanly charm or dignity of manner and warm friendliness—anyhow she seems to be the sort of girl that men think they could tell their troubles to and be understood and advised, but not entangled. And the women know that here is a girl to whom they can proudly introduce the boy friend and he won't be vamped right from under their nose. Not that Irene couldn't, but she wouldn't.

In Hollywood, however, there are no parties for her. Bed at ten, up at six thirty is her schedule and she sticks to it, so between pictures, if there is enough time, she comes to New York and has her little fling. But even there work is never entirely out of her mind. She coaches every day, and laughed as she told me: "My friends say, 'What! aren't you through taking singing lessons yet?' They don't realize that a voice can't be neglected or allowed to rust any more than a pianist could neglect his daily hours of practice, or a machine func-



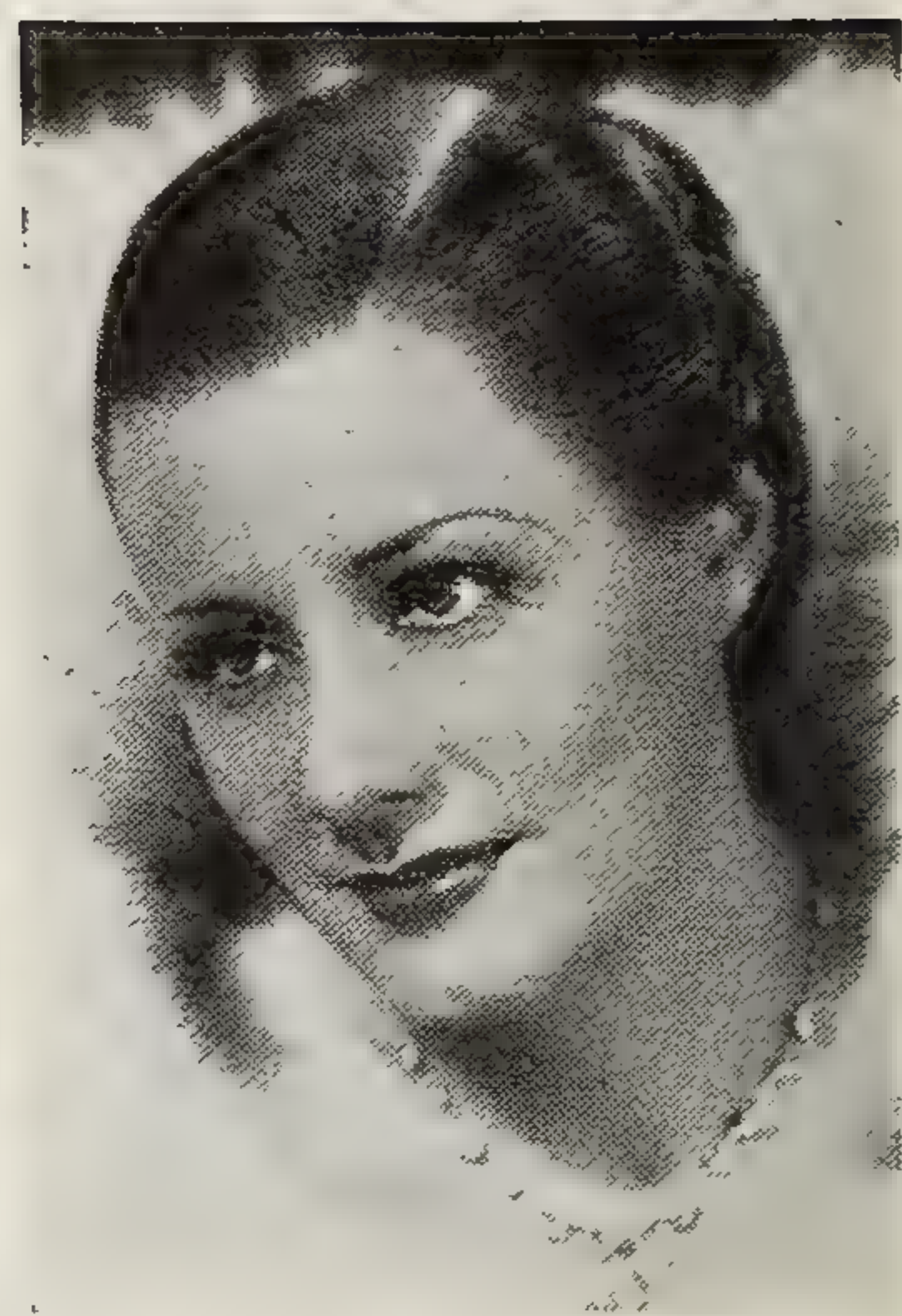
tion smoothly without proper oiling.

"But that isn't work to me. What is hard work is a continual and dizzy round of pleasure, house parties, luncheon, dinner and supper parties. It may be the irregularity of the hours, but after a few weeks of it I'm a wreck. This time I've actually lost weight and had to go on a diet. Imagine it. Of course, I want to see all the plays and as much of my friends as I can, but I've got to go back to Hollywood pretty soon to get some rest.

"The other night an old friend of mine asked me out to her country place for a quiet little evening together. And how I looked forward to it. Well there were sixty people!"

"You can't blame your friends for being proud of you," I said.

An extremely modest young woman, Irene then proceeded to tell me that the people weren't interested in meeting her particularly, but she had been to Hollywood and she knew, she *must* know, Clark Gable! Gary Cooper! Merle Oberon! Myrna Loy! What *were* they like? Did Norma Shearer ever bathe her little son herself as other mothers did? Was Gary Cooper really shy?



Irene in "Roberta."

"Do you want to see the house that never will be built?" Irene asked gaily, changing the subject abruptly, and placed in my hands sketches of a perfectly precious house, southern Colonial with roses clambering over the white pillars of a door that opened out upon a charming garden.

"And why aren't you going to build this lovely place?" I wanted to know.

"Well," said Irene, "If all the studios move east a home in California won't be very helpful."

"You certainly aren't taking all that nonsense seriously?" I asked.

"Well everyone in Hollywood seems to want us to. There is a lot of excitement about it and while it doesn't really make much sense one never can predict accurately what will happen in Hollywood."

Irene talked over the air while she was here, on the Lux hour, which Hollywood takes very seriously. Some of the stars make the trip to New York just for that appearance. The thing about it that interested Irene most was the mechanical effects used; for example, when a door is broken through the splintering sound is made by crunching two wooden baskets together. The mechanical part of pictures always interests her, too, which is unusual in an actress.

She looked very natty that day in a dark blue tailored suit and ivory satin blouse, and for a corsage she wore one purple red carnation. I never saw such a gorgeous shade. She hates conventional corsages and in fact anything that hasn't individuality. She is not extreme, however. I mean she wouldn't wear a red and yellow dress just so everyone would exclaim 'look at Irene Dunne in that red and yellow dress.' Everything she has and wears is in perfect harmony; even the perfume she uses.

"There is nothing new about having perfume blended to suit an individuality, but it always gives me a thrill to know that it is made especially for me. It is made for

[Continued on page 62]



RUGGLES,

The

RUGGED RANCHER

Charles Ruggles
Has Gone In For
Chickens.

By
Maude
Cheatham

"I'M A chicken raiser, not a chicken chaser!" Charlie Ruggles' grin was mischievous.

"My chickens don't demand champagne nor ermine coats; they prefer spring water and strut proudly in the feathered costumes the good Lord gave them. I'm lucky."

Hollywood is a crazy town. Here was one of our pet comedians resplendent in a Bond Street tuxedo, talking earnestly about his new role of *rancher*, between hilariously funny scenes with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, in the sophisticated film, "No More Ladies." The contrast was a comedy in itself.

"I'm just another drunk in this picture," he explained, as we watched the animated scene in the swanky night club, the orchestras and dancing couples, with Joan and Montgomery in the foreground, making a hot time.

"You remember," Charlie went on, "that I started my inebriate screen career as the soaked reporter in 'Gentlemen of the Press,' and I've checked in a long list of intoxications. I try to make them clean drunks, not sloppy or distasteful, have them jovial souls but not maudlin. I recall with keen satisfaction that a critic in Philadelphia once said that the way Marie Dressler and Charlie Ruggles play drunks, no one could be offended."

"My very first ambition was to be an actor. So, I went on the stage and began as a kid in knee-pants to play old-men characters with the Belasco Stock Company, here, in Los Angeles. After six years I grew into a romantic juvenile, finally graduated into musical comedy on New York's Broadway, then came to the Hollywood screen as a comedian."

"Really, I'm not so funny. In fact, I'm very serious. I'm not a wisecracker nor a parlor comedian but I love acting and, through observation and an ability to project myself into the person I'm portraying, I've been lucky in creating characters that amuse."

"Now, with some success as an actor, I've developed another ambition; to be a farmer. Funny, isn't it?"

"Naturally, acting will always come first. It is the screen that makes it possible to realize my second ambition and it all fits



He can't bear to eat the profits. Charlie has two hundred laying hens. This really is a scene from "People Will Talk."

together like a jig-saw puzzle, with nothing interfering."

Charlie insists that it isn't a rest from his work that a man needs but a change of mental scenery, a new line of thought processes—he says that ranching has already speeded up his comedy instinct and he is confident he is a much better actor because of these new interests. Besides, he's having a bully good time, which is recreation.

Now, Charlie has always rented homes, being more or less of a domestic animal and last year his landlord sold him out, forcing him to find a new place at once.

Well, it was Spring. The hills and valleys were green, the smell of growing things filled the air with promise; he was restless, he knew he wanted something he didn't have.

"One day driving through San Fernando Valley," he took up his story, "I spotted a beautiful ten-acre citrus ranch. Something seemed to pull me out of the car to look at it and as I walked among the orange and lemon trees, felt the soft earth beneath

my feet and watched the sunset's glow envelop the Valley with its magic, something clicked in my mind. I suddenly knew it wasn't a toy balloon nor a new top that I wanted, but a ranch, with things growing on it and I realized I wasn't a California native son for nothing."

"Well, I bought that ranch, it is eighteen miles—a pleasant half hour's drive—from the Paramount Studio. I don't know where I inherited my love of the soil for our family were all

town-people. I

guess it's an elemental pull in most of us, maybe a kick-back from Adam's time."

"I built a home, something I always said I wouldn't do, and it is a model of bachelor comfort. I have a colored housekeeper, Blanche, and say, can she cook! Boy, oh boy, fried chicken, with gravy, biscuits and my favorite old-fashioned sugar

cookies that she keeps in a big earthen jar on the pantry shelf—you know, like our mothers used to do."

He caught me glancing at his waist line but there were no bulges. He laughed, say-

ing, "I recommend country life to preserve the straight front. Besides, I go in for a lot of sports. I have my own swimming pool, tennis court and pool table. Also," and his eyes twinkled, "I keep regular habits, it's early to bed and early to rise and no bright night spots for me, though the weekly fights always see me in the front row."

"Owning a bit of land and living in the country, I decided to make the place pay its way. I've always admired farmers and men in little towns who make small investments work for them. So, beside my fruit, I sell eggs—I have more than six-hundred laying hens. Assembling a kennel of pedigreed dogs and breeding blue ribbon winners was more or less accidental but its success is enough to make me stick out my chest with pride. We won three blue ribbons at the recent Pasadena Dog Show, and last night, after I had gone to bed, my man returned from San Francisco, where he won three more prizes at the Golden Gate Kennel Show, with miniature Schnauzers and [Continued on page 66]

The CRUSADES

By
Julia Gwin

HE HAS turned the pages of history again as he did to give us "The Sign of the Cross" and "Cleopatra!" This time Cecil B. DeMille paints upon the screen the most romantic and fascinating story of the Middle Ages, "The Crusades." He transports us to the days when men rode out gallantly and unafraid in search of adventure; thrills us with the shivery clang of steel on steel, the swift flight of an arrow with its song of certain death, the fierce hand to hand combat of men uplifted and enthralled by a fine, religious frenzy. And, also, there is the beauty of simple faith and the story of a woman's love.

Principally, DeMille's new picture is of Richard, Couer de Lion, a knight of our youthful dreams, a king of England who lives by the sword, impetuous, arrogant, generous, brutal. Driven by intrigue toward a marriage with the sister of Philip, King of France, he casts his lot with the Crusaders on their third pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Peter, the Hermit, father of the Crusades, fighting and preaching against hate and intolerance as our Lord did two thousand years ago, tells Richard that the oath of allegiance to the Crusade relieves him of any prior obligations. So, in joining the Crusade, Richard sees a way to honorably escape a marriage which he abhors without openly antagonizing Philip and the Princess.

The armies of the kings of Christendom, with Richard as the leader, travel with few mishaps until they reach the French seaport of Marseilles to take ship for the Holy Land. Here, dusty, travel-worn and tired they find themselves without food, facing starvation. Richard is sorely grieved over the situation. His love for his soldiers is the one unchanging, unshakeable trait of his character. Without the least idea where it is coming from he promises his men food to fill their empty stomachs and wine to soothe their tired bodies.

The king of the tiny country of Navarre has witnessed the scene and realizing that this is the vulnerable point in Richard's affairs, he offers him herds of cattle, shiploads of grain and cartloads of fodder for his horses provided Richard will marry his daughter, the Princess Berengaria. In desperation Richard accepts and sends his sword to marry with the princess, a marriage by token as it is called, a privilege allowed one of royal blood.

Berengaria was as difficult about the marriage as Richard, but her father finally convinces her that the marriage is for his sake and for the Crusade. When, however, she has to submit to this "marriage by token," with Richard's minstrel acting for the king, she is deeply humiliated and swears she will have nothing to do with Richard.

Richard Meets His Wife, the Princess Berengaria

A short time later, passing through the streets en route to his ship, Richard sees the beautiful Berengaria on a balcony. She stares at him coldly. Upon learning that she is the wife he has just taken but never seen, Richard turns back, climbs the balcony and follows Berengaria into her chamber regardless of her protestations. When she does not yield to his pretty speeches he commands her father to have her put aboard the women's ship, threatening to return and burn King Sancho's castle if he fails, and departs with his men.

Arrived in Acre the Crusaders encamp outside the walls and prepare to lay siege to the city. Saladin, Sultan of Asia, waits upon them under a flag of truce and tries to convince them against their purpose. Richard scorns all overtures, bids Saladin goodbye, leaves the council tent and goes to see Berengaria who has studiously avoided him. She still refuses to tolerate him and when he reminds her that he is her husband she quickly draws Richard's sword, saying "This is what I married and it will defend me." In the midst of this scene Saladin's forces attack and Richard leaves to lead his men in the defense.



Henry Wilcoxon as *King Richard* climbs to the balcony of *Berengaria* (Loretta Young.)



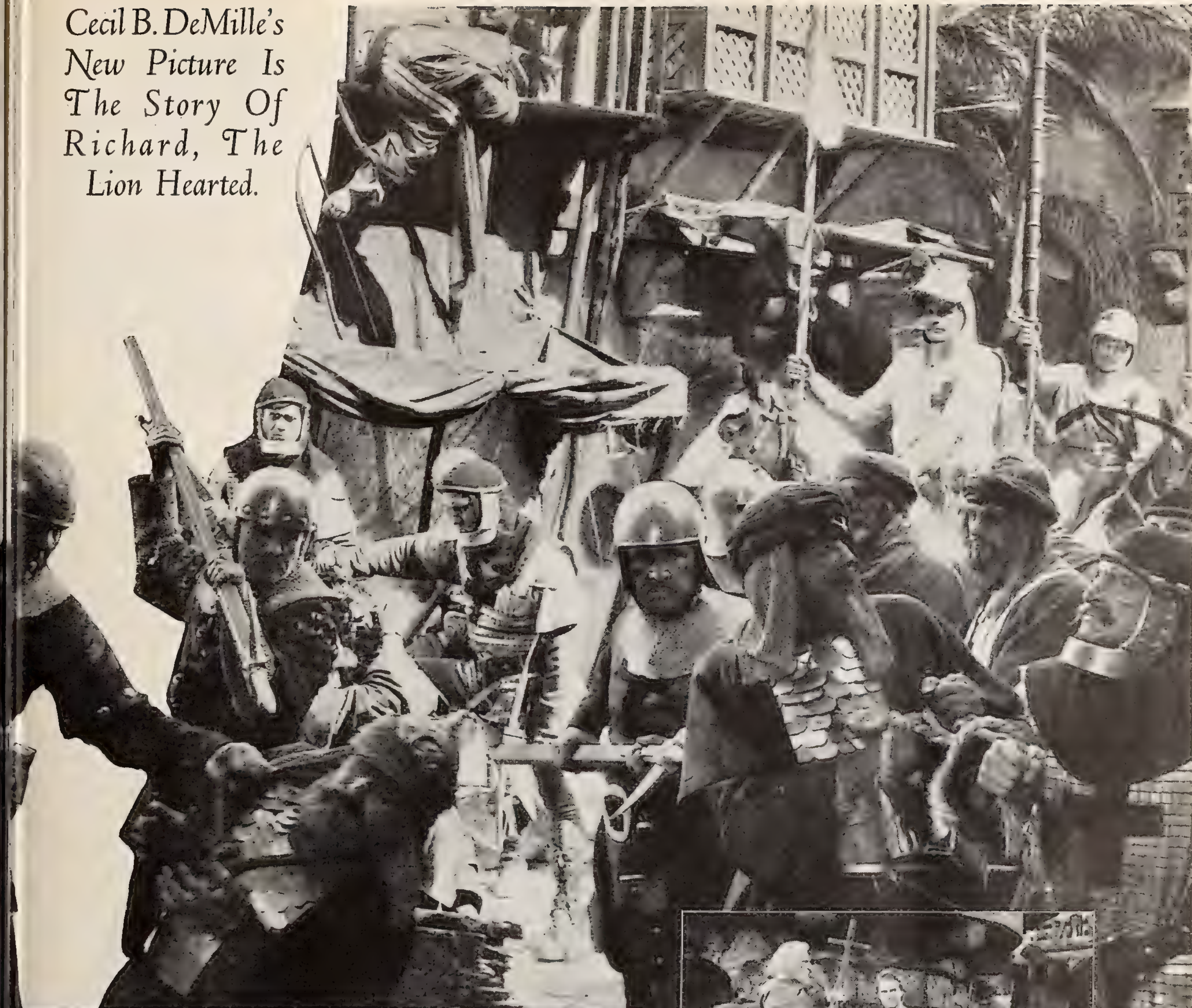
While the fierce fighting rages Richard's enemies go to Berengaria and convince her that she is standing in his way; that if she will step aside and make it possible for him to marry the French princess she will be saving him. Until this moment Berengaria does not realize that the contempt and hatred she has cherished for Richard has slowly changed to love. The conspirators tell her that unless she makes this sacrifice he will lose his kingdom to his brother John, who will seize the throne and proclaim himself King. She demands to be taken to the council tent where she is told Richard has been summoned to see the messenger from John.

The crusaders drive their infidel prisoners before them.

Richard Proclaims His Wife

Berengaria walks in on a scene of discord between Richard and Philip, King of France, in which Philip tells Richard that he is no longer King of England if he, Philip, chooses to support John, but that if Richard will put Berengaria aside and marry his sister Alice this will not happen. Alice, in turn, makes it quite plain that the man she marries is secondary to her desire to be queen of England. Richard's answer is to command Berengaria to kneel and, with the crown from his own head, looking into the eyes of the assembled war lords and the Princess Alice he entones loudly, that all may

Cecil B. DeMille's
New Picture Is
The Story Of
Richard, The
Lion Hearted.



Peter, the Hermit (C. Aubrey Smith) hears Richard pledge himself to free Jerusalem.

The "marriage by token" — as *Berengaria* is wedded to King Richard's sword.

What a picture Richard made in his meshed coat of mail, his fine tawny head thrown back arrogantly, defying them all. Later Berengaria thought of this as he cast off his cloak, standing against the background of the great shield on his tent pole, his clean cut profile and the

massive shoulders stirring her heart, which she had tried so desperately to fortify against his charm. He had been superb when he claimed her against all the kings of Christendom. With an exultant grin Richard faced her.

"Now what do you think of your husband?"

Berengaria went to him simply, faith and love suddenly making her eyes starry.

[Continued on page 62]

understand that Berengaria is rightful queen.

"I, Richard, King of England, bestow upon thee, Berengaria of Navarre, the right of sovereignty. In the presence of these Lords of Christendom I grant thee the royal privileges, so that thou shalt share my crown and rule beside me and only death shall deprive thee of this power, Berengaria, Queen of England! Who challenges this act makes war with Richard!"

BEAUTIFUL JOAN!

IF IT were youth and loveliness and the timid hesitancy of *la fille gentille* that they wanted in their pictures, the producers usually called in Joan Bennett. By doing so they could rely upon getting a leading lady who not only looked as delicate as a Fragonard painting, but who also submissively performed the tasks required of her with the conspicuous lack of vitality they, unfortunately, called for.

"Private Worlds," mercifully, has changed all that, but before I tell you how let us reminisce for a moment or two.

Five years ago, when the youngest of those so-called mad, mad Bennetts was cast in a musical film called "Puttin' On the Ritz," starring Harry Richman, I thought we had come to a definite turning point so far as young Joan's future career on the screen was concerned. In an imaginative little skit woven around the wide-eyed Alice in Wonderland Joan was so breath-takingly lovely that the critics raved about her and the fans followed loyal suit. "For sheer artistry," they said, "her performance was unexcelled." And they were right.

Yet instead of going on to bigger and better roles (as most fictional heroines would do) Joan was allowed to vegetate in a state of hapless mediocrity. Figuring that she was the least spectacular member of the Bennett clan (up to that time) the producers continued to cast her as the "gentle heroine." Consequently, poor Joan has been protected to the point of suffocation, she has been denied the privilege of voicing any but the most inane thoughts, and she has been pampered and petted and made much of by so many screen heroes that one cannot blame the public for harboring the illusion that this youngest of the Bennetts would never light any beacons in the cinema world. At least, not at the rate she was going.

I had caught an early afternoon performance of "Mississippi" on the very day I was scheduled to have tea with Joan in her apartment at the Sherry Netherland, in New York, where she had come for a brief vacation. It being the Easter holidays the audience was composed of boys and girls of highschool age, and from all around me I heard "ohs" and "ahs" to the effect that Joan Bennett was "just too adorable" in her part. And to say it irritated me to hear this is putting it mildly. Anyone who

showed the definite promise that Joan did in "Puttin' On the Ritz" should never have stepped back to the "just too adorable" class.

It was with a decided feeling of relief that I discovered that Joan Bennett in real life is neither "just too adorable" nor is she as delicate as the celebrated models of Fragonard. She is of medium height (about five feet three) and is vaguely annoyed when people refer to her as a little bit of a thing, as one of her guests did that afternoon. This guest also made the error of suggesting that because Joan was "a little bit of a thing" she no doubt had a penchant for the fluffy fol-de-rols which girls of that type sometimes fancy. Joan was as indignant as her excellent manners would allow her to be, and answered very quietly: "No, oddly enough I prefer extremely tailored clothes. I even like my evening gowns to be designed as simply as possible. Gene (he is her husband) likes me to be tailored, too."

As though to lend force to the discussion, Joan was wearing, on this particular early Spring afternoon, a tailored blue cloth gown severely molded to her very graceful figure, the only adornment being a large white linen collar and cuffs, both bordered with richly-hued peasant embroidery. A black felt off-the-face hat covered her golden hair, which was worn in a long full bob unhampered as yet by the modern hair-sculptor's

Joan Bennett Is
A Capable
Actress Even
Though She Is
The Prettiest
Thing On
The Screen.

By
Lenore
Samuels



Gail Patrick and Joan furnish the inspiration for Bing Crosby's songs in "Mississippi."

frightening skill. It was exquisitely smooth and so perfectly groomed that one knew instinctively that it had not suffered one moment's neglect since her birth, so don't try wearing a long full bob of the kind unless you are prepared to devote the same care to it that Joan evidently must.

Although Joan is only twenty-five, and could still present herself to her friends and acquaintances as an innocent ingenue, she sensibly does nothing of the sort. Instead, she impresses you at once as a well-bred, extremely self-possessed young woman of the world. I did not say "sophisticate," you may notice, because one generally associates the word sophisticate with a person who deliberately flaunts her intellectual knowledge before the world. Joan has been mar-

[Continued on page 66]

Studio News

Read About The Pictures You Will See In June. They Were Being Made In April Under The Watchful Eye—

of S. R. Mook

At M-G-M

WELL, m'dears, M-G-M has finally come out of their slump induced by income tax, proposed state tax and spring fever. Joan Crawford is emoting again, and once more with Robert Montgomery (who seems to have earned the position of her permanent leading man) and Franchot Tone, who alternates between Joan and Jean Harlow. Or am I wrong?

Anyhow, the epic is called "No More Ladies" but from the script I think it should be called "No More Dames," because some of those involved are certainly not ladies.

Gosh, what a set this is! It is the living room of Joan's and Bob's country home and, bullieve me, it is the *Dernier cri* in living rooms. The whole thing is done in the *neo Grec* (new or modified Greek) style. There is a marble mantelpiece with an old painting over it, and a couple of bronze vases filled with flowers at either end. The walls are severely white and the woodwork is gunmetal—even down to the pillars separating the living room and the reception hall. The pillars are minus the customary fluting.

There is a large yellow chair at one side of the fireplace with a "harp" table. Directly facing the fireplace is a large white divan and in front of that a zebra skin rug. Behind the divan, at some little distance, is a studio grand piano and a card table with modified Louis XVI chair—white, upholstered in green satin. Through the archway at the far end, in the black and white tiled entrance hall, can be seen the curving staircase. The balustrade and all the lamp shades are blue (Joan's favorite color) and the banisters and standards of the lamps are of glass. Even the knobs on the tops of the andirons are glass.

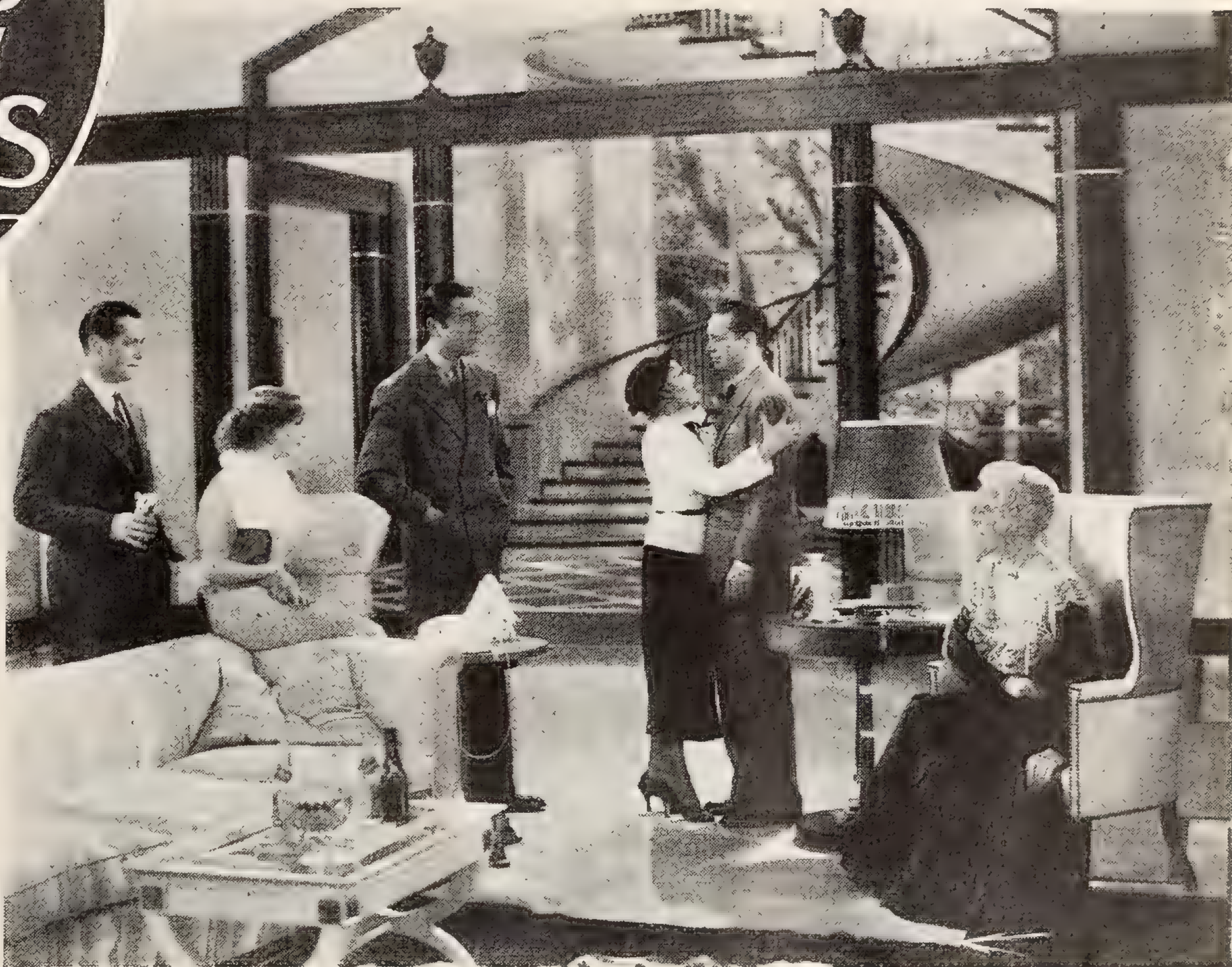
"Gosh," I remark to Ed Willis, M-G-M's set designer, "nobody could really live in a place like this. It's too extreme."

"Nobody but Joan," he rejoins calmly. "She's so glamorous you have to have a startling background to make it register at all against her personality."

"And for a room this size," I go on pettishly, "it seems to me it's very sparsely furnished."

"It is," he agrees. "But if I put all the stuff into this set that I would ordinarily, the moment Joan came into the room it would seem over-crowded. I tell you that girl has personality plus."

And just then Joan comes on the set. There was no blaring of trumpets but it



On a set finished in gunmetal instead of wood, Robert Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Arthur Treacher, Vivienne Osborne, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver work out a scene for "No More Ladies."

seems as though an electric current has charged everyone. You can't be anywhere near that girl and not be conscious of her presence. "Lo, darling," she says quietly.

I glance at Joan curiously. She has on a periwinkle blue crepe dress with a long train and a starched white collar not unlike those nuns wear. Her gown has no back.

"This collar," she laughs, noting my gaze. "I have a scene where Vivienne Osborne embraces me and the collar is so huge she can't help but crush it. I've had to have about six so far and we're not through with the scene yet."

And then George (Thin Man) Cukor has to spoil everything by calling her for a take.

Joan has married Bob—against her grandmother's (Edna May Oliver's) wishes. He and Joan agree (because he's a philanderer at heart) that any time either of them kick over the traces of marital fidelity they're to tell each other. Bob kicks over—with Vivienne Osborne—and tells Joan—when he has to. She's furious but in the end she gives a house party (this is sometime later) inviting Vivienne and all Vivienne's numerous lovers and her new husband (Arthur Treacher).

Vivienne, apparently, has just arrived. They're all in the living room. "Marcia, darling," she coos to Joan. And then she catches sight of Franchot Tone—one of her ex's.

"You remember me?" Franchot smiles.

"Jimysie Boy-sie!" Vivienne shrieks.

"She remembers him," Edna May comments dryly from the side-lines.

"Ducky," Vivienne explains to her hubby as she gives Franchot a kiss, "this is Jimsie Boysie."

"Quite!" says Treacher stolidly. His speech is usually indistinguishable. "The perfect husband."

"I beg your pardon?" from Franchot.

"He says 'the perfect husband,'" Vivienne interprets. "That's because I'm always praising you to him." She pinches Franchot's cheek playfully.

"I say," Treacher protests, "you don't have to be *that* glad."

"Darling," Bob puts in to Joan, "if I may ask a personal question—*What* are you up to?"

"Up to?" asks Joan innocently.

And then Vivienne catches sight of Bob. "I don't believe it!" she exclaims. "It's Petty Wetty!"

Franchot's laugh is a yell, while Bob grits his teeth.

"I think," Edna May observes crisply, "Petty Wetty wants to chair-chair!"

"Cut!" calls Cukor.

Immediately Joan and Bob swarm all over Fred Astaire's sister-in-law who is visiting on the set, but Franchot, little gentleman that he is, comes up to say "hello" to me. And there is Mr. Cukor, too.

"How the deuce did you lose all that weight?" I demand.

"Mostly by being a good boy and not eating sweets and starches."

"Or drinking," I amend.

"I never drink," he informs me.

Well, that floors me. When I come to, I

[Continued on page 76]

The STARS ON THE SHELF HAVE THE MOST FUN

*The Famous Beauties Who Have
Left Pictures Now Enjoy Life.*

By Helen Louise Walker

SEVERAL years ago I was spending the day with Leatrice Joy. She was an important De Mille star then and one of the most beautiful women on the screen. It was Spring and she was resting briefly between pictures.

Suddenly she sighed. "Oh, dear!" she said, "I *should* do something about summer clothes. But I can't bear to think about them. When you spend hours and hours and hours being fitted for costumes for a picture and then spend weeks putting those costumes on and taking them off, weeks fussing with your face and hair and eyelashes, weeks posing and posturing and concentrating to see that every tiniest detail of your appearance is perfect . . . you are pretty tired of it. It is simply too much to try and make yourself give any thought to a wardrobe to wear in private life!

"I never can bring myself to assemble a really perfect outfit for *myself*. The bag does not match the shoes or the hat is the wrong shade or I have forgotten to buy proper gloves. I am never quite well dressed off the screen and I am too tired to care."

Leatrice, in those days, was a very hard working young woman. She finished one quite strenuous rôle only a few weeks before her baby was born . . . a time when most women feel it not only their privilege but their duty to pamper themselves. (Leatrice had been married, you remember, to John Gilbert.) After that baby came she worshiped it with a passionate devotion which made her begrudge every moment she must spend away from it. But . . . she was forced to leave her small daughter for long weeks when she went on a protracted personal appearance tour. Only a mother of an engaging two-year-old can appreciate what a sacrifice that was.

Then Leatrice retired from the screen and became the wife of Mr. W. S. Hook, a Los Angeles business man. It took her some time to adjust herself to leisure and domesticity. The joy of being able to see her child at any hour of the day! She could actually sit down and read! She is passionately fond of music and she found herself free to attend concerts and symphonies without the necessity of wondering whether she should spare the time. In the old days she had contented herself with mechanical music.

She finds now that she may shop at her leisure and she is always perfectly groomed. She loves people and now she has time to enjoy them, to make calls, to plan gay little parties. It isn't that she did not enjoy her work and the rewards it brought her. But . . . people still remember and admire her. She is recognized and applauded when she appears in public. It is merely that what seems to you and me a normal, average existence is still a novelty to Leatrice . . . a new and exciting adventure.

Consider Norma and Constance Talmadge. Both are still young and lovely women. Either could return to the screen next week and be assured of a cordial welcome from an enthusiastic public. Yet . . . it must have been comforting to Norma when she decided, at last, to divorce Joe Schenck from whom she had been estranged for years and to marry George Jessel, with whom she had been in

love for a long time, and to realize that she need not pause to consider the effect of such a move upon her career. These happily married, semi-public figures may, in the well-worn words of Pinky Tomlin, "go where they want to go, do what they want to do" and neither you nor I nor any anxious producer need care!

There is Billie Dove. I always have a breathless moment when I encounter Billie. I have remembered that she was beautiful but I always find that I have forgotten just *how* beautiful she is, and I am inevitably startled anew when I rediscover her.

She is married, you know, to Robert Kenaston, a handsome and wealthy young ranch owner, and they have a youngster a year and a half old. Happiness is very becoming to Billie and she is far lovelier than she ever was upon the screen. Her skin is a deep, deep brown from much sun-bathing and her thick, foamy hair is almost completely white.

Billie, who realized that a motion picture career for her type of actress would be necessarily brief, used to worry about what she would do with herself when that career was ended. She studied music and sculpture. She wrote poetry and tried her hand at short stories. "I shall *have* to be occupied!" she said, almost with desperation. Well . . . she is occupied. She is joyously content to run her house, to enjoy her husband and child, to play tennis, bask in the sun and see her friends.

She may acquire freckles and allow her hair to whiten if she wishes, without enduring the reproaches of worried employers who wish to profit from her beauty. She may be *natural* . . . and naturalness is the keynote of Billie's character.

I had tea with Irene Rich one afternoon in her boudoir. She had just come in from a difficult day at the studio and was donning a negligee preparatory to removing her make-up and having her dinner in bed. Her husband, a wealthy real estate operator, came in from his office, bringing several unexpected guests for cocktails. They were from another city and were eager to meet his famous wife. He proposed, brightly, that she change into evening clothes and go dining and dancing with them at the Grove.

Irene was appalled. "I *can't*!" she protested. "I am too tired to lift a finger . . . even to go downstairs to dinner. I must be up before six tomorrow morning in order to be on the set, made up, by nine. It is a physical impossibility for me to go out tonight."

When, keenly disappointed, he had left us, she said to me, ruefully, "This sort of thing is *so* difficult! I do want to be a good wife, to enter into the things my husband enjoys, to help him with his business contacts, to do him credit among his friends. He can't understand that it is impossible to enjoy these pleasant, impromptu parties when I am working. *He* works all day and can still enjoy dancing in the evening.

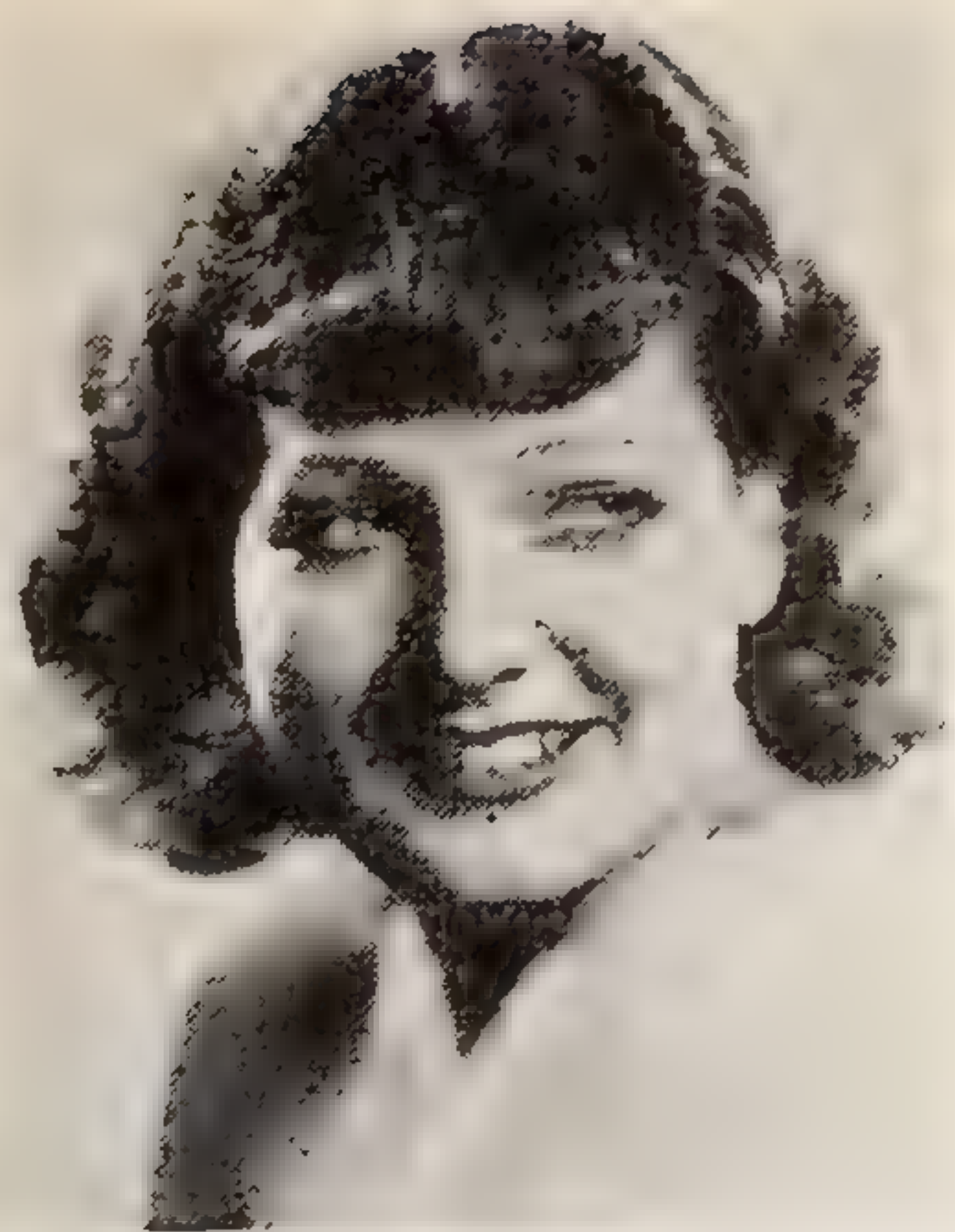
Mr. and Mrs. George Jessel (Norma Talmadge) at Miami Beach. Norma was one of the biggest stars in silent pictures.

At left—Clara Bow (Mrs. Rex Bell) may return to the screen.



At right—Leatrice Joy left the screen at the height of her popularity.





Merna Kennedy, once Charlie Chaplin's leading lady.



Bessie Love found that matrimony demanded all her time.



Beautiful Billie Dove, retired but not forgotten.

But he doesn't have to rise at six to *prepare* to go to his office. If he is there by a leisurely ten or ten thirty, his business proceeds just the same. He can come home when he wants to. And it doesn't matter if he *looks tired* while he is there.

"No one who has not worked in pictures can possibly under-



Irene Rich returns to the screen now and then.

stand how exhausting it is to be on a set, under those lights, all day . . . or how alert you must be every moment of those hours. You can't expect them to understand . . . and that makes it harder!"

Irene and her husband separated soon after that little scene and Irene retired from the screen to devote herself to chaperoning her two lovely daughters, both of whom show promising dramatic talent. It must be a great relief to her to be able to join their gay little parties without considering a nine o'clock call (although the daughters probably have nine o'clock calls

of their own, now!) It must be a relief to Irene to be able to give all her attention to her family and its needs instead of attempting to divide that attention fairly. Had she retired from the screen just a little sooner, her marriage might have survived.

Sometimes, of course, people must retire too soon . . . or must retire without sufficient money to take care of them . . . and then heartbreak follows. Sometimes a series of inferior stories destroys them before their time. Sometimes it is merely a succession of "bad breaks" . . . and frustrated young ambition is a sad, sad thing.

There was Jean Arthur who came to Hollywood with such high hopes, and

[Continued on page 70]

International

The Hollywood BRAND

Being Informal
Is The Latest
Party Idea.

Acme



Photographers love to get several "Big Names" together. Gary Cooper, Norma Shearer, Florence Eldredge (Mrs. March), and Fredric March.



Walter King is comparatively new at parties, but he is making a name for himself as a grand entertainer.



A Herbert Brenon party, with tennis as the excuse.

THERE are all sorts of hosts and all sorts of guests at Hollywood parties. There are hosts who will hand you the horn of plenty, and guests who will horn in aplenty. There are hosts who will load you with favors, and guests who will favor you with a load—you know they are drunk the minute you look at them. There are hosts who, for instance, would just as soon push you into the swimming pool with all your clothes on as look at you, if you dare

them too much. And there are the too cute hostesses to whom every party is an ingenue work-out.

It is becoming right smart to be informal at parties. Whether at a sit-down dinner or one of those grab-it-off soirees, you can do just anything short of stealing the goldfish or dropping the salad into the swimming pool, and get away with it.

Just to put those poor actors of the silent days in their places (the poor darlings had the naive idea that parties are for fun) the eastern crowd was terribly tiffany about

their parties at first. But they all got tired, finally, of admiring each other, and even tired of admiring themselves at parties; so they let down their back hair, put on slacks and shorts, and went natural on us. Now it's so smart to be informal that you needn't even be at home when your guests arrive! And, really, sometimes I have thought the guests didn't care. It made it so much easier to tell each other what they thought of their host's taste in liquor and color-schemes!

And now that things have settled down

OF PARTY MANNERS

By Grace
Kingsley

so comfortably, it all depends on a lady at a party, and on the age, color and previous condition of servitude of the actor she is sitting on the sofa with, whether he holds her head, her hand or merely her attention.

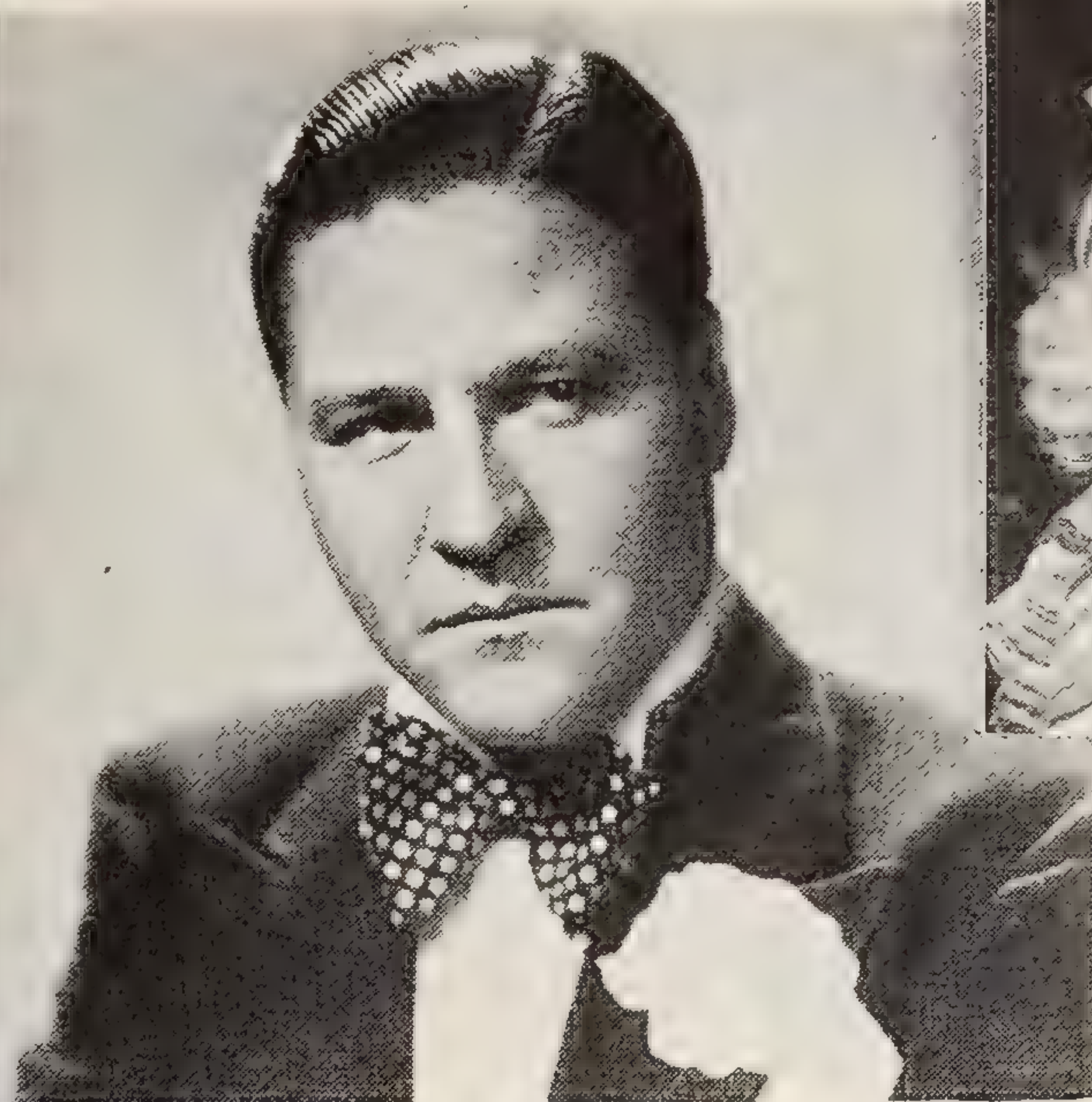
Not to keep you in suspense any longer, let's rally round with instances of this and that.

Jack Oakie is high priest to the Great God Gag. At one party, when



The candid camera catches Jean Harlow and the famous director, W. S. Van Dyke.

Jack Oakie is sure to pull some gags. "Anything for a laugh."



things slowed down, he put on an apron and played waiter, exactly as, back home, the cut-up of the senior class at the high school would have done. And at one of W. S. Van Dyke's parties, when the bar whose counter is an aquarium was being initiated, Jack said he had heard of people who drank like fishes, and he wanted to pour some gin into the glass bar to see fishes drink like people. But Van Dyke wouldn't let him—said the fishes were entertainers and mustn't drink!

Van Dyke can be kidded just so far. So when Mary Doran, who was at the party initiating his swimming pool, dared him

to push her in, Van did. And Mary was wearing her best sables, too.

Seeing his host do that, Max Baer thought it was being done, and pushed another lady in. But while his victim, wrapped in the host's sweaters while her clothing dried, sat before the kitchen fire warming herself, in marched Baer, accompanied by Jean Harlow. Jean, the lamb, led Max, the lion, by the ear, right up to his victim. And did he say he was sorry!

Van is a thoroughbred, and the next day both ladies received requests for an estimate of the value of their belongings injured by the water, and the following day they received checks

for the entire amount of their loss.

Charlie Chaplin fell backward into a fountain, at one of Marion Davies' costume parties. He was walking backward in respect to some notable who was advancing. Charlie is dignified and didn't mean to fall into the fountain. But it looked like a gag, and Charlie let it go at that.

A certain star, before she went to Europe and became sophisticated, gave a perfectly lovely dinner party with printed menus!

Coming down a few years, we come to the cocktail party which Rouben Mamoulian gave for Max Reinhardt. There was certainly a feast of reason and a flow of soul. But the turkey in the center of the table remained uncut! One caught some of the most famous guests eyeing it hungrily, then gathering in a stuffed egg or a bit of caviare. A large waiter maintained guard over the turkey with upraised knife—which might be construed by the brave as a promise, but he never cut the bird. Of course, Mamoulian never knew. He must have been surprised after his hungry guests had gone.

Among the guests was practically everybody who was anybody in Hollywood. Anna Sten was there, and Jeanette MacDonald, Claudette Colbert, Clark Gable, Elissa Landi, Grace Moore, Kay Francis, Charles Chaplin, Ernst Lubitsch, Walter King, Edward G. Robinson, Loretta Young, and scores of others.

When a certain actress was wed, she served no wedding breakfast save a lone little piece of cake in the midst of a huge expanse of plate. She had wanted, we heard, to furnish her own ginger ale and sandwiches, but the hotel where she was married wouldn't let her. One wag ven-

[Continued on next page]



Acme
Will Rogers and Joe E. Brown do their worst at a hospital benefit party.



Acme
There is nothing Johnny Weissmuller and his wife, Lupe Velez, enjoy more than their public appearances.

tured that she probably owned the hot-dog concessions outside the hotel!

They are beginning to dance at cocktail parties in Hollywood, which is rather nice.

I think a certain noted English lady began it, at the party which Paul Cavanagh gave. A pompous pianist was playing a dull classic number and everybody was yawning, when the lively English lady dashed to the radio, turned on a thunderous two-step, to the consternation of the pianist, and grabbed Nelson Eddy for a dance. Lyle Talbot took Elissa Landi, and the others followed suit.

Meeting ex-husbands and wives at parties has developed a code of emily-posting all its own. Ex's always bow sweetly to each other, and if alimony or settlement is not overdue they shake hands. Sometimes they chat. I've seen Jack Gilbert and Virginia Bruce talking amicably together.

On the other hand, at a very charming party which Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March gave, I overheard an ex-wife say of the current one, "If I had known that so-and-so was here, I wouldn't have come!" And dashed off home. But often former and current wives are very nice to each other.

Why, I even heard of an ex-wife who gave her calling cards to the present wife as a wedding present, together with an offer of the baby!

Back porch parties are becoming the rage. Chester Morris, Evelyn Venable and Carl Laemmle, Jr., are giving them, Chester and his wife in their back porch and patio, Evelyn in her sun-parlor back porch, and

Laemmle on the terrace in back of his huge and luxurious apartment. The guests crowd so thick on Carl's porch, which overlooks a precipice, that I am sure somebody is going to be pushed off one of these times. In fact, Margaret Sullavan very nearly took a tumble at the last one. John Lodge grabbed her just in time. Tom Brown and Anita Louise, after one of their tiffs, made up, just due to being tossed into each other's arms at a back-porch party at Carl's.

Sallie Eilers' sky-scraping apartment has a big verandah, and Sallie loves giving tea there to her sister mammas, so to speak—Helen Twelvetrees, Arline Judge, and others.

Speaking of babies and of Hollywood manners, Norma Shearer, who is expecting the stork again, no matter what subject she starts talking on will always wind up by talking about Irving, Jr.

And speaking of subjects on which actors always talk, Bob Montgomery, Clark Gable and Gary Cooper invariably gravitate to each other to talk about hunting and fishing whenever they find themselves at a party.

Sometimes guests at parties get into the wrong houses, due to the rapidity with which, once a star's salary goes up, he buys himself a new home with a mother-of-pearl so-and-so in the bathroom and those chiming door bells—a state of things most bewildering to guests.

Harry Langdon gave a party one night, to which a noted violinist was invited. Poor

man, he got into the wrong house, but one which looked exactly like his host's. He was just walking to a closet to hang up his hat, when the hostess, descending the stairs, exclaimed, looking at his violin case, "I didn't engage you to play!" Whereupon the musician unhung his hat and decamped, eventually finding his real host.

Famous expressions are sometimes coined at parties. For instance it was at a party given by Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, at which Charlie Chaplin was present, that Elinor Glyn gave birth to her famous It expression.

Elinor was characteristically analyzing her fellow guests, with a slant on the sex angle of course.

"Douglas, you aren't good looking, but you have something—you have It!" she exclaimed in a fit of inspiration. Then, turning to Charlie, she said, "Charlie, you haven't It!"

Charlie left the room. He returned in a minute.

"See," he said with mock plaintiveness, "I've changed my brown tie for a green one. Now have I got It?"

Heigh ho for the jolly old days of jolly old parties!

There was the one given by Agnes Christine Johnston and Frank Dazey, the writers, for instance. Dinner was served out-of-doors, in the back garden. Everybody was there—Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Rapf, Edmund Lowe, and just dozens of other noted ones. Billy went upstairs to the bathroom. Looking down he couldn't resist the idea of hitting somebody with something. Plump, right into the dignified Harry Rapf's lap, sailed a hot-water bottle!

At another time, at a masquerade which Ouida Bergere and Basil Rathbone were giving, Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg, being about of a height, both came as West Point cadets. Billy Haines gave Norma's arm an awful pinch, and when she squeaked, remarked apologetically, "Oh, I thought it was Irving!"

Then there was that dinner party, never-to-be-forgotten, which Buster Keaton gave for the distinguished Adolph Zukor, of Paramount. Al St. John, Buster's friend, disguised himself as the butler and served the dinner. First he spilled some water on Zukor. The guest of honor looked surprised, but deprecated his host's apologies. Mistakes would happen, he said. Then some icy celery slipped. That wasn't so good, but again he took it like a man. Then Al stumbled and the turkey skidded. Still the guest of honor was complaisant, but by that time one of the guests could contain himself no longer and began to laugh. And Paramount's head took it just as good-naturedly as though the joke had not been on him. There was an understudy turkey which replaced the other, and the feast went on.

Somebody has said: Just give your guests plenty to eat and drink and somebody to flirt and chat with, and they will be happy.

The best hosts in Hollywood go on that idea. Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March, John Mack Brown, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, Nelson Eddy, Allan Mowbray, W. S. Van Dyke, James Cruze, all live up to this. At Cruze's, by the way, you will always find tables loaded with bottles of gin. Cruze does not offer you a drink. You go and pour your own.

Now that the grand opera contingent is with us, one might expect social affairs to be more ritzy than ever. But not so. Grace Moore loves to put on a kitchen apron and cook a mess of spaghetti for her guests. That's a custom left over from old grand opera days.

Kay Francis gave a deep-sea-going party in a Hollywood cafe, the Vendome, and excluded the press. She will probably run into stormy weather with the writing boys and gals after this.

Sir Guy Standing Answers A Fan Letter



Betty Lerner, of St. Urbain St., Montreal, Canada, sent a letter to Silver Screen's Fan Mail Department, addressed to Sir Guy Standing, and asking about his title. Here is the answer to Betty.

Sir Guy's letter was received too late to include in Silver Screen's Fan Mail Department. His original letter has been sent to Miss Lerner.

*Paramount
Hollywood*

*Mr. Betty Lerner
Montreal*

*It is nice of you to like
my work and still nicer of you to
take the trouble to tell me so. Thank
you, Betty -*

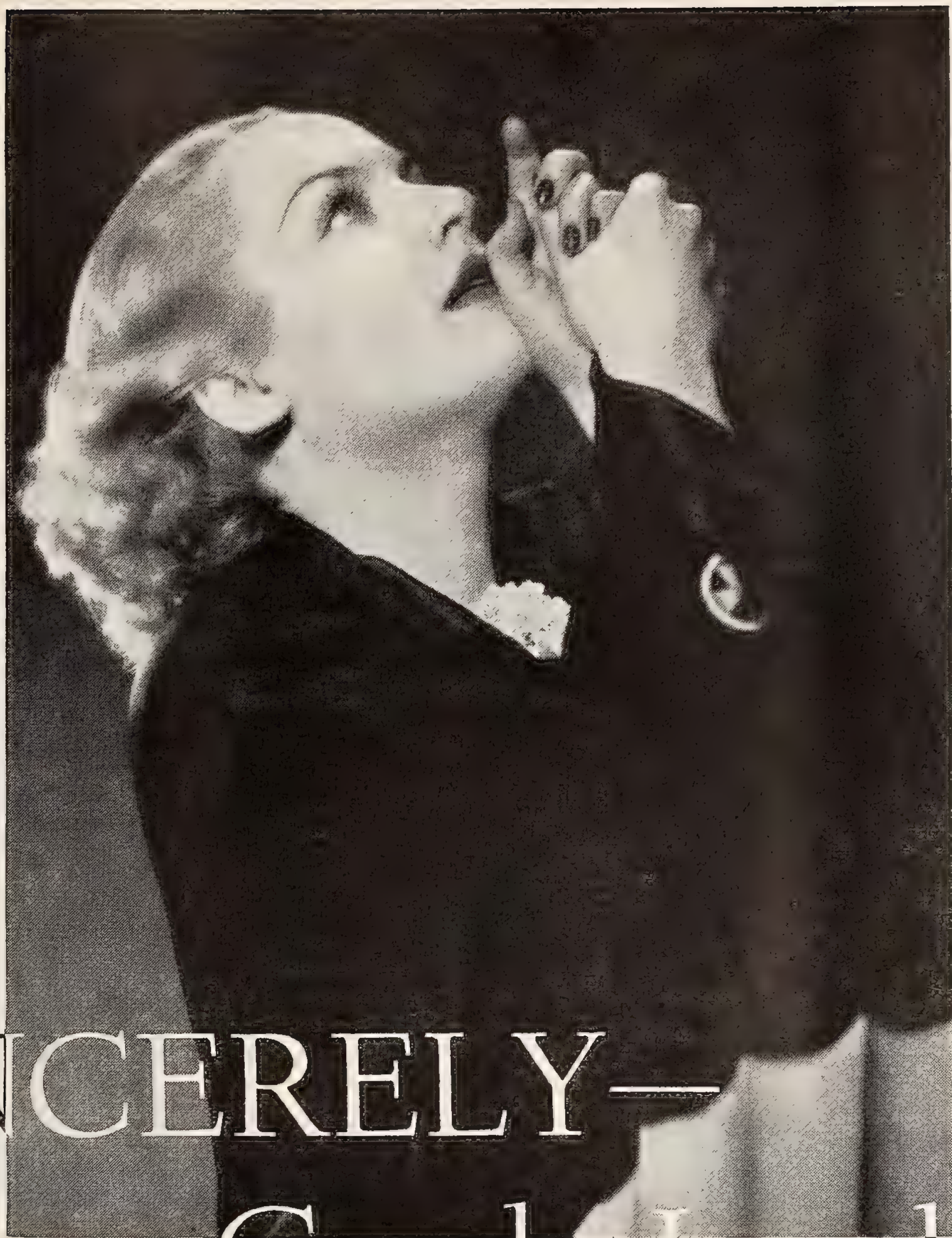
*yes. Long before you were
born, I expect, I played in The United
Shakes - and Canada - but the War came
and - well - you know what we all
had to do then -*

*About the title: - His Majesty -
graciously bestowed certain decorations
upon me during the War and among
them was the honour of Knighthood. I
have often asked myself "why?" but War
is a funny thing, in some respects,
and recognition and honours frequently
go to those who don't deserve them quite
as much as some of those who are
passed by - Of course I am grateful
and proud but still I wonder - why.*

*Any way, Betty, I wasn't made a
knight for acting -*

*Sincerely yours
Guy Standing*

She's A
Girl On
The Level.



Carole has a reputation for wit, beauty and sincerity.

SINCERELY— Carole Lombard

By Helen Harrison

"EVERYONE can be good-looking!" said Carole Lombard, who, besides being Hollywood's best-dressed woman is also its reigning glamour queen and Private Sophisticate No. 1, leaving Cinemaland's honors as unbalanced as the budget.

"Everyone?" I gurgled, hopefully.

"Absolutely!" she said, in her crisp, unhesitating way.

"But how?" I persisted—having just graduated from the correspondence course for radio stooges.

"By *doing* something about it! Women get weepy about looking older and bemoan the fact they're putting on weight and adding a second chin, but they're just too lazy to *do* anything about it. Of course it's easier to let yourself go—to avoid taking the trouble; but they certainly miss a lot of fun by slipping into the middle-age class before their time because it's less trouble to lie in bed and read than it is to take an early breakfast, a swim, put in a lively game

of tennis or a canter through the park before starting the day.

"And," she continued, looking very lovely in a silver cloth hostess gown (Travis Banton no doubt), "they'd *like* to be a moompicher star, but they don't lift an eyebrow to attain their ambition."

Carole, I might divulge, is not among that exclusive coterie born with diamond-studied platinum spoons, who receive one coat of paint and two coats of sable at some of our better finishing schools and who, as a result of starting their cinematic careers where Pickford left off, are loftier than a stratosphere flyer and as hoity-toity as a casting director.

As I recall, she's successfully hurdled more obstacles than the Prince of Wales—and plenty of them *weren't* on a horse! When she was in an automobile accident about five years ago she thought she was "through," yet she had the courage to put those months—when she was lying on a hospital cot—to good account. Although she had plenty of cause she didn't spend the time crying into her pillow, bemoaning her Fate and her looks—which lay in the palm of her plastic surgeon's hands. She

spent the time learning microphone technique, and, when she won her fight and regained her beauty, she was ready for such a career as would then have seemed as impossible as Charlie Laughton playing Ruggles!

"It's amazing to me how fearful people are of *themselves*," she reflected (and, as you know, she reflects very well) as she lay back on the couch with her stockingless feet curled up and revealing beautifully pedicured nails in stunning sandals.

"I can remember myself as a little girl, standing at the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Vine Street, watching my idol, Gloria Swanson. How I used to mimic her! All very distressing to everyone around me, I assure you. But I made up my mind then that I, too, was going to have a screen career, and I never deviated from my purpose."

Probably that was what started Carole with the Sennett studio, as a bathing girl, just as Gloria had. Nevertheless it proves the platinum spoon was only pewter after all!

"The most important thing for any
[Continued on page 69]

"Chase Me!"



By Liza

WHEN I first came to Hollywood, fresh and naive from Tony's in New York, I really believed that when a movie star batted her great big devastating lashes and said, with an Ann Harding choke, "My marriage will last forever" that she honestly meant her marriage would last forever. And that when a star put on dark glasses and a turned down hat she really wanted people to think that she was Susie Zilch, and of no importance.

Oh, all right, all right, don't laugh at me, I admit that I was a sucker in those days, but you just ought to see me now. As soon as a star starts professing her undying love and loyalty to some guy she once took to the altar I know definitely that divorce is just around the corner, and the minute I smell dark glasses and a turned down hat I know, and sixty thousand other people know (Hey, Hollywood, what's your population?) that Garbo's on the loose again.

It takes just twenty-four hours in town and lunch at the Brown Derby to catch on to the publicity game as it is played in Hollywood, and, incidentally, it is the most popular game in the place, everybody plays it, from Garbo down to the hat check girl at the Trocadero. If you go two weeks without getting your name in the Reporter or Variety or at least a telephone booth you have to pay a forfeit.

Never believe what you see in Hollywood. Never believe what you hear in Hollywood. And, definitely, never believe in Hollywood. Always understand that everything is the exact opposite of what it seems. Them's terrible words, pardner, and if you live East of Hoot Gibson's rodeo, you'll probably get the idea that we are all a lot of nasty cynics out thisaway, but it isn't so, well, it practically isn't so.

After the first Great Disillusion comes (mine came the day the newspapers carried headlines on a famous star's divorce, which happened to be the same day that my exclusive story of her happy marriage appeared in a fan magazine) you really don't care any more—why it's just a lot of crazy fun after that. You've been wised up to the game, you know the rules now, you know better than to be caught with the Black Queen again, so you can just sit back and relax. As soon as you understand that White is always Black in Hollywood and No is always Yes, then you don't have to strain any more of those cells in what the anatomy professor laughingly called your brain.

The first time that Katharine Hepburn screams at you, "I don't want any publicity. I hate publicity" you will be sorely tempted to scratch her name out of your copy and scratch her while you're at it, but then you'll remember that this is Hollywood and that Katie, in her quaint way, is trying to tell you that she wants gobs and gobs and gobs of publicity, in fact she wants it so badly that she is going to put herself to a lot of trouble to get it. So don't get mad with Katie when she screams and runs, just be amused at her obvious little antics and wait and see what she'll think up next.



Wide World

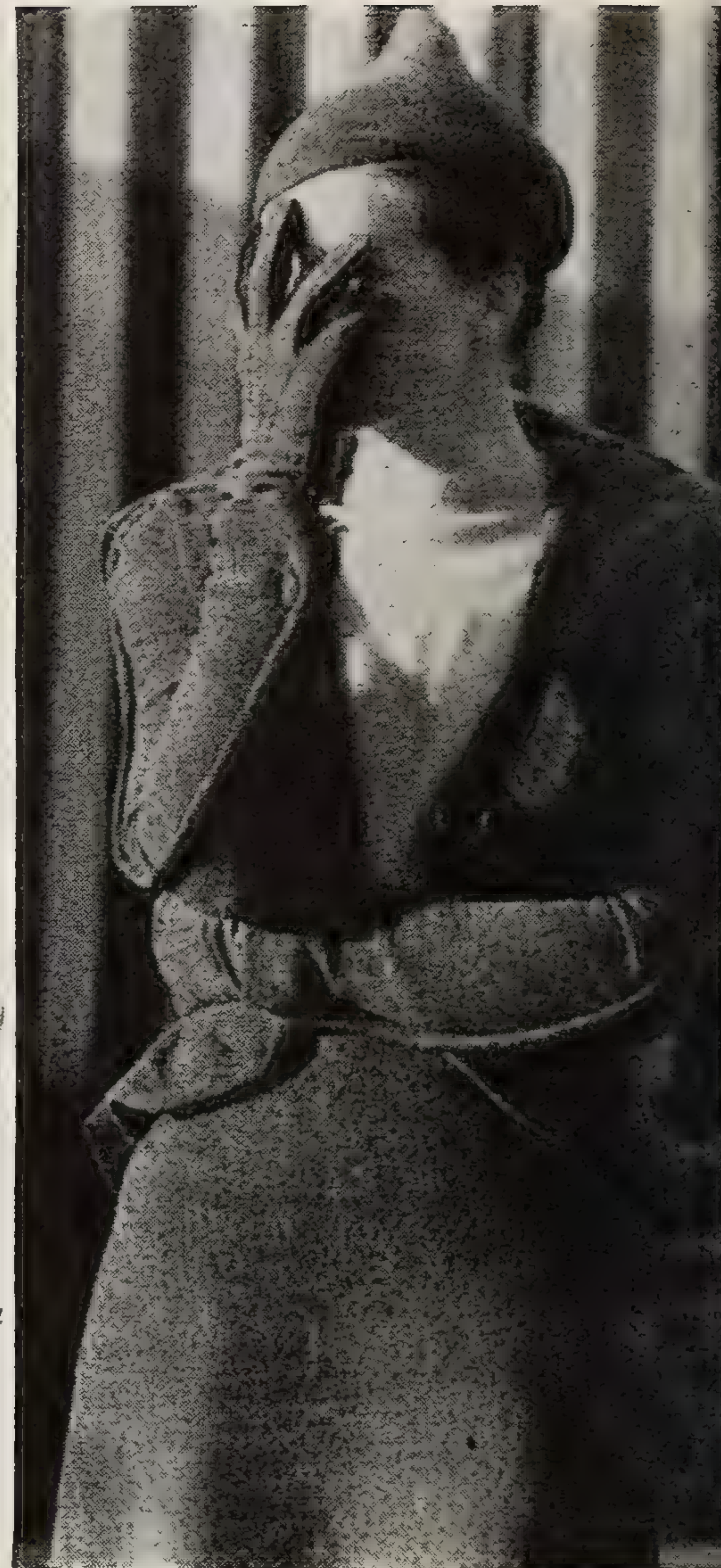
Clever Katharine Hepburn hides her famous face behind her hand, but, note she is laughing. It's all a game and no hard feelings. Her new picture is "Break of Hearts."



lose your letter.

Margaret Sullavan, who was about to graduate with the highest dishonors last year, was expelled from the school because she quietly and normally fell in love, and even so far forgot herself as to say "thank you" to a fan writer. The girls might have forgiven her for falling in love without dragging it through the newspapers for months and years, but the "thank you" to a fan writer they could never forgive. So poor Maggie flunked out, even though her dungarees were the dirtiest in town. You can always tell the girls of the Publicity Dodging school by the peculiar clothes they wear, the peculiar cars they drive, and the fact that they are usually found running like mad in some public place, done up usually in an Inverness cape and dark glasses. I've never yet seen a movie star run in a chic gown.

Now, heaven knows, we don't want to be catty about this. Movie stars just have to get their names in the newspapers, it's a part of their business, and if they think the Indirect Publicity method is the best, why it's their own affair. In fact I'm dope enough to fall for it and here is a nice fat piece of publicity for Hepburn, and she's welcome. As long as she can make the best



And Katie isn't the only one in Hollywood who goes in for dodging publicity, in order to get publicity. Why there's a whole school of them. Garbo is the head-mistress, since it was her idea first. Emily Post is definitely *not* on the faculty—in fact if you do one single thing that's in keeping with the accepted ideas of etiquette you get two demerits and

The Publicity Racket Has A Lot Of Fascinating Angles. One Is The Game Of "Duck—There's A Camera!"



photographers, and any star who goes to a public place

in Hollywood should realize by now that there always will be photographers. After all they've got to make a living. Well, one of the boys spotted La Hepburn

sitting down front with one eye on the man on the flying trapeze and the other on the photographers—who started towards her, and the chase was on. Now, all Katie had to do was smile sweetly at the boys and say, "Please excuse me tonight. I look a mess. Next time." And the photographers would have grinned and left her alone immediately, just as I have seen them do to dozens of other stars who felt they weren't up to par. But no, Katie must shriek and start running, and if you think she ran for the nearest exit as the programs advised, you're dumb—our Miss Katie dashed right across the main ring, where Madame Tinpanni was doing her stuff, and where thousands of people would see her. Ah me, she got a bigger hand that night from the audience than the clowns did. Now really, what a strange way to dodge publicity.

Then there was a time at the Hollywood Bowl, several months ago, at the premiere of Max Reinhardt's "Midsummer Night's Dream." As Hepburn was leaving the Bowl she bumped right into a photographer, so the chase was on again (Katie really should make Westerns) in and out among the crowds of innocent home-goers, up hill down dale, and over seats until Katie found herself in a cul de sac, dead end to you, dearie. At bay the Hepburn shrieked and put her hands in front of her face. "We don't want to take your picture, Miss Hepburn," one of the boys said, "We took your picture back there when you weren't looking. But you ran, so we thought maybe you wanted us to chase you." Always gallant, these Hollywood photographers.

Yes, Katie is always running, which just about must burn Garbo up, for Greta was the Nurmi of Hollywood until Hepburn moved in and started stealing her stuff. Katie has told everybody in Hollywood, particularly the Press, that she wants no publicity, why she won't even sign autograph books, that she wants to lead her own quiet life without benefit of newspapers and magazines, but Katie, the little minx, proceeds to do everything that will land her, but daily, in every newspaper in town.

She can't ride in a sensible and inconspicuous car, no, she must buy herself a regular station wagon, you know, the kind of bus that meets trains in small towns and takes traveling salesmen to their hotels. And when one of her friends drives it for her Katie perches her over-alled chassis right there on the running board, and if a person in Hollywood misses seeing her, well that person had better consult an oculist.

Nor does Katie dress inconspicuously, like a human being who doesn't want to attract attention—dear me, no, that baby goes in for over-alls, dungarees, brogan shoes, knitted caps, and sits in the middle of the road at the RKO studio to read her mail. The only time I ever saw Hepburn dressed up, she was in a little Russian Cossack number that definitely would have driven the Russians out of Moscow.

But it is Garbo who is the real "Tops" in this Dodging Publicity business. Garbo, in the last six years, has gotten more publicity, headlines and everything, than any other star in Hollywood, but not since she first arrived has she

[Continued on page 60]



Constance Bennett has found that if she is attacked the fans come to her rescue, so she is difficult at interviews and—it works.

Margaret Sullavan hasn't the first idea of publicity, and her rough clothes are just natural—or are they?

pictures, well almost, that you can glimpse on any screen, and she can, run as much as you like, Katie. I'm for you as an artist anyhow. Personally I like movie stars who dress like human beings, who give interviews pleasantly, and face the cameras with a toothsome smile, I like the Colberts, Lombards, Shearers and Harlows of the industry, but if Katie and Greta and the others think they get better results using their own perverse system it's all right with me. In fact it amuses me. But don't you think for one instance, Miss Katie, that I am taken in by your I-don't-want-publicity gag. Tut, tut, now, tut, tut. If you were in earnest "how come you do the things you do?"

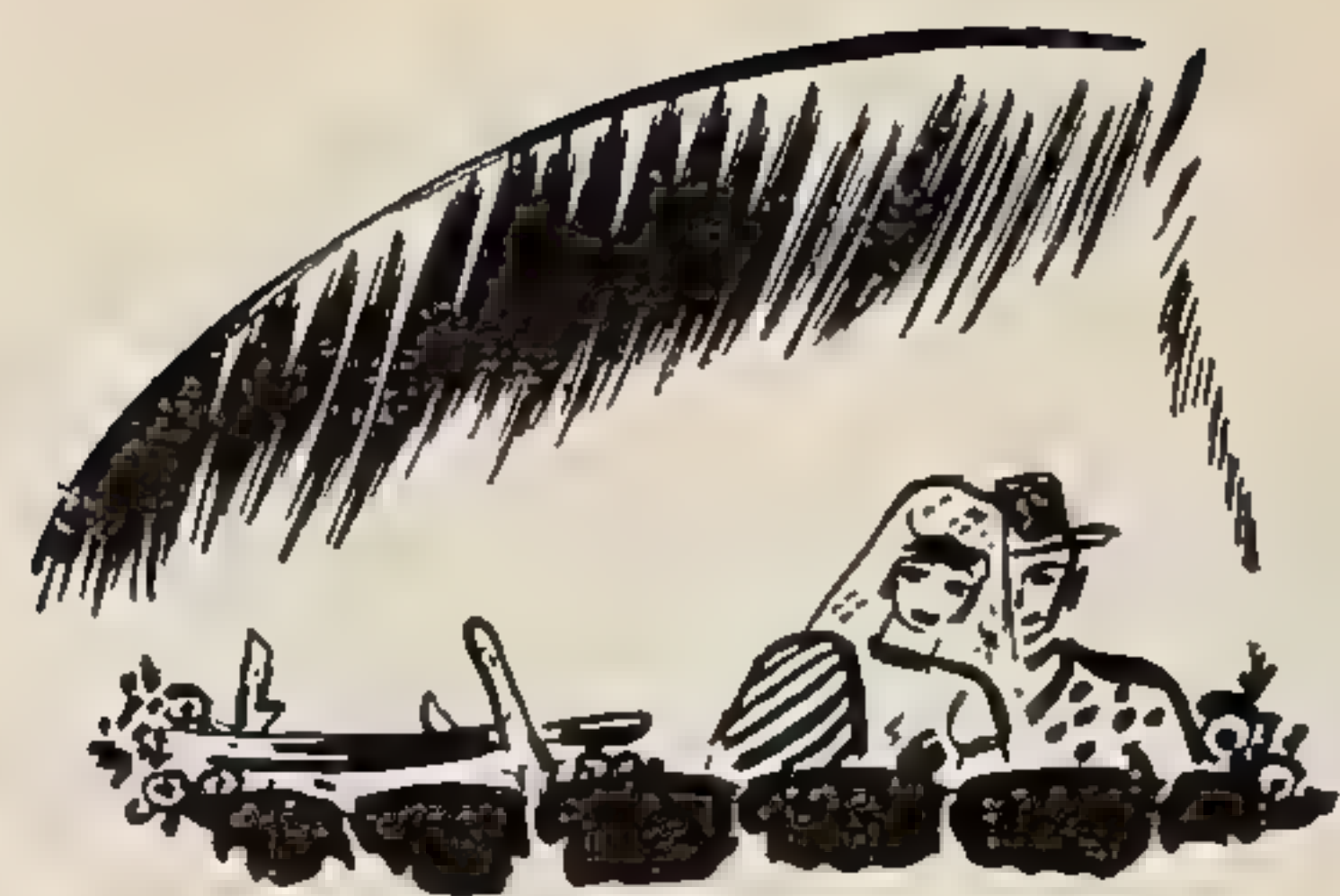
When the circus came to town and all the stars, more or less, turned out for the big ten. Naturally there were photographers, there always are



"Anna Karenina" is Garbo's new picture, and the announcement has been made that she is signed for two more.



Preview Flashes



FROM 'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

BY JERRY HALLIDAY

He rides like the wind and loves like the whirlwind!

Carramba, but this is one grandioso picture! And as for Warner Baxter . . . ah, be still, fluttering heart. What a man! What a lover! He's even more tempestuous than as "The Cisco Kid". So prepare for fireworks when Baxter, a gallant gaucho with the swiftest horse, the smoothest line, the stunningest senoritas on the pampas, meets a gay m'amselle from the Boulevards of Paree! And to add to the excitement, there's a feud, a stirring horse race, a glamorous cabaret scene in romantic Buenos Aires.

If your blood tingles to the tinkle of guitars . . . if your heart thrills to the throbbing rhythms of the rhumba, to the passionate songs of the gauchos, to the sinuous tempo of the tango, then rush to see this picture — and take the "love interest" with you!



Warner **BAXTER**
and
Ketti **GALLIAN**

in a fiery romance

'UNDER THE PAMPAS MOON'

A B. G. DeSYLVA PRODUCTION
with

TITO GUIZAR

Radio's Troubadour of Love

VELOZ and YOLANDA

internationally renowned Artists of the Dance

Directed by James Tinling

ACCLAIMED BY SOCIETY ON TWO CONTINENTS, VELOZ and YOLANDA bring their superb talent to the screen in a breath-taking creation, the exotic COBRA TANGO.



"Your fragrance is like a garden. Your mouth a red carnation. And your lips, oh, your lips, to kiss, to kiss again."



HOLLYWOOD NOTES

FLASH! The cinema capital is playing a new game called the "Triple S" Test . . . studio, star, story. Fans rate a picture on these three counts *before* they see it. Then they check their judgment *after* the performance. And it's *amazing* how high Fox Films rank! • But then, that's to be expected. For Fox Studios have the ace directors, the leading writers, the biggest headline names. • So take a tip from Hollywood . . . when you look for entertainment, look for the name





ANN SOTHERN

SHE is the new type of Hollywood player—Star, Sothern Style—and that means she can sing and dance, act and be easy on the eyes. You can check this by seeing "Eight Bells."



TARGETS

*Love Does Not
Interest Them.*

Patricia Ellis is
so young that
probably Love
doesn't bother
with her yet.

Myrna Loy (at
right) was such
a successful wife
in "The Thin
Man" that she
really boosted
marriage.



Betty Grable is busy being
one of the best "singers and
dancers", so she probably
wouldn't look at anyone who
wasn't a combination of Bing
Crosby and Fred Astaire.

If we could elicit
one kind word from
Elissa, we would
Landi in heaven. So,
instead, let's talk of
sealing wax, of liter-
ature and beans, of
English girls so
beautiful, of cab-
bages and queens.



Just to save the wear and
tear on the hearts of the
grips and electricians on
the Warner lot, they have
loaned Jean Muir to Fox
for "Orchids to You."



for CUPID

By The Time You Read This, Probably June and Dan Cupid Will Have Found Engagement Rings For These Beauties.

WARREN WILLIAM is even giving Cupid lessons. Wassa' matter, Mister Cupid? Are these girls attractive or are they attractive? We will wager they say "No" to somebody at least once a day, and probably once before dinner and twice after meals. It is all the fault of that feeling of adoration and affection that we have for them. This popular demand sets the producers bidding against each other, and the result is that the girls have so much money that a husband becomes practically unnecessary, at least for a while. But just as crabbed girls have mean faces, so girls with warm hearts have beautiful faces, and probably before the magic of June, with its roses and moonlight, has slipped away, these defiant beauties will have forgotten about careers and blazing marquees and said to some fortunate males, a very happy "Yes."

No, Warren William isn't going to play Tarzan. He's going in for archery so thoroughly that even his cook has fallen arches. He is next in "Not On Your Life."



Virginia Bruce would be flattered if she could read the letters we have received praising our demand for Virginia's own singing voice in future instead of having some canary's voice dubbed in. She's so pretty the producer thought that was enough for one girl.



Margaret Lindsay can ritz anyone, as in "Bordertown." It comes from having to decline so many solitaires.

HOLLYWOOD HAS SHOWPLACES AND HIDEOUTS

Garbo Has To Move Frequently To Keep The "Seeing Hollywood" Busses Off Her Front Lawn. Others Leave Hollywood.

MANY of the stars of the screen, when they find a neat little balance in the bank, go ahead and build. Claudette Colbert has a home being built now, and so have Bill Powell and Warner Baxter. Bill has bought and bought material and hired workmen, and all the necessary fittings and furnishings have been purchased, in order that he might do his part to end the depression, and yet, the other day, a communist or a crank sent him a letter threatening his life because he had such a nice house.

Harold Lloyd's place is still the grandest. Many stars build their homes outside of the picture colony in order to avoid the sightseers, and of these none is lovelier than the home of Genevieve Tobin. Her estate is at Montecito, Santa Barbara, Calif. The mystery home of them all is Richard Dix's. No one knows where it is.



The wild and rugged view from Dix's hideaway.

Richard Dix blindfolding a friend whom he is taking home for the week-end, so that he can never disclose the location of the hidden house. Or, perhaps, so that he can't come calling unless he proves to be a pleasant house guest.



Richard Dix had so many successes that the British producers had lured him to England.



This is quite a cabin for Tobin. Genevieve has to travel two hundred miles to the studio when she is working, but she feels the quiet of her home makes it well worth while.

Genevieve gathering blossoms from her garden. She will also gather posies of praise for her new picture "The Goose and the Gander," which will soon be released.



ALLURE, APPEAL & CO

SOME stars are more lovely off the screen than on. Virginia Bruce and Dolores Del Rio have a certain harmony of coloring or something that the camera cannot get. But many of the stars are not quite as beautiful as they appear on the screen. However, the ones who gain by the arts of photography always do have the fundamentals of great beauty. For example, Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert represent a higher type than mere prettiness.

This worship of beauty, introduced by the screen, has made the cosmetic business a major industry. Fat girls are getting fewer, and Miss America and the Beauty Parades have brightened the world.



When every girl pulls on her swim suit and climbs up on a chair to see how she looks, Jean Harlow is the one with whom she compares herself.

Classified by many as the most beautiful woman, Marlene Dietrich is far from the happiest. Poor stories and poor direction have taken two years of her best. But she has a new contract now, and here's hoping for a bit of good luck for her.

We Go To The Movies To See The
Most Beautiful Women In The World.



Claudette Colbert has something that no one as yet has been able to measure or classify. Put her in a good story like "It Happened One Night" and it is the hit of 1934. Put her in a dull story, as a woman who sets herself up in the restaurant business ("Imitation of Life"), and it becomes a wonder picture. Put her in a story of a mad-house and "Private Worlds" goes over. "The Gilded Lily" had, because of her, one of the greatest sequences ever screened. "National Velvet" may fall to her, and what a delight that will be.



Arline Judge is our favorite design of a modern mother. Her next picture is "College Scandals."



Little Maureen O'Sullivan has been getting better and better parts since her great scene in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"—but soon she will have to go back to the tree-tops for "Tarzan."



In "Hooray for Love," Jean Carmen gives the beaches and beauty shows a few hints, in fact just the right proportions of suggestion and independence. Few oceans will see her equal.

SHOOTING AT



In "Anna Karenina," Garbo questions her son, Freddie Bartholomew: "Darling, will you always love me?" Love calls her from him and then the boy is told that she is dead. Carry a spare handkerchief for this one.

Henry Fonda, the new screen lover, and Janet Gaynor in "The Farmer Takes A Wife." The studio believes in this for they are spending enormous sums to give Janet's art a perfect setting.



A scene from "The Flame Within," with Louis Hayward, Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall. It is a study of how not to fall in love.

THE BIG SHOTS

When The Day Comes That They Have To Get To Work, Even The Most Famous Stars Have To Forget Their Press Notices, Crowds, Praise and Money—and They CAN.

"O K., TOOTS," said the director to Garbo, and it went over all right because, when Crawford or Garbo or any great stars are working, they are able to think of nothing but their parts. Then they are not the great and famous ones who have to dodge crowds and hide behind black glasses. When the cameras are turning and a character must have blood and the breath of life put into it, the stars become utterly unconscious of themselves. And that is why they are able to take you with them into the marvellous land of make-believe.



"No More Ladies," finds Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone looking coldly at one another.

Robert Montgomery fixes his eyes determinedly upon the letter, but we are under no such compunction and frankly inspect Joan's new 5-X bathing suit. Adrian designed the suit, but Joan herself has designed the filling. She dances, she swims and keeps herself in five star shape holding safely the admiration of every girl who means to make something of herself.

The GANGSTERS ARE IN AGAIN

But This Time They
Are On The Run.

EVERY good picture has an influence on your life and mine. When "Scarface" and the gangster films were playing, they were gradually forming public opinion against Prohibition, which was at the root of all the gangs and made a jest of American liberty. Today a new trend in pictures is forming our minds against the gangs, by telling the stories of the Federal men who go after the Dillingers and Nelsons. The machine gun rattles its staccato message, and pride fills us at the sheer bravery and nobility of these officers of the law.

Chester Morris inside looking out, in "Public Hero."



Lionel Barrymore is an inebriated doctor in "Public Hero."



"G Men," the first of the hero films, tells the story of how the federal men broke the gang racket.

Paul Kelly and secret agents give battle to the crooks in the "Public Hero" picture.



Richard Arlen with Virginia Bruce in "Let 'Em Have It." (below)



Ann Dvorak and James Cagney in "G Men."



The crooks are cornered and decide to shoot it out.



Bruce Cabot is a gangster in "Let 'Em Have It."

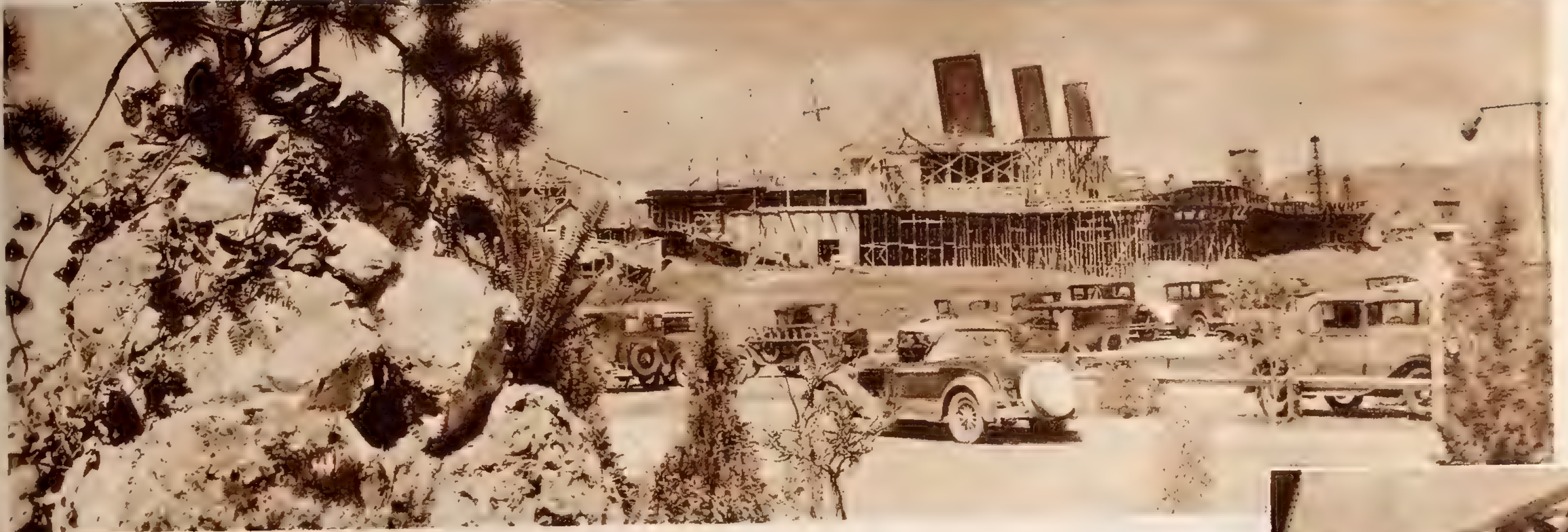
The facial surgeon is exposed — "Let 'Em Have It."



WILL the MOVIES MOVE?

Here Are Some Reasons
Why Hollywood Will
Retain Its Prestige.

Tom Brown, Claire Trevor and Adrienne Ames in "Black Sheep." They are on the famous ship of the Fox lot.



Louis B. Mayer, President of the Producers Organization, is invited by Mayor Frank C. Hague of Jersey City to bring the movies to New Jersey, but Mr. Mayer is considering the chance of getting stung.

Nowhere but in Hollywood could you find a one-sided steamship. This particular set is said to have cost \$30,000 and it is but one of the many remarkable sets that are used repeatedly.

(Below) The "Shanghai" set is a bit of the Far East transported to the Fox Studio.



There is a ship on the M-G-M lot also. Showing the camera crane and the ship's rail as used in "Letty Lynton."



No, this is not Third Ave. and Ninth St., New York City—just a carefully prepared set used over and over. Also on the Fox lot.



PERHAPS your town will get the great studios to move in. Hundreds of the progressive Boards of Trade are promising the producers that they can settle down and forget about taxes. The boosters will have to do more than that. They will have to provide the foothills of the Sierras, the desolation of Death Valley, the snow covered top of a mountain close at hand and a convenient ocean before the studios will say farewell to Hollywood.

Another thing is that the companies have enormous sets which cost thousands of dollars, which they use over and over again. (After all, one ship is much like another.) These sets will keep the business in California.

That's ACTING

Katharine Hepburn Displays Her Great Talent In Making "Break of Hearts."

THE camera crew consists of one hard-boiled director, an equally hard assistant director, a petrified script girl and cameraman. There are a number of lignum vitae juicers and sound men, and the grips are made of pure granite. And then something happens. A great actress like Hepburn, sitting before them with the lights hard upon her, the lens focussed sharply, turns on the magic of her talent. Suddenly, the soul of the girl she is supposed to be breaks through and fills the darkened studio. The crew forgets its hardness, and eagerly, attentively it drinks of human emotion from Hepburn, the little girl who has so much to give.

The story tells how Boyer, the husband of the young composer (Hepburn), becomes fascinated with another woman. He is discovered by his wife and she leaves him. When she finally is found, she will not forgive him (that's the close-up they are making in the picture) and he goes all to pieces. As always in a good love story the lovers have to be separated, but at the last they find each other and love again.

Charles Boyer—remember him in "Private Worlds"—and Katharine Hepburn as the musicians and lovers.



"Big Boy" Williams has been around for years, but "Private Worlds" revealed that he is an actor. He is again at work.



Jean Arthur once stole a picture, "Saturday Night Kid," from Clara Bow. "The Whole Town's Talking" brought her back.





The Story Of
"Break Of
Hearts" Is Based
Upon The Tur-
bulent Love And
Marriage Of
Two Musicians.

The man with
the cigarette
holder near the
camera is Philip
Moeller, the di-
rector of "Break
Of Hearts."



Evelyn Brent,
once leading
woman for Emil
Jannings. Now in
"The Nit-Wits."

STICK AROUND

Everyone Finally
Gets A Break.

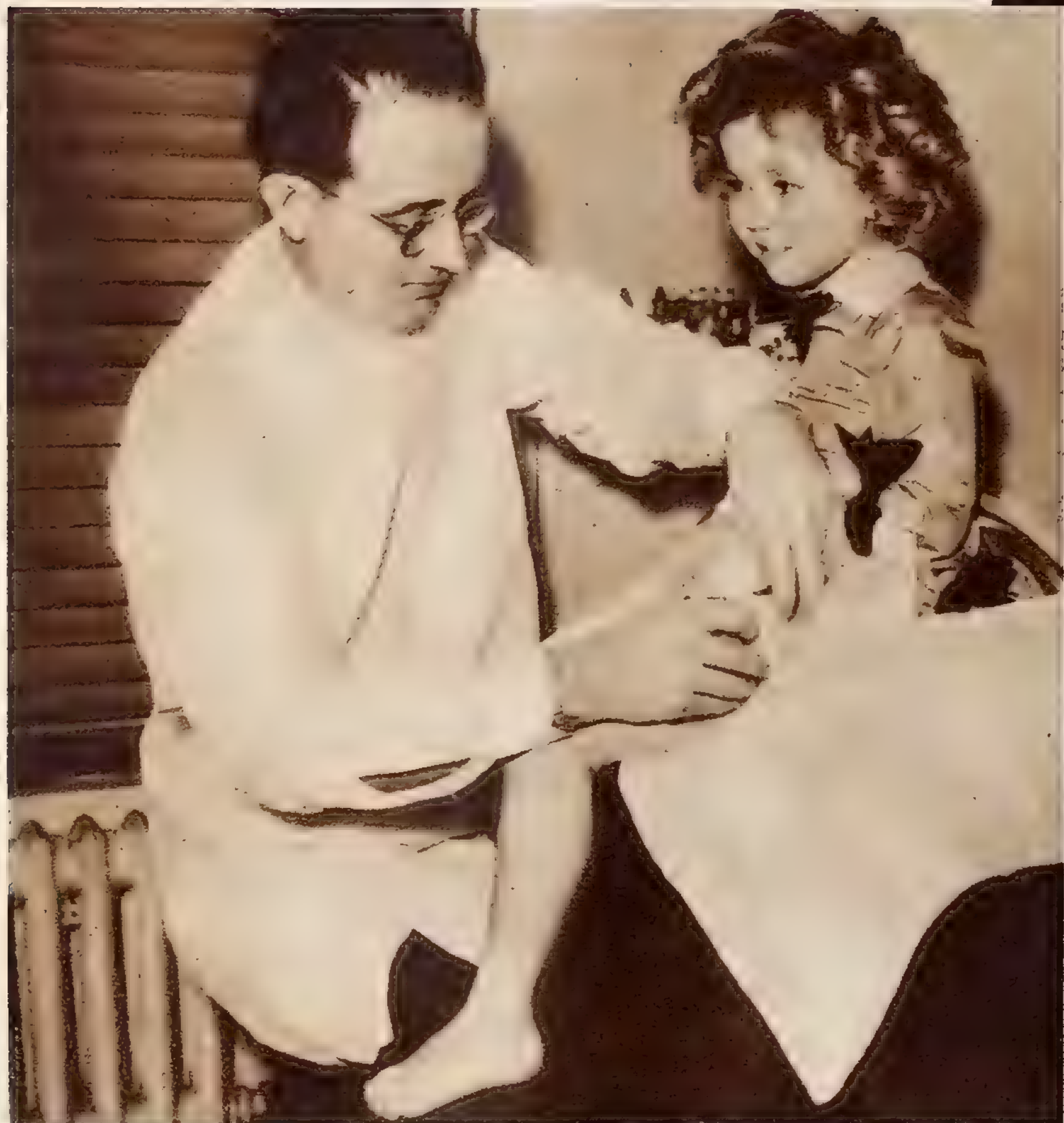
Mae Clark
handicapped by
sickness, but
O. K. now.

SOME old favorites are back in the money again and here's a sincere welcome to them. Sometimes a player is out after having played well and nobly. How comforting it is that these players are usually young women, not too old to take up life and a husband and babies, as Clara Bow did. And then there are the girls who yearn to be on the screen again. For these it is the "breaks" that count. And when Luck smiles and they are "working again," who can wonder at their zest for life



New Photographs OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE

*The Little Star Is
Now Six Years Old.*



Shirley's doctor, Dr. Russell Sands, vaccinates the baby and Shirley doesn't think much of it. Every precaution is taken to protect Shirley's health and to protect her, as well, from getting wise to her unique position in the world.

International



Miss Temple
in "Our Little Girl."

In the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre in Hollywood, many stars have left their signatures and prints of their hands. Shirley took off her shoes and stockings and left her footprints for coming generations to see.



The WATER BABIES

*Following Out
Mr. Kingsley's Idea.*

Elizabeth Allan wears a suit which features a clever strap arrangement of green and white braiding, which crosses at the back and continues around to the front forming a belt.

Muriel Evans and her suit of olive-green and brown. The shoulder straps are knitted and Muriel's picture makes a very fine Muriel Decoration.

Cecilia Parker ready to dive right in and get a pretty suit all wet. The bandana top is very gay with stripes of green, brown and white.

IN THE ancient days of the Aztecs they had a sacred well into which, to please their gods, they tossed a maiden or two, now and then. We do better than that—we practically fill the breakers of two oceans with maidens and, besides, we have some left over. And when we surrender our beauties to the waves, we dress them in very fetching suits to make sure that they will soon return to the beach to be admired.

Not much wider than a stocking, and fashioned of heavy knit purling is this suit worn by June Knight. The suit stretches to fit the figure perfectly. It features a halter neck of braiding.

*Suits designed by
B. V. D.*



"Blazer Bodice"
Streamline grace in a
two-piece suit—solid color
trunks and blazer striped
upper—\$5.95

"Bib Front"
"Gulf Stream" stitch with
fashioned uplift and contrasting
straps adjusting to new high-
neck "bib" front—\$6.95

"Accordion Rib"
B.V.D.'s new accordion stitch
in smart full-fashioned
Maillot model with adjustable
neckline—\$10.50

"Sea Satin"
A shimmery satin-like
Lastex fabric that shapes
holds the figure perfect
\$9.95—Also in skirted

"Builder Upper"
the self-service uplift brassiere
makes you the sculptor of your
own silhouette—\$8.95

Caste—
on the Modern Beach
by B.V.D.
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Beauty reigns on the modern beach! And from every sea breeze, every swooping gull and every bronzed goddess you'll hear the credit line, "Thanks to the Swim Suits of B. V. D."

• Their lovely colors flash against sun-tanned arms and legs like jewels. They're as much a part of their owner's anatomy as her eyelashes. And from their evening gown backs to their fashioned bodices, they know every dressmaker art and artifice to streamline, to shape and to silhouette. • From Nassau, from Bermuda, and from all the swimming South come tidings of their triumphs. Wherever you go this Summer you'll find the seas and sands decked and adorned by B. V. D. • The B. V. D. Company, Inc., Empire State Building, New York. Also made and sold in Canada.

Everything Is ROSY-NOW!

Edward Arnold Has Travelled From The East Side Of New York To The Top Side Of The Movies.

By
Edward Churchill

IN HOLLYWOOD, Arthur Caesar, the writer, boasts of going from Poland to polo in one generation—Ohio farm boys become motion picture stars—girls from Dixie blossom into stardom overnight—fame and fortune are flung about by the prodigious hand of fate.

But, out of it all, rises one story which surpasses even the wildest dreams of press agents, fiction writers and Horatio Alger, chronicler of success stories of another generation.

That story concerns the rise to stardom at the age of forty-five years of Edward Arnold, born in poverty as Guenther Edward Schneider, son of an ailing German East Side furrier.

You know the plump, the hale, the jovial Arnold, featured in more than a score of pictures during the past three years—the man who dwarfed other performances in "Sadie McKee" and set the whole town talking—the man who challenged the art of George Arliss in "Richelieu,"—the man whom you'll soon see as the star of Universal's "Diamond Jim," which pictorially recites the life of James Buchanan Brady, who loved women, diamonds and life.

The hearty fellow you see on the screen was born in a brick tenement building at Houston and Forsythe Streets, New York. He was the third struggling child in a family of six, two of whom have died.

When he was nine, he was up at dawn selling newspapers. Then he went to school. After that, he delivered meat for the neighborhood butcher and got a few chops for the rest of the family in return for his labors.

His mother died when he was ten. His



father, suffering and unable to work at his trade, was placed in a home for invalids. His family was split as wide apart as the Grand Canyon. He went to live with an uncle. He quit school that year and settled down in earnest to earn a living.

He had one advantage—he was big for his age!

That's the tremendous story behind the man who believes that the ability to act is the result of a capacity for human understanding, and who has

backed his faith in himself against a Hollywood which once rebuffed him.

"I'm glad I've had a struggle," he told me, during luncheon in his dressing room while he was making "Diamond Jim." "It's taught me about life, and, to act, you have to understand life."

Arnold doesn't like to discuss his early struggles. He laughs off the questions that you hurl at him. But, at the same time, you gather a great deal of information about those days when five cents looked like five dollars, when winter whipped through thin overcoats, and when even food was scarce. Almost from the time Ed was born, his father was ill. Elsie, the eldest child, now dead, went out to wrest a few dollars from the world each week. On her heels went Charles, now supervisor of signals on the Long Island Railroad. Ed came next.

The flat in the tenement at Houston and Forsythe Streets was home. It was with a wrenching of hearts that the family was forced to give it up when Ed was eight



A star at last! He got a break in "Sadie McKee" and now he is "Diamond Jim Brady."

years old and after he had had two years of study at the First Street school—but that had to be. The Schneiders migrated to Harlem—120th Street and Park Avenue—and Ed managed to sandwich in three years more in the pub-

lic school on 125th Street. That was all.

"My first job," he told me, "was with a manufacturing jeweler in John Street. I was eleven years old. When I say first job I refer, of course, to full time employment. I worked from ten to twelve hours a day and got \$3 a week. I put in a year there. I might have worked longer but an inspector from the Board of Education caught up with me. I didn't have any working papers, because I was too young to get them. I was fired and told to return to school. I got Charles, my older brother, to give me his, but the inspector saw through this ruse and I was out again. I didn't like the work, anyway."

It's hard to see, in Ed's activities of the next few years, the man of today—the happy husband, married to the former Olive Emerson, of St. Paul, the father of three children, Elizabeth, 17, William Edward, 15, and Dorothy Jane, 10—the successful film player with a beautiful home in Beverly Crest, a bank account, a future and two automobiles.

When fate registered a backhand blow in the death of his mother—and then topped it with the illness of his father—and went all that one better by sending his home crashing into several different pieces—he got a job in a law office. Charles H. Daniels and Walter T. Bennett, the lawyers, found themselves employing an eleven year old boy who was bored with the legal profession. Ed stuck it out for a year and next popped up as a bellhop in the German Club, of Deutsche Verein, for \$14 a week. Sometimes he put in eighteen hours a day.

At twelve, he went in for athletics at the East Side Settlement House, at 76th Street

[Continued on page 67]

"H. M."

Harry M. Warner, Affectionately Called "H. M.,"
Has A Passion For Helping The Unlucky.

H. M. Warner
Benefactor



By Cruikshank

"In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity."

SO STEP right up and meet a movie man who has given away a million! And that's in cash, not good advice.

"Yeah," I hear the cynic sneer, "him 'n' his brother."

And for once that crack carries literal truth. For his brothers, both of them, likewise have their names writ large upon the scrolls of God for their humanity to man. Harry M. Warner is the Benefactor, and his brothers, Jack and Albert, aren't far behind.

Slight in stature, his eyes sad; his face seared by struggle, "H. M.," as they call him, is imbued with a great passion to alleviate in others the suffering he, himself, has seen and experienced since he clung to his father's hand and fled the Russian terror in persecuted Poland.

Perhaps the father saw in America a veritable land of milk and honey. But the son found only liberty—liberty to compete with Baltimore street gamins for his share of the newspaper-peddling and boot-blackening industries. But it was liberty, none the less. And the boy kept both ears cocked for the knock of Opportunity.

He has known the depressing emptiness of hunger, the humiliation of tattered clothes, the lethal numbness of the bitter cold. Privation, illness, death have touched his dear ones. Chilling memories have etched those lines of sorrow in his face. Yet those same memories have mellowed his heart toward the unfortunate. To Harry Warner, they're all his fellow men.

Item, the Warner gift to the Broadway Temple; item, the Warner beneficence to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital; item, the Warner remembrance to the Temple B'nai B'rith; item, the Warner assistance to the Hebrew Orphan Asylum, a theatre for the school attended by the son so cruelly snatched from him, thousands more to an Orphans' Home in Cleveland, other thousands to other causes. If Harry Warner kept books on himself, these notations would appear among hundreds more. His good deeds dot the maps of the world like benign cases in a desert.

But "H. M.," doesn't check up. Not on his charities. His hand is open as his heart. He doesn't exactly blush at his good deeds. But he distinctly raises hell if word of his benefactions leaks. There is a close conspiracy of silence among those in his confidence. And

even then he doesn't tell them everything.

Perhaps you think that all this big, important money is mere check-book charity. A cold, impersonal matter of signing a solvent name upon a bank-draft. Perhaps with you it is "the little things that count." Well, Harry Warner can't be "little," can't be small. The fives, and tens, twenties and hundreds depart from memory as quickly as from his purse. There is no way of tracing them. Yet tales are told.

The payment of an old, forgotten debt sends cash to one cause; winnings at bridge go to another; a passing thought in a busy day results in pockets emptied for a third. Years ago an orphan won an essay prize offered by the Warners. She's a woman now. But each year a gift of memory arrives. A harassed secretary happily shoulders an extra burden of seeing that the winter's cold is kept from 20,000 families through gifts of heart and hearth-warming coal. Sing-Sing "shut-ins" receive cigarettes to smoke in

dreams of freedom, without even guessing that the donor is the same Harry Warner whose liberal thousands built their gymnasium.

Headlines read: "Five Thousand Kids Get Christmas Party"; "Hundreds of Cripples Guests of Warner"; "Warner Shows for Five Thousand Orphans." And the story behind the headlines may be read in the kindly eyes and slow, sad smile of Harry M. Yet, if you ask him he'll deny it all, or mumble something about "my brothers" in a manner to deprecate good deeds.

Yet there is steel in the soul of this soft-hearted man. Tempered iron planted there since the days of the poor village of Krasnashiltz in Poland, when a lad of his religion was denied even the privilege of attending school. Planted there by the street bullies who stole the little immigrant's papers and smashed his shoe-shine kit. Planted there by enemies who, in later years, destroyed the business he had built, and threatened that which is his only pride—his good name.

A man who has known the bitter strife, the heartrending discouragements, the relentless treacheries that he has encountered, must have iron in his soul. He'll tell you

that he has been broke more times than he can remember. More often, by far, than he has been prosperous. And by broke he means in terms of nickels, not dimes nor dollars. He means walking for lack of carfare. He means standing before cheap lunch rooms, hungry.

But the steel in him, while it bent, never broke. He has always bounded back into the fray, and always will. He has built greater success on the ashes of failure. It seems that the cross of Harry Warner is unending labor. He has always been working for his parents, for his brothers, for his sisters, for others. At the ripe old age of ten years, he had graduated from the newsy industry to the management of his father's shoemaking shop during a time when the elder Warner went prospecting for greener pastures.

Old-timers around the corners of Pratt and Light streets in Baltimore will tell you that this child inaugurated, even then, a new idea since spread throughout the land. In any event, three shops flourished where one had struggled along, and the new slogan was "Shoes Repaired While You Wait!"

As Harry and the other boys and girls, all nine of 'em, grew toward maturity, they still listened for the tap of Opportunity. Nineteen-two found Ben-

[Continued on page 71]



Al Jolson beams upon "H. M." with real respect and love.

By
Dena
Reed

A MYSTERY man, my little chickadees, is about to intrigue us! I said intrigue!

No, it's not "Charlie Chan in Hades," (although I'd certainly love to see him there)—and neither is it a Dashiell Hammett rogue, who makes murder so fascinating. If you really want to know—and of course you do—it's Cesar Romero, who gives the disturbing impression there's *no* knowing him—an exciting prospect for women!

Cesar is six feet two of Mystery—a hero with a slight touch of villain that makes him very dangerous. I'm a woman so I can tell, can't I? Handsome? Perhaps not. But his wavy black hair is the sort women delight in running long white fingers through, his nose is straight, his mouth, embellished with a small black moustache, stamps him "continental." Take my word for it, you'll have more fun watching Cesar in "The Devil Is A Woman" than staying at home reading a book.

"Please," asked Mr. Romero, a product of Manhattan and the idol of all the Cubans, "don't call me a 'second' this or a 'new' that. If I can't succeed as a first something-or-other I'd rather fail."

At twenty-eight he is sought as a leading man, not only by El Dietrich, but La West as well. Sought and practically fought for; but I'll tell you about that later.

"This is all so new and exciting," he said with simplicity, his warm, resonant voice conveying the impression he is not too sure of himself, and which, I might mention is very effective. "I was brought up to the idea that I would some day enter my father's business. He had sugar estates in Cuba, where our family settled, generations ago. My mother was Maria Mantilla, a Cuban concert singer, and my godfather, Jose Marti, is revered as the island's 'liberator.'"

When the family's business was taken over by the National City Bank, after the crash, and his father was offered an officership, Romero, Jr., decided he'd step out for himself—on a dance floor. With Elizabeth Higgins, one of the season's debutantes who also had a yen for dancing, they filled engagements at all the better night clubs and hotels, including the Richman and Montmartre, the Park Central, St. Regis and Ambassador Roofs, until Cesar took inventory and decided he was no Fred Astaire. This caused him to wonder what future dancing would have for him and created a determination to try the stage.

They were offered roles in "Lady Do," a musical, and when it opened in Washington he thought it an appropriate time to wire the ol' folks at home and let them know what they were in for.

Following "Lady Do" were dramatic roles in "Dinner at Eight," and in the road show company of "Strictly Dishonorable," succeeding Tullio Carminati, in which he played a year. Margaret Sullavan achieved prominence in this same cast and they were to meet again, years later, at Universal, during the filming of "The Good Fairy," in which Cesar had a small role.

Happily, for all concerned, the Romeros are now completely won over to Cesar's chosen career.

It was at Atlantic City, several seasons ago, during the try-out of a play, that Cesar noticed Mae West "down front" in the audience. It was evident to him that she was watching his performance with considerable interest and so he was flattered, if not surprised, when he received a note from her asking him to visit *her* play which was also being tried out there.

Cesar Romero Is A Real Latin From Manhattan.



ROMERO

Scene from "Hold 'Em Yale." Patricia Ellis holds Romero within the circle of her arms.

After the show he went back stage and met Miss West, who told him she was going to keep him in mind for her next production.

And then Mae's picture career overtook her stage work and, as far as Cesar was concerned, "that was that." So he thought.

But his future seemed to be shaping into something important, too, for having been seen by a Metro scout he was offered a screen test. This led, not to instantaneous victory, however, but to still other tests, "two or three of them a year," he says, until he was signed as Minna Gombell's gigolo in "The Thin Man."

Up to this time the greatest mystery about Cesar seems to have been the inability of

producers to discover in him the rhythm of 50,000,000 feminine heartbeats. Universal, it is true, offered him a contract, "with op-

tions," and he was given several unimportant roles when suddenly Paramount summoned him for, of all things, a test!

This was no news at all to Cesar. Again, as he says, he "starred" in a test, this time with Lionel Atwill, and before the critical eye of Josef von Sternberg. Before it was even developed he was handed the role for "The Devil Is a Woman" opposite Marlene Dietrich.

Could anything be sweeter, he wondered? It could.

For, at the same time, Miss West was

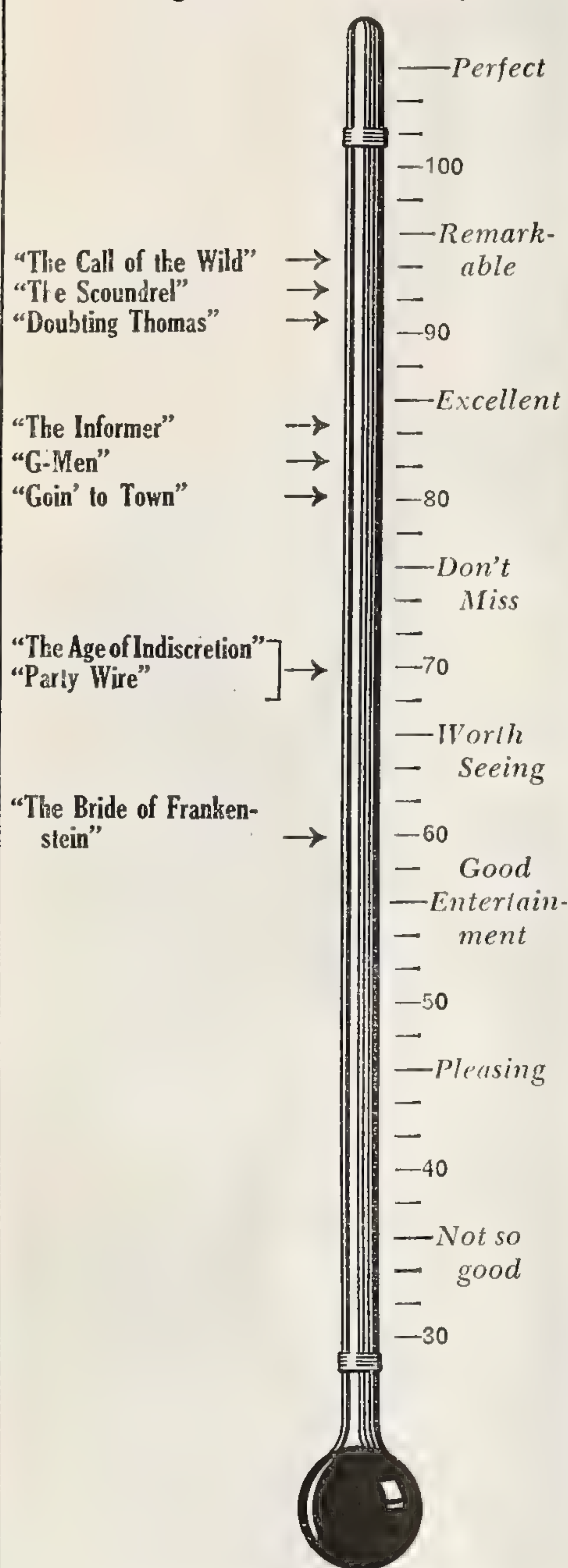
[Continued on page 62]

REVIEWS

OF PICTURES SEEN

PICTURE THERMOMETER

Degrees of Quality



DOUBTING THOMAS

Rating: 91°—ROGERS' FUNNIEST—Fox

THE one and only Will Rogers leaves politics to the NRA this time and goes in for high satire, and you, my friends, will go into fits and convulsions. If you don't hold on tight you'll fall right into the aisle when Will puts on a blonde wig, and a large helping of rouge and lipstick, and does a burlesque of all crooners in general and Bing Crosby in particular.

The picture is adapted from a Broadway success of several years back called "The Torchbearers," which was funny then, but much more hilariously funny now. Will plays a simple, home-loving, hundred percent sausage manufacturer whose home is thrown into confusion when his wife, Billie Burke, decides to go in for the "little theatre," and right there under your very eyes you see one of the funniest amateur performances there has ever been on land or sea.

Billie Burke and Gail Patrick, her daughter-in-law-to-be, flushed by their success in the little theatre, set Broadway as their goal and, lured on by Alison Skipworth, they decide to *un-suppress* their desires. Will can't stand having his happy home broken up and his wife making a fool of herself so he hires a bogus director,



Will Rogers and Billie Burke, the unbeatable combination.

Andrew Tombes, to make screen tests of them, and one of himself as a crooner. In this scene comedy reaches a new high. The entire cast is splendid with special mention going to Sterling Holloway as the sound-effects man. You'll scream your way through this one.

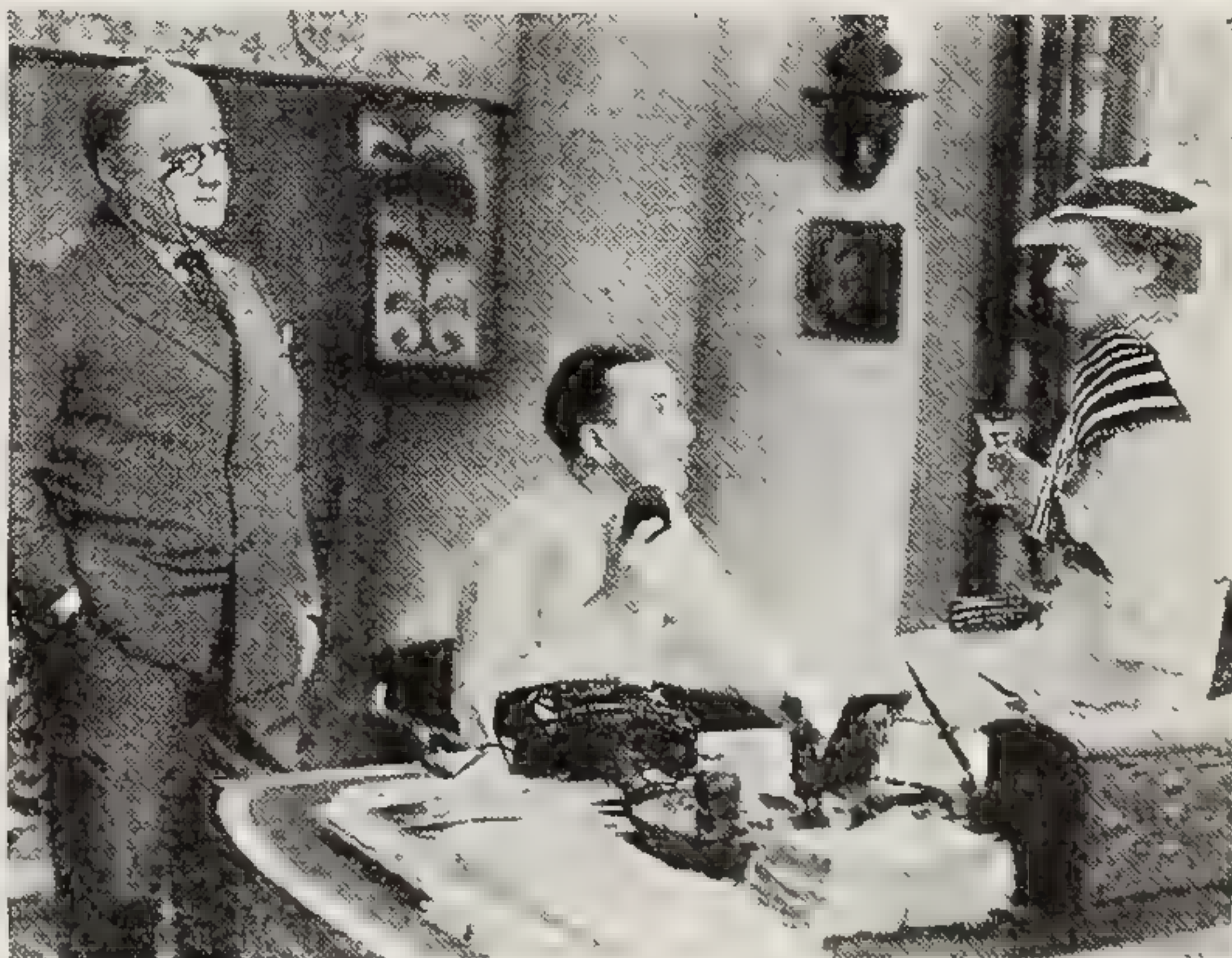
THE SCOUNDREL

Rating: 93°—So THIS IS NOEL COWARD—Paramount

HERE is the picture that is really "different." And unless you tear your hair and go completely insane about it, your old reviewer is going to be terribly disappointed in you, for honestly now, I wouldn't fool you, this is one of the finest productions in both acting and writing that you may ever expect to see on the screen.

Noel Coward proves beyond a doubt that he is nothing short of a genius. The famous playwright, composer, comedian, and man-about-the-world turns to intense drama in the role of an egotistical book publisher who, having died in a plane wreck, returns to earth to find someone who will mourn for him. The story, of course, is based on that old Biblical legend which says that a dead man shall not rest unless there be one human heart to weep for him.

This picture holds a definite thrill for you that is well worth experiencing. It also takes a well-aimed slap at those shallow in-



Ernest Cossart, Noel Coward and Martha Sleeper. The scoundrel laughs at love.

tellelectuals, those mental snobs, who consider themselves a cultured clique, and who once gathered weekly at the famous Round

Table of the Algonquin. Inasmuch as several of these former Algonquinites are appearing in the cast, they must have found it a bit embarrassing to see themselves on the screen for exactly what they are. Julie Haydon as a lovely, beautiful young girl who falls in love with coldly intellectual Coward gives the best performance of her screen career. Also in the cast are Martha Sleeper, Stanley Ridges, Hope Williams, Alexander Woolcott, Florence Robinson and Ernest Cossart.

PARTY WIRE

Rating: 70°—GOSSIPY—Columbia

HERE'S a swell little program picture that will simply throw you into hysterics, especially if you have ever lived in a small town where two rings meant Mrs. Brown and three rings meant Mrs. Smith, and everybody "listened in."

Jean Arthur, who gets more and more beautiful with every picture, is the small town belle whose reputation is fairly wrecked by a lot of gossip old women and the deliberate misinterpretation of a telephone call.

Jean gets herself ostracized and almost loses her boy friend, Victor Jory, all account of the "party wire." But Helen Lowell, one of the crotchety old dames with a heart of gold, sails right in and fixes



Charley Grapewin, Victor Jory and Jean Arthur. Fun on the line.

up things in the grand manner, by means of the "party wire." Maude Eburne, Clara Blandick and Charley Grapewin make elegant small town characters. All and all it's a delightful little comedy and will hand you a lot of laughs.

THE INFORMER

Rating: 85°—WELL WORTHWHILE—RKO

JUST as I was all ready to give Paul Muni the Academy Award of next year for his performance in "Black Fury" along comes Victor McLaglen in a role that is simply breath-taking in its brilliance. As Gypo, dull-witted, blundering giant, Mr. McLaglen reaches the highlight of his entire career.

The picture is rather on the art side, if you don't mind, but don't let that keep you from seeing it. John Ford has directed it emotionally, mostly as a character study of Gypo, and you simply can't afford to miss Victor McLaglen's superb performance.

The plot concerns the Irish Revolution of 1922, and the last night on earth of the

[Continued on page 56]

JIFFY KODAK V. P.—gives you the latest creation of Eastman designers . . . a smart, small camera that gets good pictures. V. P. stands for "vest pocket"—and it really fits. Opens for action at the touch of a button. Eye-level finder. Takes $1\frac{5}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pictures. Costs but \$5.



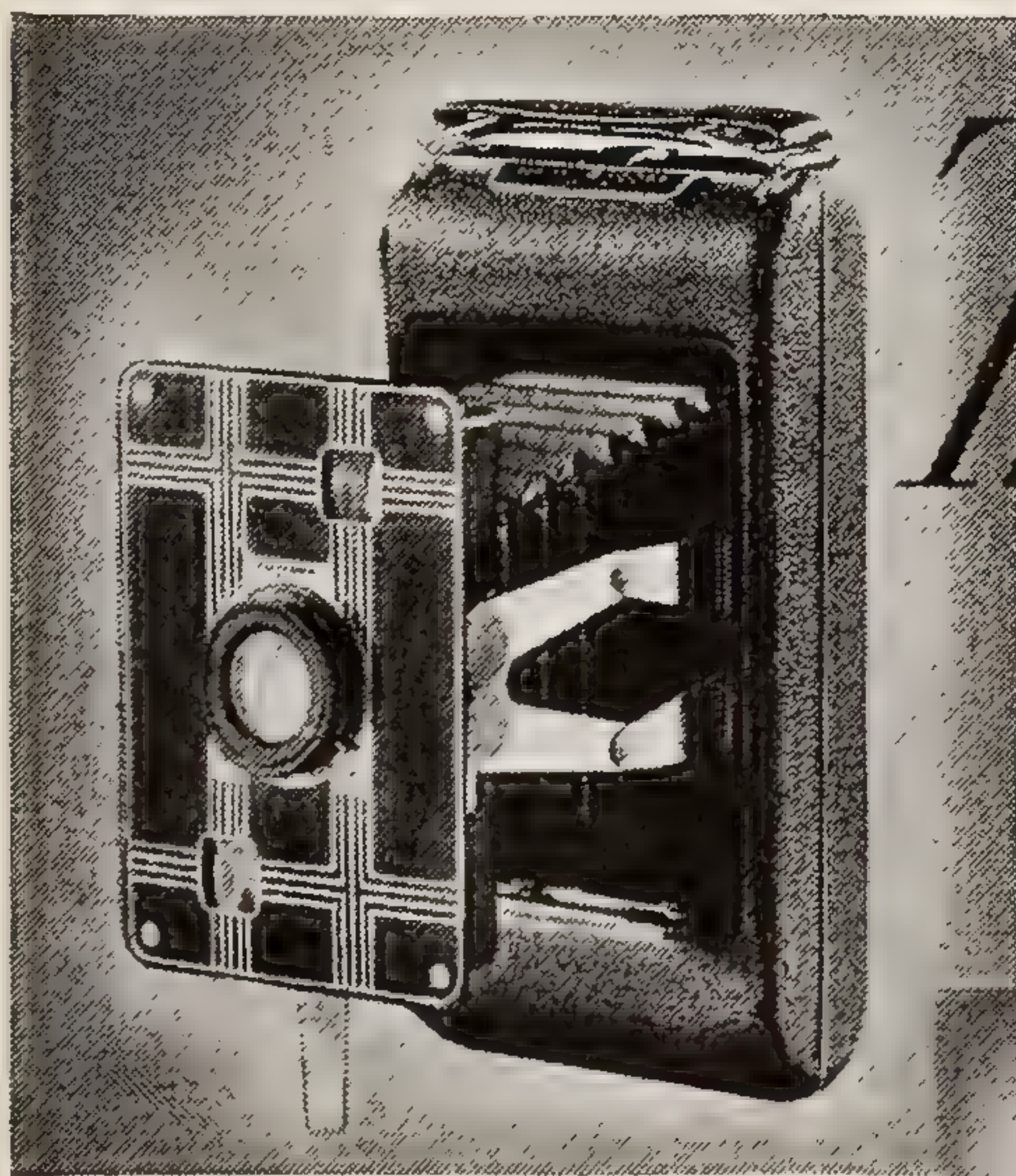
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Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from \$5 up; Brownies as low as \$1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little?... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

REVIEWS

[Continued from
page 54]

traitor, Gypo. It treats of the tortured heart of the dumb, physical Gypo who turns his best friend over to the "Black and Tans" just because his girl friend, a street walker, wants twenty pounds with which to go to America.

But once he has the money he begins to toss it away on a drunken jamboree which starts with an Irish wake and ends up in a low dive of a dance hall. Finally when he meets his accusers in an informal court of justice his agony in trying to explain, to understand himself, just why he did what he did, makes one of the most dramatic and



In the Victor McLaglen picture, Margot Grahame proves to have remarkable talent.

pathetic scenes you may ever hope to see.

This picture also serves to bring to the goers—Margot Grahame—who manages to register a personal hit, even in Vic McLaglen's picture. Here indeed is a dramatic actress, and let's hope there won't be any dilly dalling about more Margot Grahame pictures.

Preston Foster, Wallace Ford, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor and J. M. Kerrigan all give outstanding performances. Definitely all of you who have a drop of old Ireland in you will simply go into raves over this epic.

GOIN' TO TOWN

Rating: 80°—WEST IS BEST—Paramount

THE Mae West fans, and don't pretend that you aren't, can declare a fiesta over this one for our Mae stomps right through it in the best Westian manner. She does everything from riding a Texas pony in a cowboy suit to singing Delilah in a blonde wig—and singing it too; bygosh, as she gets into Samson's hair.



Mae West, as Cleo, and the race horse that it's all about.

Mae plays "Cleo," a hostess in one of those frontier dance halls and she wins a husband, a cattle rustler played by Fred Kohler, in a crap game. But before she can marry him (Mae does have a time with her husbands) the poor guy kicks the bucket, and leaves millions, but millions, to his little gal Cleo.

Mae falls for Paul Cavanagh, a young English oil man who is drilling on her land, and when he spurns her because she hasn't any culture Mae decides to round up all the culture in the world, so with her newly acquired "class" she follows him to Buenos Aires. Here she marries Monroe Owsley of the Long Island Coltons, so she can get top billing in the Social Register, and what Mae does to Long Island Society is something.

Monroe, drunkard de luxe, gets bumped off and Mr. Cavanagh changes his mind about Mae's culture, so Mae becomes Lady Something-or-Other and sails with her new husband for England. Mae's dialogue is as snappy as ever, and if you're the type who goes in for innuendo you'll not be disappointed. It's a typical Mae West picture.

THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Rating: 60°—HORROR—Universal

JUDGING from the preview audience there are a lot of people who like horror pictures, and if you are one of them, me lad, this is your meat. Personally I wasn't able to go down a dark alley and get my car out of the garage after I saw it, so you can just get a general idea of how spooky it is.

It seems that the Frankenstein monster didn't die in the fire that ended the first Frankenstein picture, and an awful old professor who gives you the creeps decides that the monster (Karloff to be sure) must have a bride. So Dr. Frankenstein and Dr. Pretorious start a little tomb robbing and high class murder and concoct a woman.

It's horror and chills and creeps from beginning to end, I'm warning you. Frankenstein is again played by Colin Clive, and Pretorious, that old grave-robbler, by Ernest Thesiger. Elsa Lanchester, Charlie Laugh-ton's wife, plays the Bride and looks like something out of another world. I give you Frankenstein, with my nerves I'd rather have vanilla.

"G MEN"

Rating: 82°—EXCITING—Warner Brothers

THE Department of Justice is now the hero of the gangster films, and it's just as it should be, no more of that glorification of underworld characters. In this picture gangsters are shown up for exactly what they are—rats. And the heroes are the government detectives, the G Men, who sacrifice themselves to protect their fellow citizens.

Jimmy Cagney, in one of the best roles of his career, plays a young attorney who, to avenge the death of his pal, Regis Toomey, becomes a G Man himself and ruthlessly tracks down the gangsters until the bloody end. The picture shows the rigid training and discipline that the prospective Department of Justice operatives have to undergo—and, of course, Jimmy is put under the command of Robert Armstrong and one of those "friendly enemies" affairs ensues. And Bob has a sister, Margaret Lindsay, who pretends that she can't see Jimmy for a cloud of dust, but she does plenty of melting in the end.

The picture reaches a terrific pace of excitement and keeps it up to the final fade-out. Several of the actual episodes in the lives of Dillinger and Pretty Boy Floyd



Robert Armstrong, James Cagney and Monte Blue—a scene photographed in the Federal Headquarters at Washington, D. C.

are used and liven things up quite a bit—I don't think I've heard so much shooting since Grant took Richmond. Edward Pawley, as Dillinger, is so despicable that it's all you can do to keep from getting up there on the screen and shooting him yourself. Ann Dvorak is excellent as a gangster's moll, and Lloyd Nolan is splendid as the young G Man who dies in service. In fact the entire cast is all it should be, but the honors go to Cagney and Bob Armstrong. Maybe the sissies will find this picture a little too noisy for them but boys and men will simply eat it up.

THE CALL OF THE WILD

Rating: 95°—JACK LONDON'S EPIC—
Twentieth Century

JACK LONDON'S famous dog classic comes to the screen as a virile, vigorous, and red-blooded drama of the frozen north that will fascinate both the youngsters and the grand-pappys. It's first-rate entertainment from beginning to end, with a swell cast and perfectly thrilling scenery, as well it should be, as Loretta Young and Clark Gable and Jack Oakie and others in the cast got themselves snowed in for several weeks way up yonder in the gold country where they were on "location."

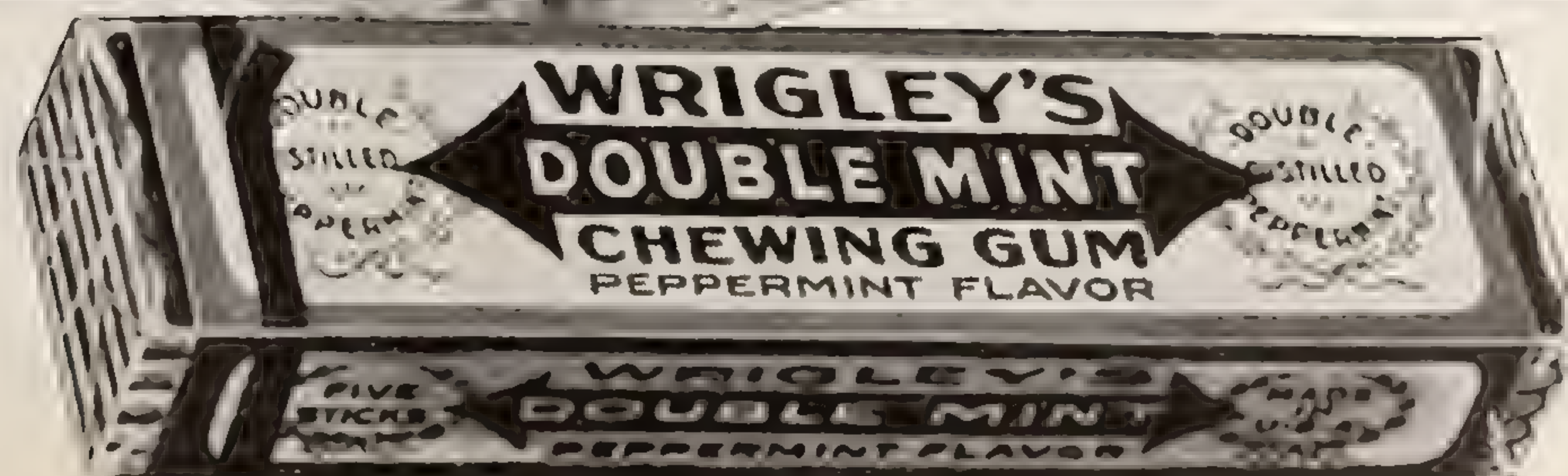


Alaska during the gold rush. A set reconstructed exactly from old Klondike photographs.

As I suspected, Buck, a big St. Bernard who is the real hero of the picture, just about steals everything in sight and had the preview audience clapping their mitts off at the end of all his scenes. Jack Oakie has never been better, and his comedy, especially with a pair of dice, will throw you into convulsions of laughter.

[Continued on page 58]

to keep
lips young and lovely
enjoy Double Mint gum — every day!



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**the truth about laxatives
—as told to Madame X,
the Ex-Lax reporter**

THIS is Madame X, the inquiring reporter on assignment for Ex-Lax, the world famous chocolate laxative.

The Ex-Lax Company said to me: "Pack a bag...hop a train...go here, there and everywhere. Get the real folks of this country to tell you what **THEY** think about Ex-Lax. We want the plain facts. Go into any town, walk along any street, ring any doorbell. Get the story." Here are a few jottings from my notebook.

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**When Nature forgets—
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EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

REVIEWS

[Continued from
page 56]

Clark Gable and Loretta Young, as the young lovers who do not want to fall in love, both give brilliant performances, and there is one of those implied happy endings that is most satisfactory.

THE AGE OF INDISCRETION

Rating: 70°—THE DIVORCE QUESTION—
M-G-M

HERE'S another one of those "problem" pictures, but a very good one at that, if you don't mind a little hokum sprinkled here and there. The story's about a grand little kid whose beautiful and frivolous mother divorces his serious-minded father, thus making inseparable pals of father and son. But later to satisfy the whim of her crusty old mother-in-law who guards the family millions, the mother does everything in her power to get possession of the little boy she walked out on, even stooping so low as to invent a scandal which ends in a law court.

Paul Lukas gives a genuine and sincere performance as the father of that remarkable little kid, David Jack Holt, and their scenes together bring out the mist in the eyes and the choke in the throat. Madge Evans, as Paul's young secretary, is certainly easy on the eyes and makes virtue seem most attractive. Of course Paul, the dumb cluck, doesn't realize that he loves her until



Paul Lukas and Madge Evans being indiscreet.

the last reel, but they tell me life is like that. Helen Vinson again plays a cold and beautiful and utterly selfish wife, and plays it perfectly.

A most amusing character is contributed by Catharine Doucet as one of those fluttery lady authors who goes in for purple passion. And May Robson, as the crusty old dame with the millions, does some elegant sleigh-riding. The plot may be a little lacking in inspiration at times but you just couldn't ask for a better cast.

TOPICS FOR GOSSIP

[Continued from page 15]

sands Cheer" and "Merrily We Roll Along," bumped into Kay Francis at a party and she failed to recognize him. But, later in the evening, Kay came out of the fog and rushed over to him with a "Hello, Moss, how are you?" to which Mr. Moss Hart, playwright de luxe, replied, "Oh, yes, I remember you. You used to be the wife of Kenneth MacKenna."

HOLLYWOOD is still aghast. After all those press notices that proclaimed in ringing tones that the fair Marlene had once and for all abandoned the custom of wearing pants, Miss Dietrich calmly entered the Hollywood Easter parade in a trousered state.

THE next time Ted Healy gets a dinner invitation from Nat Pendleton, he'll think twice. It seems that Ted went to dinner at Nat's beach house not long ago and discovered, when they sat down to the table, a seven foot bull snake coiled over the chandelier. Of course Ted thought the snake was a gag and made of rubber, so he reached up and picked it off. Ted is still running. Nat says that the snake is merely a harmless household pet, but it has practically ruined him socially.

EDDIE LOWE still seems to be Merle Oberon's favorite Hollywood escort.

MAE WEST is "the top" in England, she was assured by Noel Coward when he called on her at the studio recently on his way to China. "Everybody in England," said Coward, is talking about you and trying to imitate you." Whereupon he gave Mae West a demonstration of Lady Plushbottom swishing her hips and saying "commup and see me sometime" with a broad English accent.

"Thanks," said Mae, "you're not doing so bad yourself."

THE fight to rate the biggest headlines in Hollywood this month was staged at a local theatre by none other than Charles Jr., and Sidney Earl, the two young sons of Charlie Chaplin. As is usually the way, both small boys are terribly smitten with the same pretty little girl so, with a governess along, they were permitted to take her to a movie one Saturday afternoon. When he thought no one was looking Sidney Earl placed a nice sticky kiss on the little girl's cheek, but Charles Jr.'s eagle eyes caught him in the act and fists began to fly. The two little boys were taught the rudiments of boxing by Georges Carpentier several years ago. Papa Charlie Chaplin was secretly amused but with a stern face he delivered a lecture to his two young pugilists.

DOLORES DEL RIO says her chief extravagance is suits, and she has seven of them in her wardrobe this summer, all of them strictly tailored, skirts fourteen inches from the ground, and single breasted.

[Continued on page 60]



Acme

Bing Crosby owns a race horse named Uncle Sam, but he hasn't won any races yet.

Waterfashions of 1935★

After All there is no swim suit
like a **CATALINA** . . . as worn
by the stars of Hollywood! Knit-
in figure beauty . . . glorious colors
. . . styles that get attention on
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PATRICIA ELLIS

Wearing "Sorority Girl."
See her in the WARNER
BROS. Production
"STRANDED"

ORRY KELLY

Designer for WARNER
BROS. Stars creates
Studio Styles water fash-
ions exclusively for
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Everyone looks at your Eyes first



NOTE, when next you meet someone, how you unconsciously fix your attention upon his eyes. And note too, how he, at the same instant is searching for something of interest in *your* eyes! He'll find a world of interest there . . . if your eyes have been transformed into luxuriantly fringed pools of loveliness. Just a simple brush stroke of Maybelline, and this lovely effect is obtained.

Maybelline instantly darkens lashes, and magically transforms them from drab scantiness to a dark, long-appearing, dense fringe. Interesting? More than that; it's bewitching in the fullest sense of the word. Try it yourself. See what wonders it does for *you*. But be sure you use *genuine* Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, harmless mascara, approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities. Black, Brown and the new Blue . . . 75c . . . at all drug and department stores. Refill, including brush and mascara in metal tray, 35c.

Maybelline

MASCARA



[Continued from page 58]

AT THE age of seven Henry Hull's little daughter Joan had all her marital problems neatly figured out. Hull and his wife were discussing a serious quarrel some of their married friends had been having, and did not realize that little Joan was listening until she broke into the conversation.

"Oh, well, human beings are always fussing," commented seven year old Joan. "I'm going to marry a horse when I grow up. They do what you want them to and love you. Husbands are a nuisance."

THE residents of Graciosa Drive in Hollywood still wonder if they were "seeing things." The excitement was caused by Binnie Barnes and Edward Arnold, who are playing Lillian Russell and Diamond Jim Brady in Universal's "Diamond Jim." They finished work early one day, before Binnie's chauffeur had arrived at the studio, so Mr. Arnold, decked out in his Gay Nineties clothes and decorated like a Christmas tree with flashing diamonds, offered to take Binnie home. Binnie was dolled up in a bustle and other furbelows of the nineties. As Arnold gallantly stepped from the car to help Lillian Russell out the rays of the sun hit upon his fake diamonds, causing such peculiar brightness that the entire neighborhood rushed to the windows.

MONROE Owsley may be a no good son of a gun on the screen but in real life he is one of Hollywood's best Samaritans. Returning from Palm Springs recently Monroe stopped to aid a family of five stranded on the road beside their broken down car. Discovering that the car was beyond repair Monroe offered the folks a ride into town in his highpowered car, and then paid the family cash for their wreck, and sent them securely on their way.

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN is one of those people who eagerly learns how to begin things but forgets to ask how to stop them. During the filming of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Maureen started knitting a woolen muffler for her

boy friend, John Farrow, but now the muffler has developed into a very natty sort of Inverness cloak, due mostly to the fact that Maureen forgot to find out how to stop.

RICHARD DIX'S wife, formerly his secretary, has initiated a neat filing system for his ties and collar buttons.

JEAN HARLOW'S latest fad is hem-stitching, and she does it very neatly, too. Bill Powell will probably have a lot of new hem-stitched handkerchiefs any minute now.

DEAR me, how those quiet girls do go on when they reach New York. Irene Dunne, who is rarely lured to Hollywood parties and practically never goes to Hollywood night clubs, suddenly became the belle of the ball during her recent New York vacation. At the Central Park Casino one night she actually let Jimmy Durante persuade her to mount the rostrum and sing a song to a room packed full of Broadway celebs. That doesn't sound like Hollywood's Irene.

KEN MAYNARD thinks that the dog pounds surely aim to please. The other day he had word from his ranch foreman that the ranch dog had disappeared, and wanted Maynard to pick one up in town and bring it out with him. Now, wanting a particularly good breed of dog, Ken decided to try the pound. He asked the keeper there if he happened to have any kind of a dog with a pedigree in at present. "Well, Mr. Maynard," said the keeper, "we have all kinds of pedigree in one dog."

CEDRIC GIBBONS' most recent gift to his beautiful wife, Dolores Del Rio, was a talking bird from Asia, known as a "Minor." It is a very rare and expensive bird, slightly resembling a large black-bird, and it can talk in Spanish, French and English, and in both a masculine and feminine voice. Dolores can play a lot of jokes on her friends with a bird like that.

"Chase Me"

[Continued from page 33]

given interviews or voluntarily posed for a picture. No wonder she likes her method best. If Garbo quite sincerely wanted to duck all publicity, it looks like she'd know enough to dress like you and me and the rest of the people. But no. Greta goes stomping around in berets or a slouched hat, swathed in a huge macintosh, a tailored coat with pants, or an Inverness cape slightly reminiscent of Dracula. If she's within a quarter of a mile of you, you can't help but see her. Nobody else would look quite like that. Then there's that car she drives, and has been driving ever since she settled in California—you can't miss that. Last year the state tax collector assessed it at ten dollars, so that, my friends, gives you a rough idea. Perhaps I'm a little softie with a yen for new cars that don't rattle, but it does seem to be that Garbo could treat herself to a new car, unless, of course, it happens to be a part of her publicity? Pictures are taken quite often of Garbo, very bad pictures that make her look like something dug up for the Bride of Frankenstein, which is a pity, for Garbo is a beautiful woman, but a photographer can't do his best work when disguised as an ashcan. If Garbo would only stop a second, smile, and give the boys a break, then she'd see some very

pretty snaps of herself in the magazines.

But I'm afraid, like Katie, she likes the chase. When she was in New York last, the reporters, egged on by Winchell, gave her a merry chase all over town, which wouldn't have amounted to a cream puff if Garbo hadn't run, used the service elevator, and all kinds of cute things like that. But the funniest incident was the day her taxi was coming through Central Park and a reporter jumped on the running board. Now all Garbo had to do was ignore him. But instead she darted out of the cab and started running across the park, and naturally the reporter, the bench tramps, and all the kids and dogs in the park joined the chase, and it made headlines in the evening papers.

And, of course, you've all read about Garbo's recent appearance in the very swanky Trocadero in Hollywood. Every photographer, every columnist, every reporter of any importance was phoned that night that Garbo was coming to the Trocadero. Now I wouldn't be an old meanie and say that Garbo sat down at her telephone for a couple of hours calling up the Press, but I sort of suspect that she knew what was going on. There have been a lot of celebrities at the Troc, but never before have the photographers and news-

boys been invited to meet them there. And don't forget Arizona and Mamoulian and all that elopement talk that didn't materialize but made all the front pages just the week, strange to say, that "Queen Christina" was opening in the key cities. Gee, I love a good coincidence, don't you?

Marlene Dietrich is another of the girls who'll tell you with tears in her great big beautiful eyes that she doesn't want any publicity. She employed Harry Eddington, he of the Garbo fame, to protect her from bad publicity and every interview with Marlene had to be carefully chaperoned and the story submitted both to Marlene and Eddington before it could be published. A terrific amount of red tape. It was much easier to get an interview with the President. But even while she was paying this tremendous amount of money to protect herself from the printed word, Marlene, night after night, went tangoing at the Trocadero with or without her husband, and usually with Fritz Lang or Mamoulian. And one night she came to the Trocadero in her famous pants—to the Trocadero where everyone puts on tiaras and lorgnettes. No Eddington could keep that out of print, it was in every column in Hollywood.

And there's Joan Crawford who will tell any writer any time that she just wants to be herself and lead her own life. But Joan buys herself a white car with all kinds of white gadgets and drives it with the top down and when it passes, everybody in town says, "There goes Joan Crawford." She'll go to a preview in a tremendous hat, but will be awfully surprised when people recognize her. And when she was in New York she went shopping at the biggest department store there at high noon, quite, quite dressed up, and was terribly shocked when she was mobbed by her fans. A very charming story, and so typical of Joan, was told me by a writer the other day. It was after the Doug Jr. interlude, and Joan was all worked up about life and things. She had read all the stories in the fan mags about herself and Doug Jr., and all the advice from her fans, and she was quite confused, as well she should be. "What you need, Joan," the writer told her, "is a new perspective. You are so busy reading what other people think that you've practically stopped thinking for yourself." "You're right," said Joan emphatically, "I need a new perspective." Joan drove the writer home, and as they passed the first drug store Joan jumped out and bought seven fan magazines. And the last thing the writer heard was Joan muttering, "Look at that picture of me, isn't it terrible. And look what it says here, how dare they."

Connie Bennett is another of the girls who pretends that publicity is just a lot of bother to her, but never misses anything that's written about her. I know quite definitely that Garbo and Dietrich both read every line that is written about them too, which seems rather inconsistent, begging your pardon, ma'am. If I were as indifferent to publicity as they pretend to be, I am quite sure that I wouldn't avidly buy up all the magazines every month to see what people have written about me.

So don't take them seriously, folks. If they want to make pretenses about their publicity, it's all right with us. It's all in the spirit of fun. All of which reminds me of the crazy gag that Carole Lombard and I have been carrying on for years. Whenever I have an assignment to do a story on Carole I will call her up very formally and ask for an interview. "NO," screams Carole. "Whatever it is the answer is NO. You know I don't like to see my name in print. I hate publicity. I won't see you. Say, you get yourself over here in fifteen minutes and bring a pencil or I'll come after you."



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Irene Dunne "Nucleus"

[Continued from page 20]

me here in New York and the last I got I'm simply mad about. (I was too.) The only thing is that when I like it so well I want other people to have it, too, so it won't be exclusive very long."

You will soon see her in "Show Boat," which she did on the stage. She knows that river country very well, having been born in Kentucky and made several trips up and down the tempestuous Mississippi. She is not as interested in musical plays as she is in plays with music—dramatic stories, which give an opportunity to sing a song or two, but that is all. When there is too much music the dramatic tempo is weakened.

I remember when Irene first went to Hollywood, or I should say came, as I was out there then. She had been imported from the New York stage to play opposite Richard Dix in "Cimarron," and my! what a clacking there was about it. Every stage importation was glared at in Hollywood those days and everyone wanted to know who Irene Dunne was and why almost anyone else could not be as good. The New York stage, musical comedy, a year at the Metropolitan (a kind of a mixup it looked

like) and for her first experience in pictures she picked Hollywood's biggest plum of the year. She was about as welcome as a rattlesnake.

However, the picture wasn't finished before quite another buzzing was going on around her. The quiet charm, the sincerity and sweetness that is Irene Dunne leveled all envious barriers. She was not only liked, she was respected because she could troupe.

How she flashed in her quarrel scenes with Richard and how utterly lovely she was in her submission to his driving urge to settle a new territory. She made you believe that she was woman enough to follow the man she loved into a prairie, though she had been gently reared and sheltered, and lady enough to establish that gentle breeding in the wildness of her new home. Many such women lived and loved and worked to build this country of ours, but not everyone who tries to make them live again on the stage or screen succeeds in making them real. It requires more than technique to do that. It requires sympathy and human understanding and Irene Dunne has both.

Romero

[Continued from page 53]

angling for him for the Ivan Lebedeff role in "Goin' to Town," and Universal, who had never cast him in a part of any importance, suddenly discovered a valuable asset in their possession and considered taking up his option.

"Such being the way of Hollywood" is how Cesar explains it. Yet it doesn't, quite. Recognition was inevitable. He can't fool me, or, for that matter, Mae West!

When Jim Timony was negotiating with Romero for the West film Cesar told him how, now long forgotten, Mae had previously wanted him for a play. Timony relayed this to Miss West whose laconic comment was, "If I picked him before he *must* be good! I never miss." So you see.

Meanwhile Universal, taking up their option on a six-year contract, found the role in the West film "too villainous" for their promising hero, and when at Marlene Dietrich's insistence Paramount renewed negotiations, he was at last to get the break for which he had long worked and waited.

His handling of the part in "The Devil Is a Woman" won him a principal role in the George Arliss Twentieth Century production "Cardinal Richelieu," in which he portrays a young French aristocrat in love with

Maureen O'Sullivan—and in his next, to be made at his home studios, Jane Wyatt will appear opposite him. It is a story by Eric Hatch, "101 Fifth," especially bought for him. The boy, you will agree, has gotten on.

At present Cesar is riding the crest. He likes Hollywood, and he likes Marlene, too, "immensely." But he also likes Margaret Sullavan and Sally Blane and Jean Muir! He thinks women should have a sense of humor and a will of their own. He likes, he says, "being bossed!"

As he talks he walks nervously about, or sits carelessly in a chair, his long arms gracefully at ease. Like some lithe jungle creature (panther women, please note) he seems to be stalking his prey, or ready to spring into instant action. Admittedly he takes on the moods of others, yet he reveals characteristics ranging from tenderness to ferocity. One is surprised to discover about his strange eyes an idealistic quality which at times makes him appear almost boyish. It is peculiarly disarming.

In a word Senor Romero is Mystery with a capital "M," like in *Marvelous*, and what a lot of fun we women are going to have watching . . . and wondering . . . what sort of man this is!

The Crusades

[Continued from page 23]

"Richard, you are magnificent! There is no one like you!"

"And you no longer hate me?"

"For standing against them all? Against the world? For me?" Her voice choked, tears came into her lovely eyes. A moment she looked at him, then bending her head continued softly:

"I want to kneel to my king."

Richard caught her hands eagerly. It was but a gesture, a prelude to the swift movement of his arms which went around her,

lifted her joyously and carried her to a high chest on which he seated her. How all together lovely she was! And she was his! He knelt beside her.

"Berengaria, I am the one to kneel . . . to my queen! Oh, England will be proud of you! If you could only love me a little!"

Again her eyes grew luminous and her voice soft with longing.

"More than a little, Richard. But . . . you are wrong."

"To make you Queen of England? If I



Charlie Chaplin brings his famous clown to life again in his new picture.

could pluck the stars from heaven to give you a brighter crown I'd do it."

"I love you for doing it but it is nothing. You are everything. The crown is yours, not mine. The fate of these men, the Crusade itself, is in your hands. If you break with Philip you wrong God. And make me guilty. You would make your peace if I were out of the way."

"England, France . . . all that counts now is that I love you and you love me!" There was deep passion in Richard's words and Berengaria was frightened. A cry escaped her.

"But it means your throne . . . your life! I won't destroy you . . . I won't! Oh, Richard, send me away! To a convent!"

"Destroy me? You have given me something to fight for. And if you went to forty convents I would go through forty walls to find you."

"Would you let our love stand in the way of the world?"

"In the way of heaven . . . if need be!" he declared. Then, seeing terror in her eyes, the trembling of her lips . . . "Why do you look at me that way? Berengaria, what are you thinking of?"

"Oh, Richard, hold me!" Berengaria went into his eager arms. "Closer! I am yours! I will love you and love you no matter where I am . . . forever."

"In my arms . . . forever!" His lips were against her hair and its sweetness intoxicated him.

"Nothing else counts, does it, Richard?"

"Nothing. I will give my life for you."

"And I will give my life for you. Kiss me, Richard! One kiss to last for eternity!"

The moment passed. Berengaria lowered her head to hide the tears she knew were brimming her eyes and her hand went to Richard's sword. She made a brave effort to smile as Richard looked down at her tenderly, deeply moved.

"Make me proud, Richard, of the sword that I called my husband. It brought us together."

"Yes," Richard drew the sword from its sheath and held it up. "But it kept us apart."

"The priest said . . ." whispering, her eyes closed, "Until death . . .!" Suddenly her faltering voice strengthened and she lifted her tear-drenched face, radiant with purpose.

"Let it stand between us until the Crusade is won. Let my husband find his way to Jerusalem!"

For the first time Richard was really stirred by this Crusade which he had undertaken so lightly. Lifting the cross formed by the hilt of his sword so that it was between them, he spoke with deep solemnity.

"I, swear to you, Berengaria, that this sword will enter Jerusalem and rest on the tomb of Our Lord! And if this is not done may it always stand between us as man and wife!"

And so they stood with the blade between

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them, pledging themselves with youthful fervor to a cause which was doomed even before it began.

Berengaria Is Taken Prisoner

To Richard the night was golden, but when he passed with bouyant step beyond the curtains of her tent Berengaria remembered the duty that lay upon her. She had asked him for a kiss to remember through eternity and with its warmth upon her lips, still feeling his strong arms about her, she cautiously crept into the night. It was such a little thing to do to prove her great love for Richard.

Outside the walls she knew Death would quickly find her. But instead of the arrow she had expected she was taken captive by Saladin. The Hermit was likewise captured and raised on a stake above the parapet of the Moslems, who expected to use him to stop the Christian advance. Instead, Peter urged the Crusaders on, ever on, until, amidst the blasts of trumpets, the roll of drums and the hoarse, sobbing cries of the dead and dying, the city was taken and the Infidels scattered.

But Berengaria was not in the city of Acre. Saladin had taken her to a hillside garden outside the walls of Jerusalem. Richard followed her there. Facing almost certain defeat he camped near the Holy City and planned to attack with the morning. Saladin told Berengaria of what Richard had done and agreed to see that no harm came to Richard if she would give him up.

When Richard learns that Berengaria is a captive in Saladin's tent, he insists on being taken there, and in the tent of Saladin the two leaders face each other.

"Why did you come?" said Saladin. "Now I hold you here as my army holds within its ranks your remnant of Crusaders. I have conquered."

"If I die here I'll take you with me and my men will fill hell with your infidels!" Richard's eyes flashed fire.

Saladin, looking in admiration upon the king's unconquered spirit, said: "I could wish you had been my brother, and not my foe."

Then he offered to make Richard king of Jerusalem, as not only was the Crusaders' cause lost but Richard's very throne had been seized by his brother John. Richard refused the offer, but Berengaria, who had watched the scene silently pleads that nothing can be gained by continuing the fight.

She had already told him of her intention to remain with Saladin. With love and anguish in her voice Berengaria tells him how she happened to be captured, asks him not to make her suffer more . . . that her pride is gone. All that is left is her everlasting love for Richard and the promise she gave Saladin that Richard might be saved. She insists he make peace with Saladin, telling him that men should not be punished, should not fight and kill each other because of different beliefs, because they travel different roads to God since, after all, there is only one God no matter what we poor mortals call Him.

The Truce

And so, Infidel and Christian come to terms. Jerusalem is to be opened for the Christians to come and go, to visit the tomb of Christ if they bear no arms. The captives within the walls must be freed. Only Richard may never enter the gates of the Holy City. Richard finally accepts this last term though it means he can never keep his promise to Berengaria to place his sword on the tomb of the Savior. He breaks the sword, hands it to Saladin and leaves.

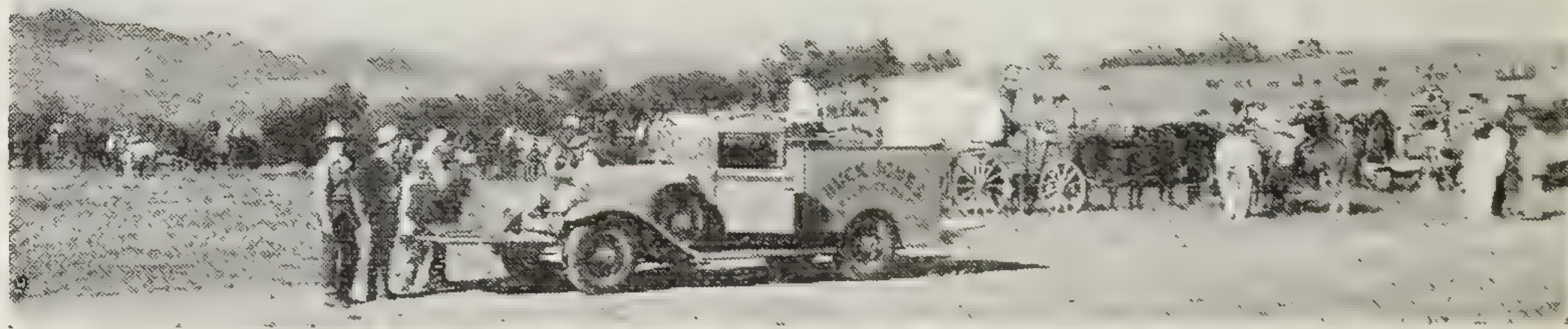
All night he blindly walks outside Jerusalem, climbs a stony path, his misery heavier with each step. In the morning he looks down on the city spread out like a jewel below him and finds a great peace has stolen into his heart.

From his vantage point he sees the gates swing open and the pilgrims enter the city. Descending he mingles with the crowd, hoping for a glimpse of Berengaria. Soon she comes into sight riding on an Arab horse. He rushes up and trudges beside her, like a beggar seeking alms, telling her of his aching want of her, how nothing matters because she is lost to him. They reach the gates and Richard stops, since, by the terms of his agreement he can go no further. Then Berengaria shows him the sword, beneath her cloak, that she is going to place on the tomb.

Berengaria bends toward him and touches his dust-streaked brow with cool, white fingers. Richard's agonized eyes stare at her, his head pressed against her side.

"He sent me to tell you this:" her voice is scarcely more than a whisper, "'Saladin is not a thief to steal what is not his.' I am yours, Richard."

And she passes into the gates while Richard with a strange humility waits her return.



Buck Jones' outfit, on location for one of his thrilling westerns.

Seven Reasons Why Ginger Rogers Is "Tops"

[Continued from page 19]

records. And Helen was "tops" at that time, too.

But Ginger was becoming a young lady and she definitely decided that the Charleston and all those trick dances she had been doing on tour were much too undignified, indeed they were quite unlady-like, and she, Virginia Rogers, age sixteen, meant to saturate herself in dignity and poise and calm and become a great singer, like Jenny Lind.

"I won't dance," said Ginger stamping her foot, and later her proclamation to Broadway became the song hit of "Roberta." Yes, dear me, our little Ginger fancied herself a song-bird, and the big moments of her vaudeville career were when she was allowed to stand in the middle of the stage with a baby spot on her and put over a song. But Miss Rogers' dignity got a big slap in the face. Ruby Kalmer caught her act at the

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Paramount and gave her a featured role in his musical play, "Top Speed," and Ginger had to dance, whether she liked it or not.

Ginger has always belittled her dancing. She wanted to be a great actress or a great singer, and no one in Hollywood except those who had seen her in "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy" in New York ever suspected what potential rhythm was going to waste. Not until musical pictures became a rage last year did Ginger think to mention to her "bosses" that she was a fairly well trained dancer. But now, as she told me over a dish of ham and eggs and jelly, (no dieting for Rogers) she is completely reconciled to dancing, but she still cherishes a secret ambition to play Queen Elizabeth on the stage and screen.

When I first saw Ginger Rogers (it was in "Top Speed"), she rushed on the stage (probably late to the theatre, tut tut) sort of getting into a three-piece suit as she went on—and her skirt got caught in her knickers, and worried me considerably for the entire act. She was rather plumpish, had a short bob, and rather darkish hair, and I was not terribly impressed.

I first met her when she returned to New York after she had made a couple of pictures for Pathe, in Hollywood, which weren't so hot, and she was awfully discouraged and couldn't decide whether she should stick to musical comedies, devote her life to singing on the radio, or take another stab at pictures in the hope that the producers would recognize her dramatic abilities. I wore a new suit to meet Miss Rogers that day, and I inadvertently sat down upon a nice greasy bone that her pet Peke had concealed on the couch—and with the dry cleaner's bill in my mind I didn't give a hangnail what Miss Rogers decided to do.

I didn't meet her again until a couple of years ago we were both invited to dinner by Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster, and, after dinner, we sat around the fire, and Ginger without any of that silly business of being coaxed sang all the new songs for us and taught Claudette and me the trick of "Goin' to Town," which dance had just struck Hollywood. I thought Ginger simply swell that night and I was so infuriated when most of her dance and song routines were cut out of "Gold-diggers of 1933" that I had to use force to keep myself from murdering a Warner Brother. I may say that Ginger doesn't have to worry about cuts now—RKO wouldn't cut an inch of a Rogers-Astaire dance out of the picture.

Of course there are other stars, Miriam Hopkins, Loretta Young, Joan Crawford for example, who started at the tail-end of silents, or the very beginning of talkies, and like Ginger have proved to the producers and the public that they have all the requisites of a modern movie star, even though it does get tougher every year. They take singing lessons, and dancing lessons, and dramatic lessons, and they work awfully hard. But when it comes to dancing Rogers is the "Tops."

And now, with technicolor right around the corner (did you think it was prosperity?) and "Becky Sharp" ready for release, (this picture is supposed to start a new "trend" you know), all the little movie stars in Hollywood are thinking about color. Color is bound to make a lot of stars look like a combination of the bride of Frankenstein and the daughter of Dracula, for that color photography is none too kind. Redheads, it seems, photograph best. So Ginger has nothing to fear. Her red hair, fair complexion and green eyes will simply be right down technicolor's alley.

But pity the other movie stars. Not only do they have to look beautiful, read lines, be able to act, radiate personality, and be able to sing and dance, but now they've got to dye for their art. It looks like an auburn autumn, folks.

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Beautiful Joan!

[Continued from page 24]

ried twice, she has spent her childhood in an environment that was the last word in smartness and worldliness, she has attended school in Versailles, in Lucerne and in London and has travelled extensively in her brief quarter of a century of living, yet one would not call her a sophisticate.

One would, however, call her a very intelligent, very charming, even an interesting woman. She is quiet-spoken almost to the point of gentleness. Perhaps that is because she loathes noise of any sort—from the raucous sounds of the street to the more painful efforts of people trying to be heard above the rabble.

Our conversation that afternoon eventually turned to charm and Joan was asked by one of her friends to analyze her idea of this almost intangible requisite so necessary in the make-up of all those who wish to create a shining niche for themselves in the cinema world. Someone facetiously quoted Barrie's familiar wheeze about charm being the bloom on a woman . . . Remember it from "What Every Woman Knows?"

Joan, who has a bubbling sense of humor that must stand her in good stead out Hollywood-way, laughed under her breath as she pointed to the large horn-rimmed glasses that almost hid her eyes from view. "How can I be expected to talk about charm while I wear these?" she countermanded.

"What color are your eyes anyway?" I asked. "I can't see through those things."

Again Joan laughed. "Here," she cried, lifting the offending obstacles over her high forehead, "look. They're blue-green."

"So I see," I laughed back, wondering silently how many screen stars would present themselves to an interviewer (and interviewers have, at times, been known to be catty) wearing glasses. And the answer came to me quick as a shot—None.

But Joan is really so very good-looking she can afford to wear those spectacles, whereas a star depending upon facial

make-up for her resulting beauty, could not. *Score One* for Joan! She admits frankly that she is terribly nearsighted and is utterly miserable when she can't see what's going on around her. Now she no longer can be accused of "slighting" people who, when she didn't wear her glasses, she never even saw. If the glasses are not actually reposing on that retroussé nose of hers, they are never very far from her reach.

Although she loathes being dubbed "the quiet member of the family" and wouldn't object to being thought a little mad, too, she made no deliberate effort to appear "smart." *Score Two* for Joan! She did not smoke cigarettes feverishly nor drink cocktails with gay abandon. No. We drank the cocktails while Joan unconcernedly sipped a glass of nice rich milk, while we talked of Gene Markey, her writer-husband, of Diana, the seven year old daughter of her first marriage to John Martin Fox, from whom she has been divorced, and of Diana's studies and Joan's objection to the new methods of education which prohibited her daughter from knowing her a-b-c's as yet. We also talked of Melinda, the little daughter born to her over a year ago, and the family pet.

Don't get the impression that this overwhelming domesticity of Joan's covers a host of suppressed desires. For you'd be mistaken. Joan, like Constance and Barbara, has had her fling of sensation and excitement. There was a time, not so very long ago, during her hectic engagement to John Considine, when Joan had the family pulse reaching a daily count that was exceedingly dangerous.

But that passed, just as her ill-starred marriage to John Martin Fox passed, and Joan is now blissfully happy in her marriage to Gene Markey, whose steady, humorous outlook upon life has done much to make her the composed, serene and yet deeply emotional person that she is today.

It was amazing to me, after this visit, that

Joan had not managed to convey some of this stimulating personality of hers to the screen. A few days later, however, when I saw "Private Worlds," I realized that my opinion of her was altogether justified. For, as Sally, the wife of the eminent psychologist (Joel McCrea) Joan gives one of the truest dramatic performances of the year. Again she reaches the artistic pinnacle she achieved in "Puttin' On the Ritz," although her role in this is so diametrically opposed to that of the wide-eyed Alice. After "Private Worlds" was previewed, the critics remarked that the youngest of the Bennetts was again in line to capture the magic mantle up 'til now reserved for the glamorous Connie and Bennett père.

This time I hope sincerely that Joan will hang on to this mantle and not let it be torn from her attractive shoulders by thoughtless producers. But I don't think it will, for, since her performance in "Private Worlds" Walter Wanger has signed her to a contract calling for four pictures, which are to be released by Paramount.

I must remind you not to miss "Private Worlds," first, because it was a splendid, courageous transition to the screen of a highly tragic theme; second, because Joan Bennett will convince you, no matter what she may be called upon to do in the future, that she is a dramatic actress to be reckoned with; and third (and this is quite personal) because you will meet Charles Boyer, the fascinating new leading man.

In the film, Boyer very sincerely tells Joan, who is going through a mental upheaval which is almost frightening, that if only one could order the world the way one would like to, he would choose her for his sister. A very pretty thought, eh?

To paraphrase Mr. Boyer I might add that, of all the many, many lovely screen stars I have interviewed, if I might choose one among them to call my friend, it would be Joan Bennett that I would name.



Jane Withers and Jackie Searle, the two bad children of the movies, appear together in "Ginger."

Ruggles, the Rugged Rancher

[Continued from page 21]

West Highland White terriers, and we talked about it until almost morning.

"I've always been an early bird and even during my theatre days I never followed the sleep-till-noon routine, so country hours just suit me. There's so much to cram into the day—I always get up in the morning in time to take a peek at the dogs before I go to the studio and I'm itching to get back to hear of the day's happenings.

"I love ranch talk. My neighbors are fruit and poultry men and they take me in as one of them, they don't care a hoot about my acting record and I'm getting a big kick out of this new appraisal."

It takes experts to handle orange groves, chickens and dogs, so Charlie has quite a family on his ranch. Then, of course, there's Lester Eliot, his faithful secretary and studio dresser, who has been with him for thirteen years.

"You should see me on Sundays," Charlie threw out his chest boastfully. "Up early and dressed like a farmer in overalls, high boots and an old sombrero, I get a grand sense of importance as I walk around to inspect the trees to see if the blossoms are on

time, interview the hens, *oh* and *ah* over the chicks—I buy day-old babies from the incubators. Then, I help to gather the eggs and take the dogs for a run. Gosh, its sundown before I know it. It is a grand life, no mistake, and I'm the luckiest guy in all the world to be doing the two things I like best, act, and be a rancher!"

Well, I leave it to you,—is the debonair Mr. Ruggles a happy man?

He says he hopes to write and direct pictures when his acting days are over. Already he figures out much of his dialogue, for a comedian must create his own medium for expressing his individual humor.

The Charlie Ruggles-Mary Boland cinematic "marriage," still continues and after three years of loyalty is going stronger than ever—they have a rollicking time in their newest gay comedy, "People Will Talk."

"We often discuss a 'divorce,'" said Charlie, "but our studio won't consider it, so we'll probably be celebrating a golden anniversary together. Leila Hyams pulled a good one during the making of 'Ruggles of Red Gap.' She said, 'Wouldn't it be funny if Mary and Charlie would forget and go home together sometime!'"

"We enjoy our comedies immensely and we try to make them homey, intimate affairs, dealing with the simple, every day incidents that come to all married couples, whether they live in mansions or shacks. Have you ever noticed that no matter how broad the comedy, Mary never loses a certain feminine dignity and is always sweet and pretty?"

"Neither of us go in for the Hollywood social life and a funny thing happened last week at a little dinner at the Al Santell's; Mary and I met for the very first time outside of the studio. Isn't that amazing?"

Everything Is Rosy— Now!

[Continued from page 51]

and the East River. The combination of the long hours at the German Club, the fact that he was heavy, and general exhaustion resulted in the collapse of the bones in his feet. The feet were placed in plaster casts and remained there for twenty-one weeks.

"There was one thing about the settlement house that I liked," Ed related, "and that was the dramatic club. I made my debut as an amateur actor there at the age of twelve in 'The Merchant of Venice.' I was 'Lorenzo.' A thrill went through me that I've never felt before. I knew what I was going to do for the rest of my life. I set out to accomplish my dream."

That sounds easy. But it's only half the story. Acting was a safety valve for a life that was nearly crushing—a dream that gave a young boy who had had no boyhood surcease from the grinding poverty and struggle of reality. For, while Ed learned the rudiments of his art he first was busy learning to upholster and make drapes in the shop of an uncle and later oiling the machinery which kept that great institution of learning, Columbia University, operating satisfactorily. While he toiled below, more fortunate students got an education in the classrooms above him.

At fifteen he had made an enviable record as an amateur actor. He sought out one of the greatest friends he has had in life—John D. Barry, director of the dramatic club at the East Side Settlement House, instructor at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, and friend of Ben Greet, the Shakespearian actor.

"I've done pretty well," Ed told the instructor. "It's time I got a real job of acting."



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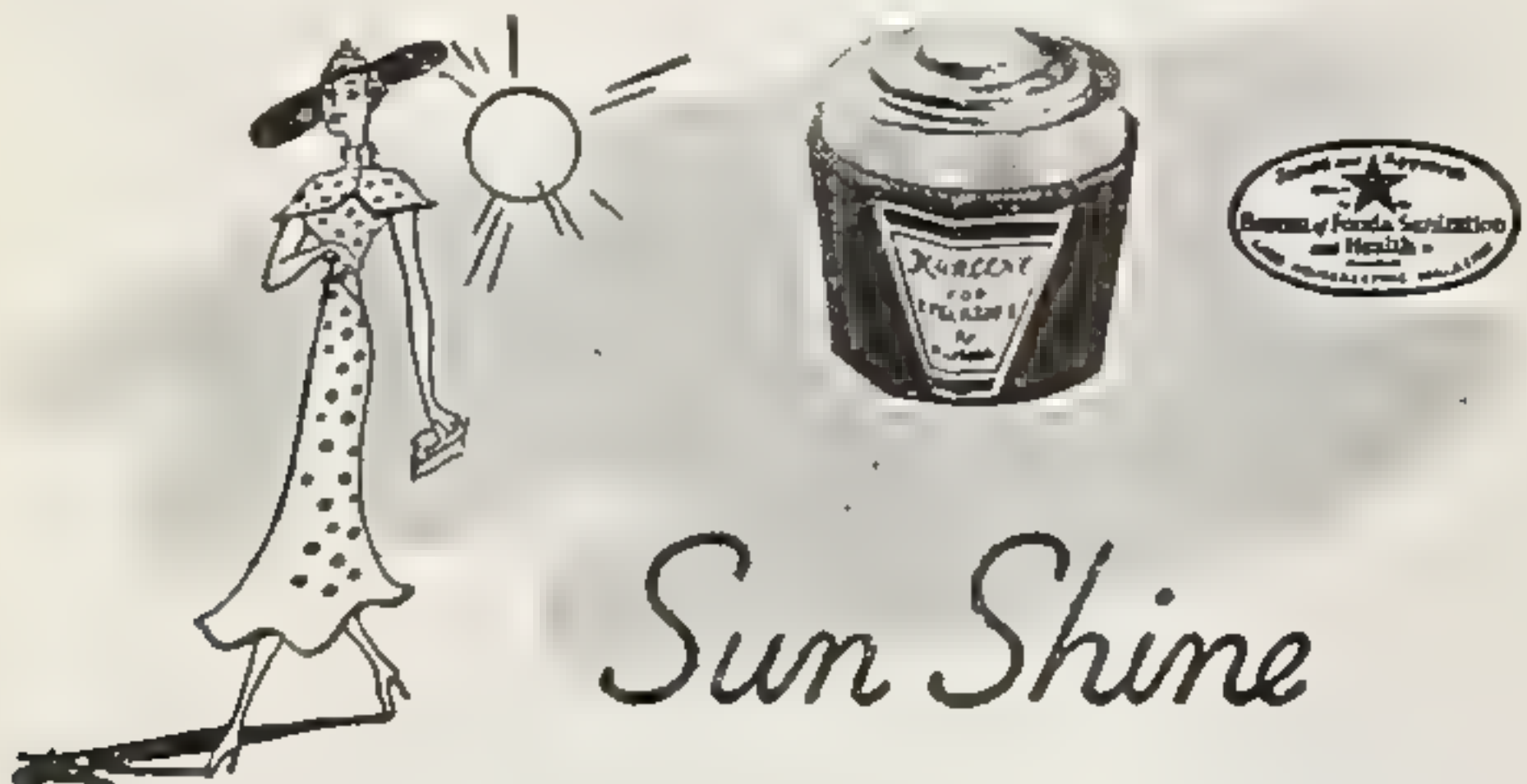


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Barry, who had faith in his ability, saw Greet—and the oversize kid of the Ghetto found himself in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," presented by the Ben Greet Players at Trenton, N. J. His salary was \$25 a week. His route was the entire United States. He ended up the season of 1906, with nothing more than he had before, except experience.

His first lull followed and it was not until some months later that he found himself in the company of Maxine Elliott, playing the role of a juvenile and acting as assistant stage manager for \$50 a week. It was at this time that he met, for the first time, "Diamond Jim" Brady, the man who was injecting glamour into Broadway while Ed was sleeping and eating on Eighth avenue. After a season, he found himself out of work again—back right where he was before. He fell in love with a girl he refuses to name, quit the stage, sold insurance, collected premiums, and tried to convince grocers that the fifty-seven varieties of Heinz were the best buys on the market—if you liked pickles.

Two years and a half later the romance went cold and the lure of the stage once more got the better of him. He put in three seasons with Ethel Barrymore, from the time he was twenty until he was twenty-two. From 1912 until 1916, he was in stock in Yonkers, N. Y., Syracuse, N. Y., Savannah, Ga., and Richmond, Va. At Richmond, he met and married Harriet Marshall, related to the Lees and the Randolphs, prospered, and thought that his troubles were over. They were just beginning. He was learning about life—so that he later could interpret it on the stage and screen.

Arthur Berthelet, his stage director at Richmond, was summoned to Chicago to direct motion pictures for Essanay. Berthelet wired him to come on to succeed Francis X. Bushman at the famous Argyle street studios at \$125 a week! Believe this or not, but Edward Arnold, three years ago hailed as a newcomer to the screen, worked with Essanay for three years, and appeared in almost two score productions with such players as Bryant Washburn, H. B. Walthall, Edna Mayo, Marguerite Clayton and Rod LaRoque!

Sounds like a happy ending. But it isn't.

George K. Spoor, heading the firm, decided to experiment with third dimension and fired his players. Ed dashed to St. Paul to put in six weeks in a special stage appearance there. By this time he had not only a wife but two children as well, and about \$400 to his name. The engagement was not very successful. He went to New York City and, facing an actor's strike and a few other problems, went broke. In nine months, he worked two weeks on the stage and in one motion picture.

He finally got three jobs at once. He couldn't hold all three, so he chose appearing in "The Storm." It was such a success that it ran for two seasons, and he was making more money than he had made in his life. After he got through—the play was a "western"—he found himself typed as a western player and couldn't get a job!

Again fate saved him. The author wrote the play into one act and sent it out as a vaudeville skit. Ed was thus employed for two years.

"I was getting an education as I went along," he told me, "and I think that's the way to become wise. It's just a matter of keeping your eyes open, if you want to go places that are worth while."

In the five years which followed the vaudeville tour, he worked on Broadway in "The Mad Honeymoon," "The Nervous Wreck," and "Easy Come, Easy Go," as well as other plays. He appeared with a stock company at Washington, D.C., in the

summer time. Then tragedy of a new kind entered his life. He and Harriet Marshall were divorced in Chicago—an event which he refuses to discuss. That it was more than painful is evident.

In 1927 he appeared in "The Jazz Singer."

In 1928 he married Olive Emerson, his present mate, a real mother to his three children, in St. Paul.

With his matrimonial affairs straightened out and with unhappy memories slowly fading, he went on a vaudeville tour with Viola Dana. He arrived in Los Angeles just when the stage people were flocking here for talking pictures. In the old stage days he had known four producers very well. He wrote each that he was coming to the city. He got not one answer.

"I've had my sad moments," he said, laconically, "and that was the lowest. I chiseled around and when I got all through I had a pass which entitled me to go into one of the studios and see how motion pictures were made. I learned just how it feels to be out."

A fortune-teller in Long Beach told him to keep a stiff upper lip because he was about to get "the breaks." He laughed at her advice—but everything that she predicted has come true.

The Arnold-Dana tour broke up in St. Louis. To conserve his abbreviated finances, Ed took a transcontinental bus back to New York City. Again the boy from the Ghetto was licked, washed up, without future. He opened his New York apartment, went to the telephone to call a friend to ask how conditions were.

The telephone rang just as he reached for the receiver.

"This is the Theatre Guild," said Sheryl Crawford, of that organization. "How'd you like to do a play for us?"

One play followed another. Arnold was not idle for three seasons, and managed to get in "The Gray Fox" with Henry Hull, as well. From there, he went into "Whistling in the Dark" with Ernest Truex. This ran for months, but in the spring of 1932 the closing notice was posted. Alex McHaig, the producer, told Ed that he could go to Los Angeles and play in the Belasco and Curran production of the same show there—at fifty percent less salary.

Ed went home to his apartment in Jackson Heights, Long Island, and told his wife he couldn't see making the trip. She said that he'd have a chance to get in pictures.

"Bunk!" he replied. "Look what happened to me in 1928."

Olive Arnold won the battle, as women will. Forty-eight hours after the show opened in Los Angeles he had three offers from motion picture producers. "Okay, America!" for Universal was first, followed by "Rasputin," with the three Barrymores, "The White Sister," "Whistling in the Dark," "Roman Scandals," and, more recently "The Glass Key." I've already mentioned the way he's turned box offices upside down with his work in "Sadie McKee" and "Richelieu."

Arnold is the same person who walked the streets of the East Side—except that he knows a lot more. He is democratic, understanding, kindly, considerate, and as friendly to a visiting Rotarian from Oswego, Wisconsin, as he is with his director, Edward Sutherland. He's a grand guy to know, and those who work with him wish there were more like him.

Life has taught him to be like that.

"Perhaps I'm slow," he says, "in stalling along for forty-five years before clicking. But, no matter what you set out to do in life, it's a long time before you can do the job right."

This philosophy, more than anything else, explains why the success of Edward Arnold is no accident.

Sincerely—Carole Lombard

[Continued from page 31]

woman who wants to attain her end—and I don't think there's a living soul without some aim in life, from taking off ten pounds to becoming a screen star—is to have a clearly defined goal and working like all get-out to attain it."

"Well now that you've won your 'G' in Hollywood's glamour school, is there anything you still want to be or do?"

By the look on her face I was prepared for anything from an earthquake (home grown) to a stardust storm. "Perhaps," I thought, "we'd better take to the lifeboats, men, or the cyclone cellar."

"Why of course there is!" she finally exploded, of course in a nice, ladylike way, "I should hope so! There always will be!" "It being . . ." I prompted.

". . . A really keen desire to do something fine, technically. My secret ambition is to do 'Peter Ibbetson' on the stage. Does that sound fantastic?"

I thought it sounded veddy all right, and I said, "Not at all . . ."

"And," she continued, "I mean to!" (as though a Lombard could ever be doubted!)

"Acting isn't the only thing in life attained by undeviating purpose and tireless effort. Getting a husband, holding on to one you want, stunt flying or boon-doggling demand just as much time and effort. I simply haven't any patience with people who 'want' things, but who aren't ever willing to go after *what* they want!" (So please don't let Carole get all disappointed in *you*!)

"And," she added, "the basis of all purpose is sincerity. If you want to be a successful actor or actress, or, for that matter a real person, you have to retain some honest emotions, you have to feel and react sincerely."

Really, I suppose that's what makes Carole different from a lot of the Mayfair crowd who long since have lost their individuality and become Ye Movie Heroine, even when they're washing behind the ears. Of course it's pretty difficult to remember you were little Janie Peters—as Carole was back in Ft. Wayne—when your face comes up at you from magazines, billboards, newspapers and the screen. After weathering a few snooty premieres of your films at Grauman's Chinese even a Peters might be excused for getting herself mixed up with Pompadour, Recamier and Princess Marina. But Carole has managed very nicely. She can still swear on provocation, even as you and I, feel emotions that call for healthy red corpuscles and tell people off when the occasion demands—as well as doing nice things for worthy causes without the aid of a publicity corps.

"To keep one's individuality," she admitted, "in the midst of picture-making,



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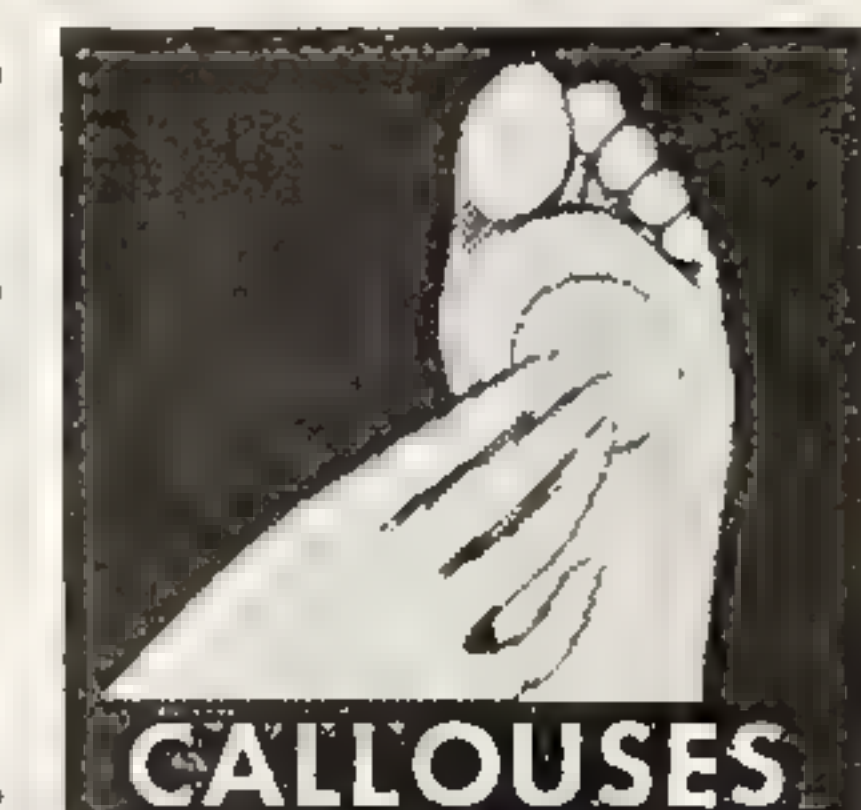
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where make-believe is the essence of life, is a constant struggle. Some players realize this danger when they arrive, and fight from the beginning. Others learn, still others forget . . .

"There are a comparative few who wake up early to take themselves apart and find out what ticks. Then, as likely as not, they rebel and once this rebellion develops into a noble rage against the sham and tinsel of the film capital's worst aspects they're saved. Eureka!

"Some people become so affected that they make faces when they talk, like this." (And if you want to cure measles, whooping cough, lumbago, chilblains and asthma you had just order see Carole give out some too, too divine expressions registering emotions ranging from genteel mirth to curdled charm). "It's pitiful," she insisted, "for they can't even pass a show window without watching their reflections in the glass. All their sensations are done 'with mirrors.'"

"Of course there are plenty of the other type of person, like Claudette Colbert,

whose thoughts, as soon as she steps out of the studio, belong to her.

"Actually it's pitiful that people take so little advantage of their chance for making themselves whatever they wish to be." (I'd wish to be Carole Lombard.) "There isn't a man, woman or child who hasn't the ability for being something really important, in one way or another. But being important doesn't call for ice water running through your veins or for synthetic emotions, all neatly tabulated. 'Bring me my leopard coat this afternoon, Fifi, and a sinister smile to go with it,' or 'my Patou gown, if you please, with a dash of No. 32—smouldering passion, I believe . . .'. You can be a success and a person too, if you work at it!"

Carole is the product of a lovely face, a beautiful body, a good mind and an indomitable will. But they'd all fall flatter than a pancake if one forgot her most important ingredient, sincerity. Sincerity is what is making the Lombard rise—and shine!

"The Stars On The Shelf"

[Continued from page 27]

found herself "typed" for comedy rôles. Came a time when even the comedy rôles which she detested were few and far between. No director would even consider her for anything else. Those were lean and troubled years and finally Jean, in despair, returned to New York where, after some more lean and troubled months, she contrived to obtain two or three parts on Broadway. Pictures reached out for her again and she returned to the Coast, only to find that she still could not secure the type of role to which she knew she could do justice. Columbia's "The Whole Town's Talking" finally did the trick at last, and after years of struggle and grief, Jean is under contract and in constant demand.

It is exciting now . . . and fun to look back upon the struggles and know that one has realized a burning ambition. One wonders how long it will be before Jean, too, will begin to miss the placid pleasures of average domesticity, to chafe at the demands upon her freedom, to resent the actual drudgery of the job for which she worked so hard!

For, after all, human beings are pretty much alike. They want, with a pathetic persistence, to be like other human beings. I recall going to see Jackie Coogan at a military school after his last "little boy picture" had been completed.

He greeted me gravely and politely. He was accustomed to interviewers. He displayed his uniform and explained his insignia. He chattered about the school routine and his passionate interest in athletics. He described his favorite school mates. He had returned recently from a truly triumphal tour of Europe. Of that he said, plaintively, "There were so many things I wanted to see. *But the crowds wouldn't let me!*"

I discovered that this adolescent boy who had earned well over a million dollars before he was twelve years old, was as excited, as thrilled, over school, over the novelty of mingling with other boys on equal terms, as those other boys would have been to find themselves participating in the making of motion pictures! For the first time in his memory, he was "as other men."

Jean Harlow told me a short time ago, "When I am working, I must spend hours of each day fussing with my face and hair. A hairdresser touches me up after each shot . . . I must give half of my lunch hour to my face and hair . . . when I go home to bed I must have a masseuse . . . and the hairdresser to set the wave. Even on Satur-

day night I must not stay up after eleven because I know that I must spend eight hours in the beauty shop on Sunday. Do you wonder that when I am between pictures I can't bear to look at myself in a mirror?"

A friend encountered Marlene Dietrich not long ago . . . Marlene looking morose. The friend inquired how things were going. The Dietrich sighed and replied, "Oh . . . all right. Only it is so tiresome. Always one must be so dam' beautiful! It is *work* to be beautiful!"

It was Marlene who confided to someone or other, "I do not belong here. I should be a wife and mother . . . merely. Looking after my husband, his house, his clothes, his children. That was what I was meant to do. I don't know how it happens that I am here . . . like this!"

Dixie Lee retired from the screen after a series of disappointments . . . married Bing Crosby, bore three children and settled into contentment. But the screen recalled her. After one unimportant role in "Love in Bloom" she found herself in spectacular



Here is Helen Mack, between shots, receiving the attention of the wardrobe mistress and the hairdresser.

demand. That was good . . . it was pleasant. But, having tasted the joys of domesticity, Dixie has declined to sign any contract which would bind her to work too often. "I like to make a picture sometimes," she says. "But what I really want is to be at home!"

One of Dixie's closest friends is Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Richard Arlen). And Jobyna is ecstatically content to be a mere wife and mother, despite her early taste of screen success.

Clara Bow isn't fretting about the failure of her last picture, "Hoopla!", to click at the box office. She has her husband and her baby and ranch life apparently agrees with her.

Bessie Love, one of the most capable little troupers the screen has ever seen, has been implored again and again to return to pictures since her marriage to Howard Hawks and the birth of her child. But Bessie, still beloved by thousands of fans, seems to think that she is all right just as she is!

Merna Kennedy's professional ambitions evaporated when she married the musical director, Busby Berkeley . . .

So . . . don't feel too sorry for your favorite when the box office ceases to demand her. Don't regret too much the fact that your ideal actress has succumbed to the lure of marriage. The Klieg lights and Hollywood's razzle-dazzle may be exciting . . . but a lot of people have found that there are other worth while things in life . . . too!

"H. M."

[Continued from page 52]

jamin Warner's eldest son a salesman in the great Pittsburgh store of Kaufmann. Other years found him a cider salesman. And found him married, too. Rea Levison has been the one and only Mrs. Harry M. Warner for more than three decades.

Quick to perceive the commercial value in a new development, the boys gravitated toward the bicycle business when "Century runs" and "Bloomer girls" were all the craze. And it was in their bicycle shop that they determined to turn into a lane which, after many devious twistings, led on to fortune. There was a new, funny business, scoffed at as were the telephone, the air-brake, the locomotive, the steamship of other days. It was a magic lantern off-shoot called moving pictures. The boys joined hands and jumped in.

Things have sort o' changed since then. The business has become one of the world's greatest industries. The Warners are still in it. Essentially, though, they haven't changed. Example: Harry's friends remain the same as they were twenty, thirty years ago. Of course, externals have altered. Harry no longer walks to save a nickel, nor does he board street cars, as in the old days, riding, penniless, until put off, and then waiting for the next car. For such long hauls now he supports a car, yes, and a chauffeur, who is fired and re-hired with such frequency that he no longer bothers to pretend leaving. The humble homes on Baltimore's Harrison street and South Hanover street, have given place to a rural dwelling surrounded by whispering trees. The meagre hospitality of earlier times is over-shadowed by the bounties of heavy laden buffet tables during the Sunday evenings at home. Yes, exteriors have changed. But not essentials. Harry Warner is the same "H. M."

Nor did he find the motion picture business an immediate El Dorado. What he built was kicked away time and time again. But he re-built, ever working with the energy, the perseverance of ten men. As

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THEY ONCE CALLED ME
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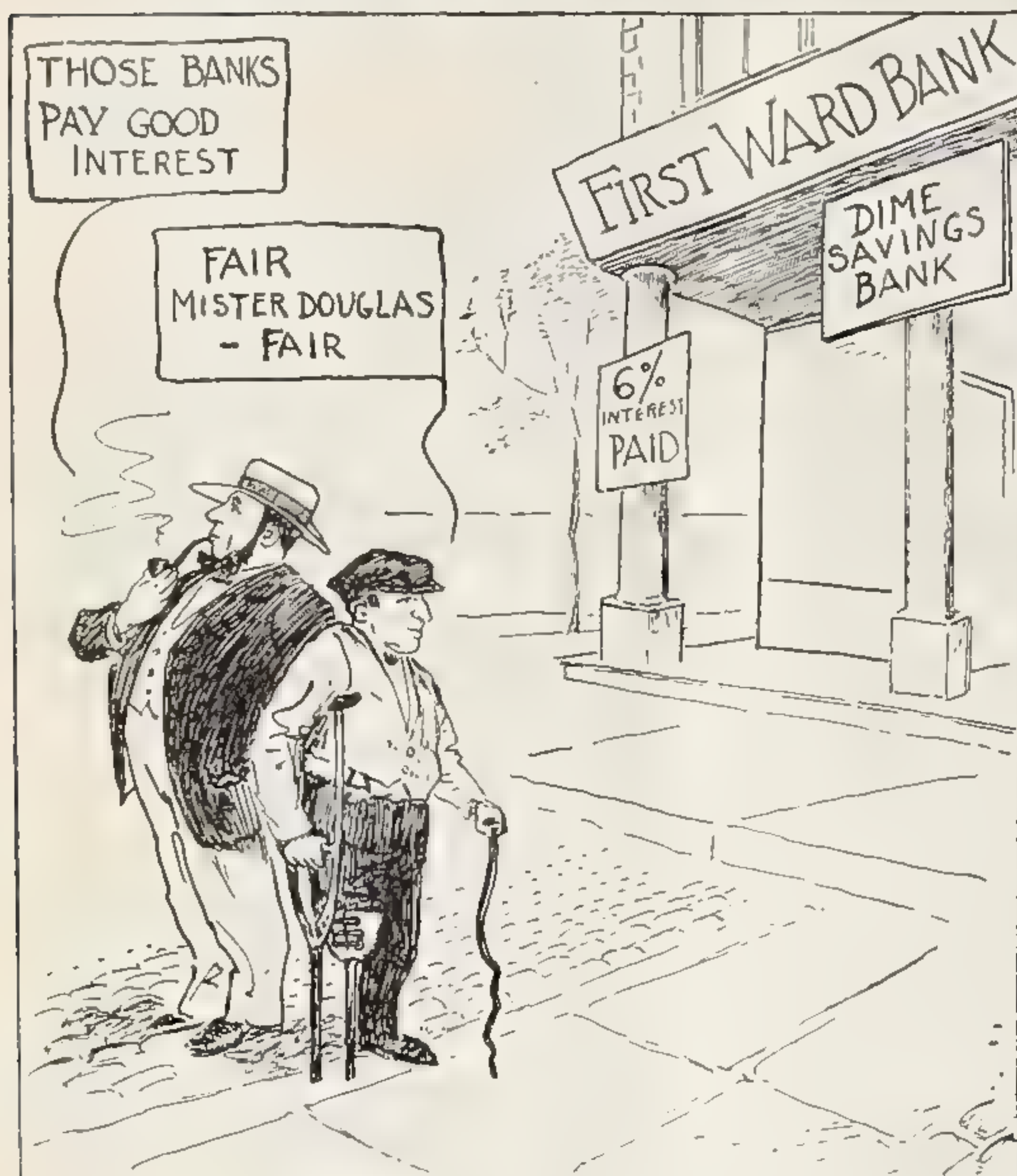
To start you building up your health *right away*, we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results guaranteed with very first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 267, Atlanta, Ga.

*Posed by
professional
models*



Puzzles

Each Picture Represents The Name
Of A Star.



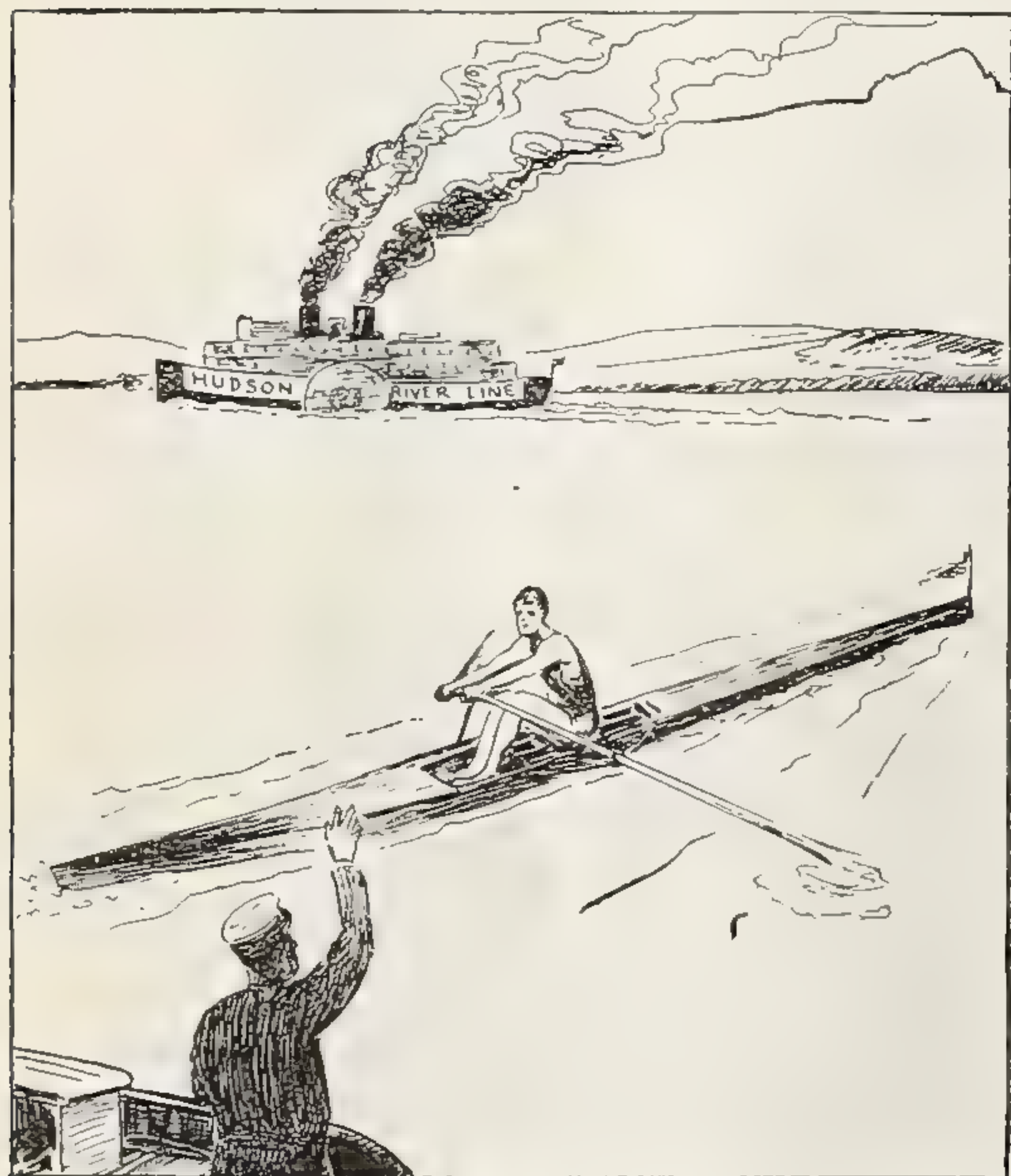
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9

Can You Solve Them?

AFTER you have guessed all the answers,
turn to page 81 and there you will find

the correct reading as prepared for this
magazine by Rosetta Stone.

[Continued from page 71]

late as 1915, he and all the boys were broke. The wheel had once more whirled to a stop at zero, and the house raked in all their chips. That time they wired home. And the family pawned its jewels, sold its heirlooms, pledged all its fortune, and sent the \$400 to Harry. It was this \$400 that represents the foundation upon which has grown a \$200,000,000 stockholders' structure. A far cry, indeed, from the days of that early theatre where the Warners used a pickle barrel filled with wet salt as a rheostat which regularly shocked their projectionist into a well-nigh continual semi-electrocution!

That, by the way, was the Cascade Theatre, at New Castle, Pennsylvania, where Albert ran the show and borrowed extra seats from the undertaker next door, where sister Rose played the piano and brother Jack sang during the waits of "One Minute, Please, While We Change Reels," where Sam, now gone, operated the machine, and Harry was, as ever, headman. As photographs, still extant, plainly show, the Warners advertised before their theatre a "Refined Entertainment for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children." And that hasn't changed much either.

Then, as now, the boys strove to give the customers the best. The classic of that day was "The Great Train Robbery," and the Warners showed it. Just as now, it is the Warner Brothers who have dared \$1,000,000 and more to bring Shakespeare to pictures with "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Until 1925 every cent in Warner Brothers was Warner money. The boys put every cent back in the business, and themselves subsisted on \$100 a week, and less. In 1925, a two million dollar stock issue was put out, for the boys, needing capital for the big things they planned, took the people into partnership. That \$2,000,000 was poured

into the company. Then, on August 6, 1926, came one of a series of historical events.

Several years earlier brother Sam told Harry to come along and take a look at something new. Had Harry known that "something" was a talking picture, he wouldn't have gone. Such nonsense! But Sam wouldn't tell, so he went. The very first talkie Harry ever saw was of a man stuttering. Then there was a five piece jazz band. That was the beginning. On August 6, 1926, at the Warner theatre, on Broadway, the brothers presented John Barrymore in "Don Juan." They had spent \$110,000 to add a Vitaphone score to the silent film.

For the sake of the record, the program that night included an address by Will Hays; the Tannhauser Overture rendered by the New York Philharmonic Orchestra; an aria from Rigoletto by Marion Talley; music by Efrem Zimbalist and Harold Bauer; more by Roy Smeck; a number by Anna Case; one by Mischa Elman; Giovanni Martinelli sang Vesti la Giubba—all from the screen, all in talking pictures.

It was revolutionary! But was it a success? Others, poohbahs of pictures, said: "I give it six months." A little later, Richard Watts, erudite film critic of the New York Herald-Tribune wrote: "... the debacle of the talking photoplay seems to be so complete that the cinema may toss the entire idea aside for a while and continue in its right direction, that of the more complete exploration of the field of shadow silence." And that was on March 18, 1928, eighteen months after those first epoch making "shorts."

The occasion was the showing of a piece called "Tenderloin," in which Dolores Costello, upon being chased around the room by Conrad Nagel, lisped: "Not that! Not that! Have you no thither of your own?" Or words to that general effect. The au-

dience laughed. Mr. Watts laughed. Nor were they alone. Everyone laughed, except Harry Warner.

Had "Don Juan" failed, the brothers would have been bankrupt. But it didn't. Maybe it was a novelty, but the novelty of talking pictures made it a success. But the eve of October 6, 1927 found the Warners again with all eggs in one basket. It was the night of "The Jazz Singer," in which Al Jolson became audible on the screen. Its success was tremendous. But there were other difficulties. No theatres had sound equipment. What good were talkies without theatres able to show them? And, mind you, talking pictures were still "merely a novelty." There were talking sequences, but as yet no feature-length film in dialogue.

Not until February 16, 1928 did the first all-talkie appear. It, too, was shown at the Warner theatre. The boys had decided to take another chance. In three days Murray Roth threw together a story, and his throwing was terrible. In not many more than three days director Bryan Foy had made a talkie called "Lights of New York." The other Costello sister, the dark Helene, was star. Cullen Landis was the handsome hero, and hovering around were Mary Carr, Gladys Brockwell, Wheeler Oakman, Robert Elliott, Tom Maguire, and that funster Tom Dugan.

It was pretty terrible. And so was "The Terror," in which captions were eliminated for the first time. In this one were May McAvoy, Edward Everett Horton, Louise Fazenda, Alec Francis, Matthew Betz, Holmes Herbert and John Miljan. Mr. Watts' comment on "Tenderloin" might have applied quite equally to all these groping, fumbling films. These were dark days for Harry Warner.

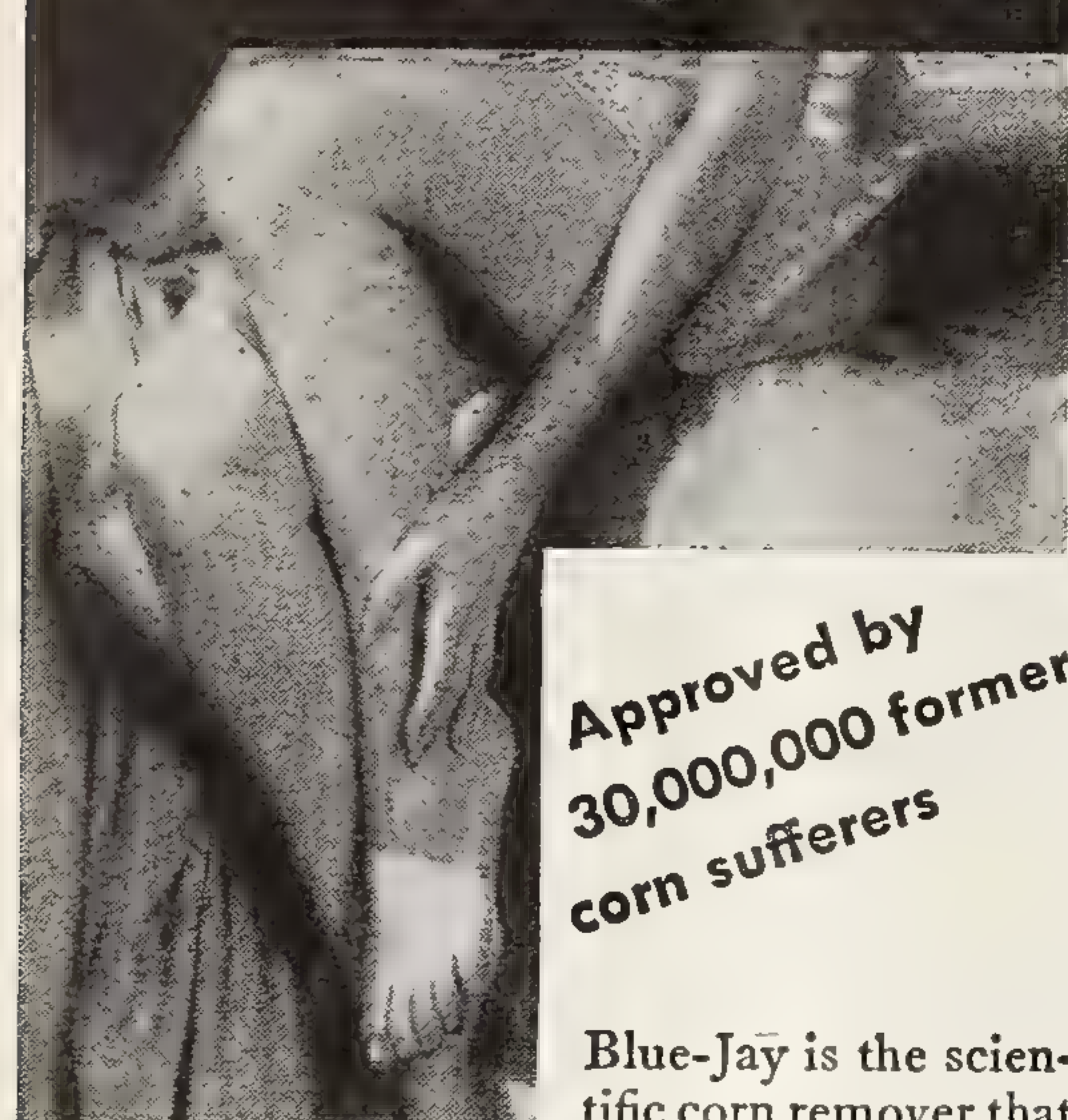
Even in his own organization there were those who said that, of course, talking pictures would never supersede the silent

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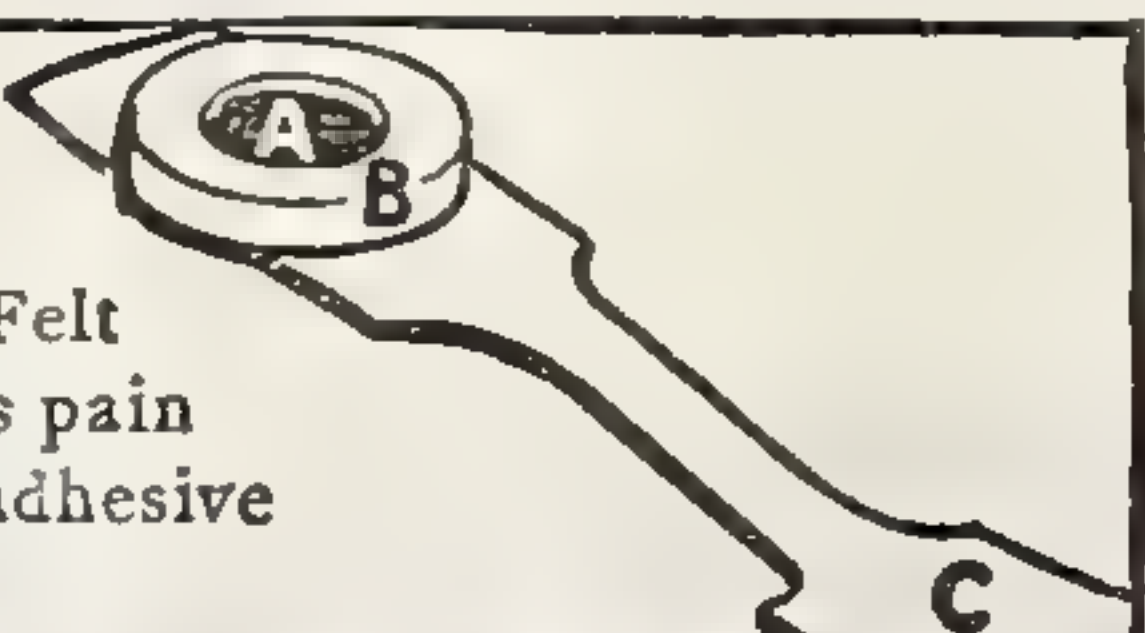
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drama, but still, for a novelty now and then, they might have a passing vogue. There were those shots of Colonel Lindbergh, for instance. But Harry Warner had faith, foresight and fighting courage. He stuck to his guns. To Sam, to Jack, to Albert he gave the credit. Harry cared little who took the bows. He just kept on purveying "Refined Entertainment for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children." He just kept on working, working, working for his thousands of bosses. Kept on loving his own wife, the children left to him, including the niece whom he made his daughter. There were a few more dollars

with which to do good by stealth. He might well have been bitter toward a Fate that stretched a grim hand to seize his favorite brother and his only son in death. But the seed of sorrow blossomed into charity, so rich was his heart in kindness and compassion.

So now you know a little about Harry M. Warner, the movie man. Tomorrow he may be broke again, as he has been before. But while there's a dollar left he'll share it with his fellows who have even less, for:

"He hath a tear for pity, and a hand
Open as day for melting charity."

Talent Scouts on Broadway

[Continued from page 17]

precise regularity of a daily newspaper. In Serlin's office, there are envelopes or clips containing the stage history of 15,000 performers. There are pictures of them, exact data on their coloring, hair, height and notes on their voices. This corresponds to the library or "morgue" of a newspaper. Filed and cross-filed are programs of every show that has come to Broadway in the past ten years. So much for the background of performers.

Each morning when Serlin comes to his desk, spread before him he will find every Broadway column and every theatrical column of the day's papers, each one marked in red pencil. If I, for instance, in my Monday column in The News, call attention to a screen possibility at a certain night club, that is underlined for Serlin's immediate attention. Within an hour, the person recommended will be in his office or Serlin will have contacted the person's agent. The interview follows, then voice tests and screen tests. If the subject passes these cursory examinations, he is turned over to the Paramount coaching school for instruction.

Dorothy Dell worked three months with dramatic coach Clovelly, learning diction, before Serlin would make an actual screen test of her. In the meantime, he had put

her on a diet and forced her to reduce twenty pounds. Joe Morrison, signed by him, used to rush up to Clovelly's classes between shows in vaudeville, with a turkish towel draped around his neck so that he would not, in his heated condition, catch cold.

When the day of the test arrives, the subject enacts a dramatic scene, carefully selected by Miss Manley as best fitted to display the subject at his best.

I have pointed out these things at length to prove to you how earnest and conscientious are the talent-scouts in their search for new faces. Yet despite their earnestness, despite their co-operation, the cold statistics show that only one out of 3,000 will attain major importance in box-office reckoning.

The scouts, the fairy godfathers and godmothers of the cinema industry, who can, with a single wave of the magic wand, adjust the Cinderella slipper to the foot of a talented youngster, are nine in number. I will list them:

MGM, Al Altman and Bill Grady; Paramount, Oscar Serlin; Warner's, Mildred Weber; RKO, Katherine Brown; Columbia, Jeanne Cohen; Universal, Miriam Howell; Fox, Joe Pincus; United Artists, Freddie Kohlmar.



Betty Grable is one of the best bets at RKO, and as beautiful a beach comber as one could wish.

Important as these nine are, they are only the first revolution of the mills of the cinema gods.

Once they have okayed a screen aspirant, the journey has just started. The tests made in New York are then forwarded to the Coast, where they are viewed by bi-weekly assemblages of Coast big shots. Time and again, after the New York scouts have spent months of patient work in tracking down a "discovery," the Coast curtly rejects the screen test that represents so much persistent and intelligent scouting work.

The Paramount Coast offices, for instance, flatly rejected Katharine Hepburn when she was submitted to them on June 3, 1932. "Undoubtedly," said the fatal report, "Miss Hepburn has some ability as an actress but she has nothing to recommend her for the screen." Even RKO first rejected the angular-faced Hepburn but finally got hep to their own error and re-engaged her. The Paramount Coast office rejected Margo, who was discovered and trained by Serlin here in the east. Only after she clicked in the Hecht-MacArthur film did Paramount realize that Serlin's judgment was correct, but then it was too late.

MGM's eastern talent office actually discovered Grace Moore, but the Coast said they had nothing for her at the moment. So Grace Moore is making a fortune for Columbia. The MGM eastern office discovered Jean Muir but the Coast couldn't see her at all, so now Miss Muir is a bright young star at Warners. Each of the eastern talent scouts has had this same discouraging experience. The east "discovers" but the west coast has the final say, even if it is too often wrong.

What do the talent scouts of the East look for in a face? That probably is the question in the mind of every boy and girl who has at any time dreamed of being

shipped to Hollywood as a future Clark Gable or Claudette Colbert.

Serlin, the Paramount dynamo, has tried to solve this question in a carefully worded summary which covers three pages. He says: "In a final analysis, the major feature to consider is the contour, proportion and shape of the head. Keeping in mind the standard well-shaped oval face with a proportion of 100 vertical to 67 horizontal, the corrections of the face to be made up is compared to the standard measurement; if, for instance, the face is elongated, the vertical plane can be reduced by leaning to the horizontal corrections; vice versa for the horizontal face. This can be accomplished in the reduction of the forehead by a hair bang (assuming vertical face) or the broadening of the face by additional hair over the ears. In the horizontal or the round face the illusion of length can be derived in piling or building up the top of the head with a mass of hair, also keeping both sides of this face clear of hair, or, if hair must be considered, a thin frame of hair brought well forward on the face will help to overcome the horizontal plane."

Having apparently reduced the magic formula to this shrewd digest, Serlin learned to his own amazement that there were professional models in New York City who met every requirement of this mythical "Perfect Screen Face." Unfortunately, when he tested them he learned that they couldn't act. So he threw his three-page analysis out of the window. While appearance is important, it is obvious that an unusual personality, with some trick of speech or mannerism that will be favorably exaggerated by the camera or sound-track, will knock down any rules that can be set up. Katharine Hepburn, for instance, has a difficult face to photograph. So, too, has Claudette Colbert. Fred Astaire isn't handsome according to the general definite opin-

ion of male pulchritude. Nevertheless, these three are great stars and terrific box-office attractions, while people with the so-called perfect screen faces pay out money every week to enter movie theatres and watch these irregular-faced stars.

Despite all discouragements, however, the talent scout retains his enthusiasm, and thousands of hopeful youngsters continue the cavalcade of ambition. The answer is that each scout is the best illustration of the old maxim that hope springs eternal. With the persistent optimism of those of you who invest year after year in sweep-stake tickets, the talent scout is grimly confident that he will pick a winner. In some remote hamlet, he will stumble upon another John Crawford or another Kay Francis; in some barber-shop, his attention suddenly will be arrested by another ZaSu Pitts manicuring the nails of a sour-faced customer; on the stage of some rural theatre, suddenly will emerge from the wings a leading man with all the fire and romantic power of Clark Gable. This is the hope that spurs on all of the talent scouts. The odds are 3000 to 1 against him, but what of it?

It is easy enough to understand why the youth of the country refuses to be discouraged in their ambition to carve out a screen career. When has youth ever turned back from the firing line? In the dreams of youth knights still ride out to do battle with the white plume of courage unfurled.

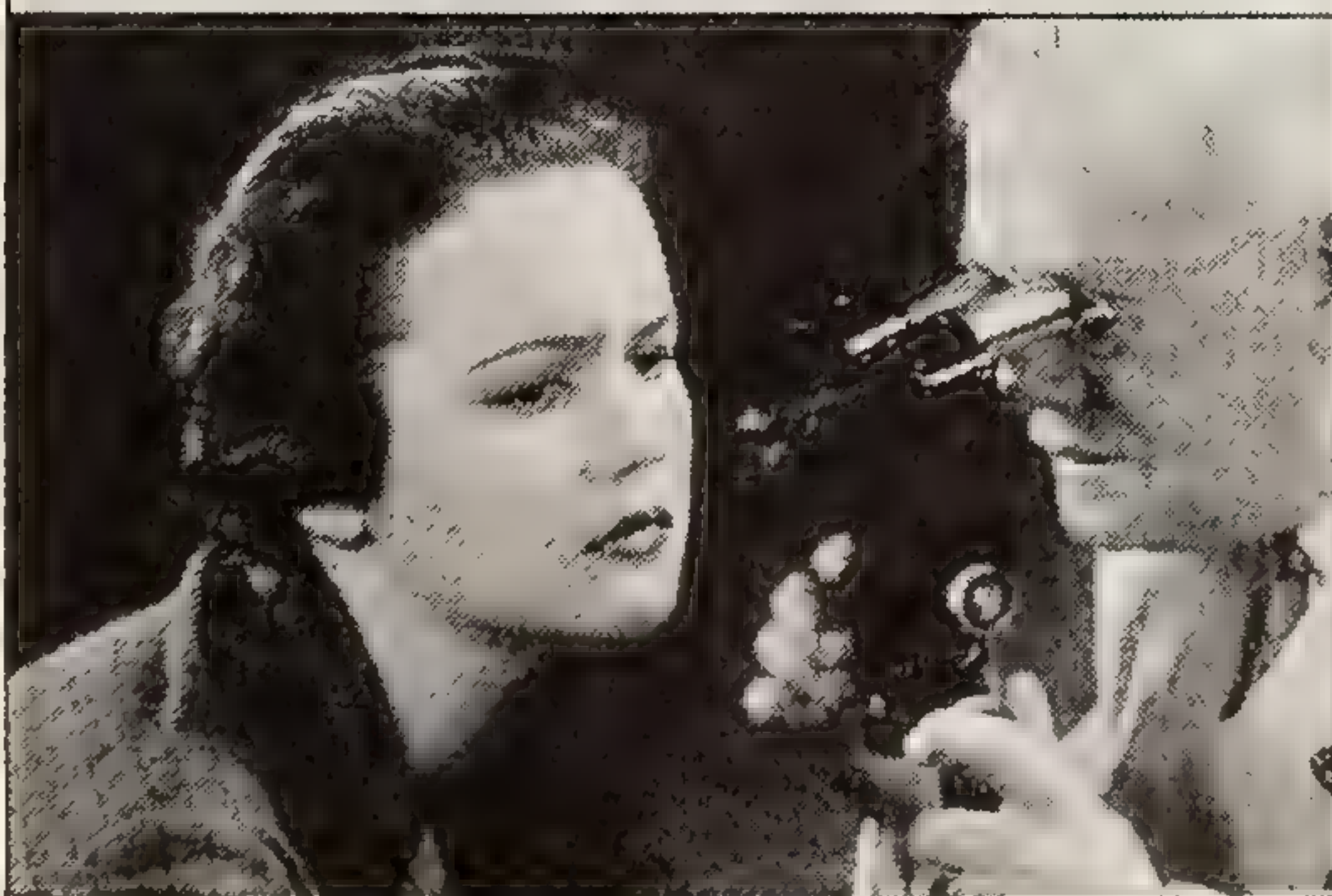
New stars have to be discovered and new blood has to be transfused into the arteries of an industry that demands new faces. So the talent scouts sweep the international skies day after day with giant telescopes, searching for new constellations, and thousands upon thousands of youngsters rush to Broadway hoping to be within focus when the telescope turns in their direction.

"HAS DONE WONDERS FOR MY DAUGHTER'S SKIN"

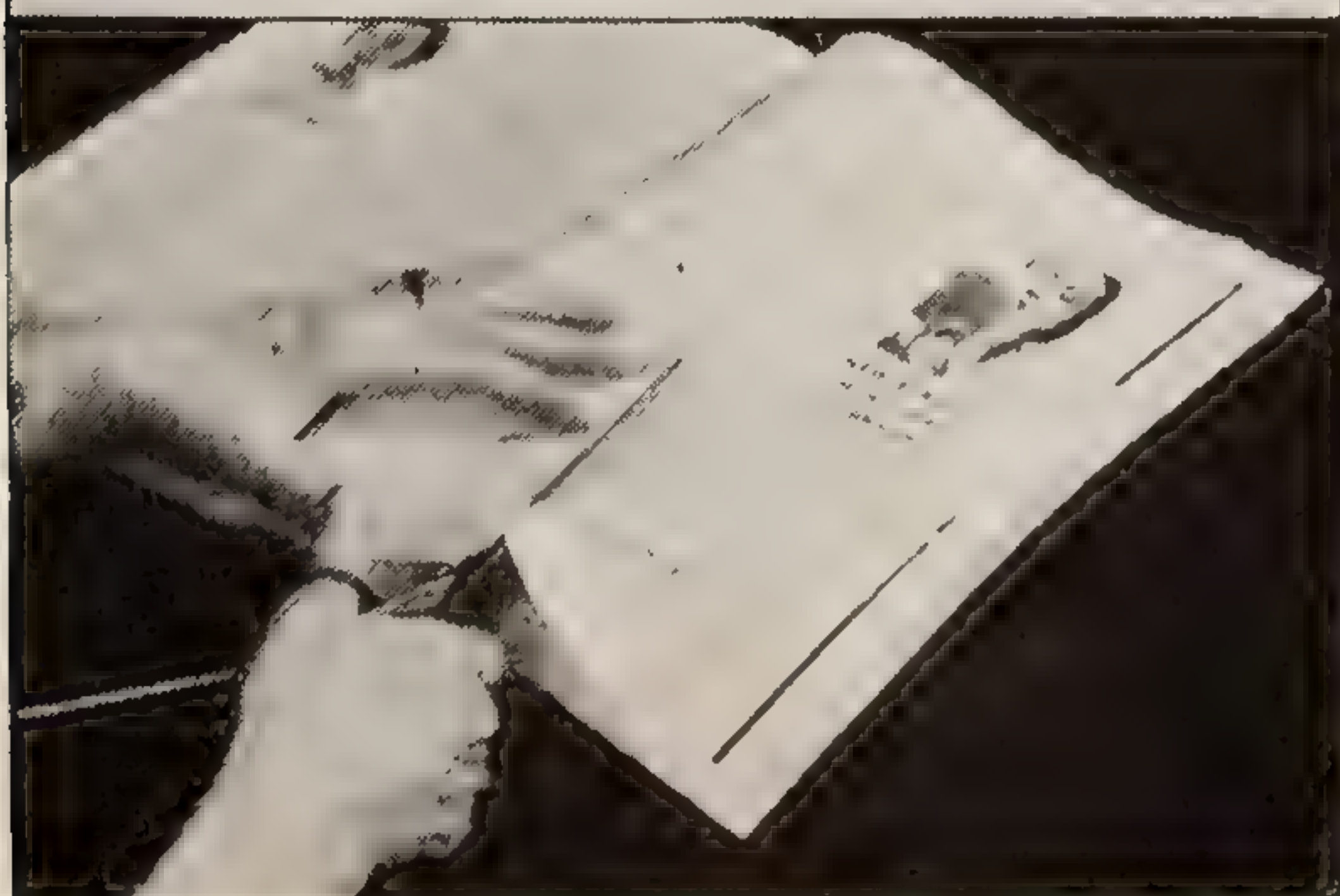
"My Daughter Suffered for Months with a bad Eruption on her Face"



"She went to Specialists and tried Everything we heard of"



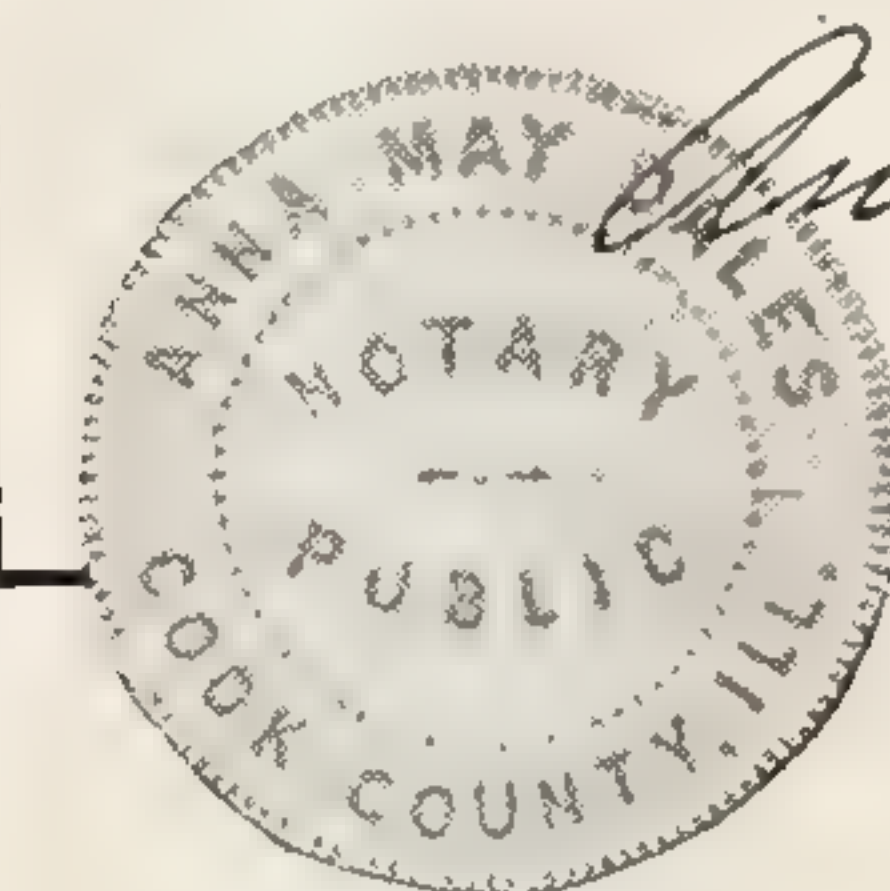
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Studio News

[Continued from page 25]



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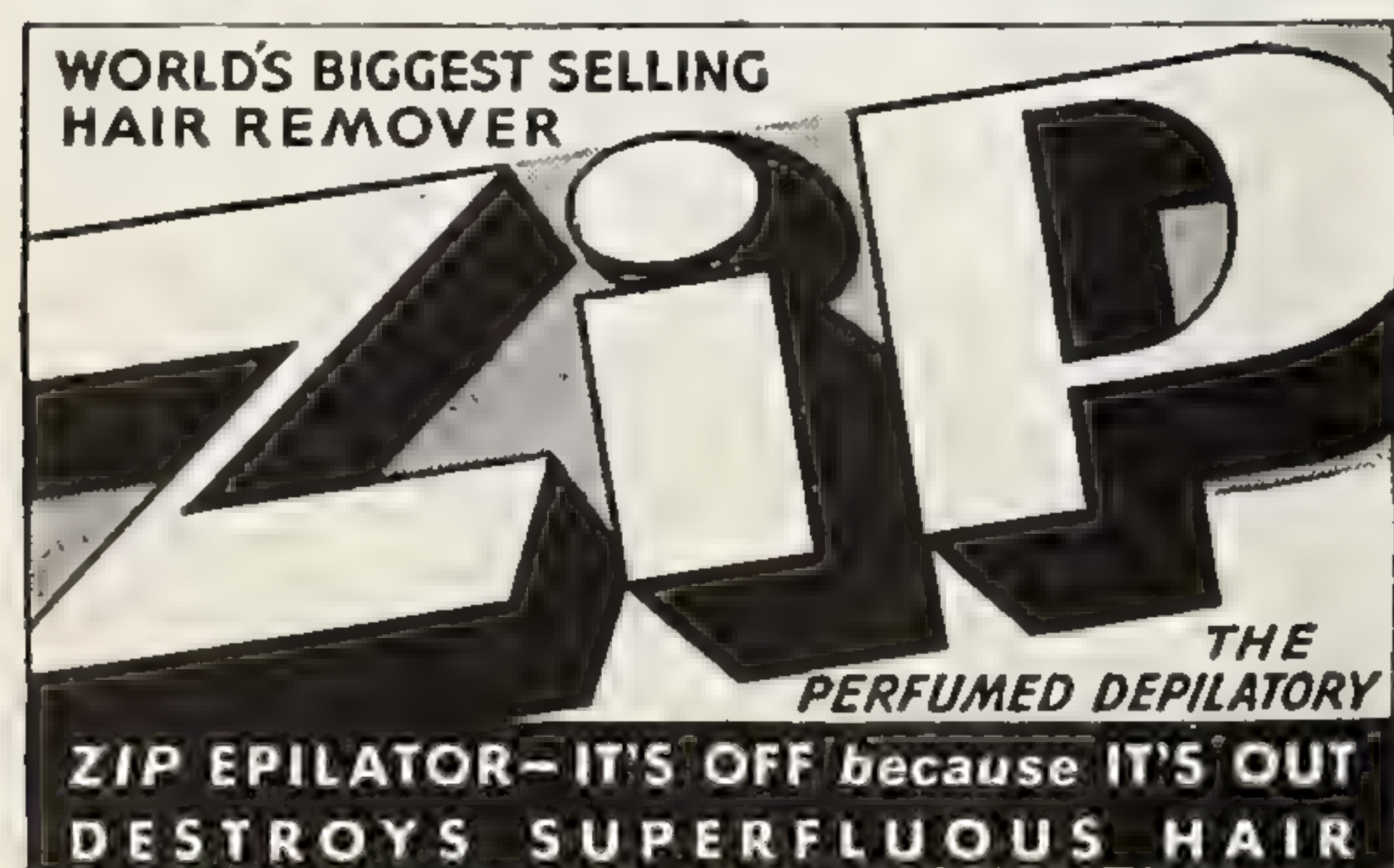
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remember. "George, it's a little late now but I'd like to tell you what a swell job you did on 'David Copperfield'."

"It isn't late at all," he replies. "I love hearing people say that and it's nice of you to remember I directed it."

Well, anyhow, George has had an amazing career in pictures this past year or so (*Copperfield* and *Little Women* are only two of his hits) and I'll bet you he'll turn out a bulls' eye in this one.

From here I wander over to there and "there" happens, in this case, to be "Murder in the Fleet." The deck of the U. S. S. Carolina has been reproduced for this opus. Blue jackets are scattered all around in a state of disarray. It's the last day of shooting on this picture and I'm darned if I'm going into all the details of the plot. Anyhow, you're not supposed to know anything about murder mysteries until you see them.

Robert Taylor (M-G-M's new white hope) and Jean Parker, looking very fetching in a gray coat suit, are leaning against the rail.

"We'll be sailing in half an hour," Bob vouchsafes, gazing steadily at her, and adds, "But it's only until Friday."

"I'll be waiting," Jean answers and that is what I call a snappy comeback. "You've made me understand so many things," she goes on. "The way men feel about each other and their work together. I even know how you feel about the ship," taking his arm. "Why, you almost make me love the darned old tub myself."

But Bob merely grins and kisses her.

"Goodbye," says Jean.

"Till Friday," he answers, smiling happily after her as she goes towards the gangway.

I glance around and there is one of my pets, Isabel Jewel. "Hello," she smiles, giving me her hand. "I never see you unless we accidentally bump into each other on the set."

"I don't know where you live," I blurt out. "Where you been keeping yourself?"

"Home!" she says emphatically. "I haven't worked in a month and it doesn't look as though I ever will again."

"You ought to start on a trip somewhere," I answer. "When you'd been gone a day they'd be sure to wire for you to come back and start a picture. I never knew it to fail. Look at Una Merkel. Her first trip in a year and she hardly got out of town before they cast her in this thing."

"It's worth thinking about," Isabel agrees.

"Anna Karenina" starring Garbo and Fredric March is, naturally, closed to visitors. "China Seas" and "Public Hero No. 1" I told you about last month, so that winds us up at this film factory and we'll now turn our attention to—

The Fox Studio

FOUR pictures going here but the gods are smiling on me. One of them, "Ginger," with Jackie Searle, Jane Withers, Walter King, Katherine Alexander and O. P. Heggie, is on location.

"The Farmer Takes a Wife" stars Janet Gaynor but Janet isn't working today so I'll tell you about that next month when she is working.

However, there is "Black Sheep" featuring Edmund Lowe and Claire Trevor. I cannot understand why Claire has not got ahead more. She's made a nice impression in every picture she's been in but they don't seem to try to do anything with her.

"They're looking for stories for her now," Frank Perrett informs me when I start grumbling. "The exhibitors feel the same way you do. So if you run across any stories you think would make good pictures for

her let me know."

The scene is a ship's cabin and there's no use going into a detailed description of that. Claire is looking pretty fetching in an evening gown, with a new (for her) style of coiffure. Mr. Lowe is likewise in evening clothes and seems to be slightly boiled.

"He's up to his neck in a mess with a woman," he hiccoughs to Claire gloomily.

"What kid isn't—sooner or later?" she parries.

"This woman's too smart for him though," Eddie objects.

"Aren't we all?" Claire kids, and then "Who is she?"

"Mrs. Millicent Caldwell Bath," Eddie announces.

"Holy smokes!" Claire ejaculates, dropping her tone of banter. "Millie Bath!



Claire Trevor and Edmund Lowe in "Black Sheep"—a very modern problem picture.

Why, she's had three millionaire husbands—according to the newspapers. What's she want to do with your kid—marry him?"

"Worse than that," Lowe is afraid, "but she won't get away with it."

"What'll you do—hit her with a bottle?" Claire wonders, getting a whiff of his breath.

"I'll figure a way to stop her," he says.

Suddenly Claire rises, pulls the covers off the bunk, pushes him down and throws the covers over him. "You'll figure a way out, eh?" she remarks sarcastically. "You're not in good enough shape to figure out anything. And it's a shame, too. Now, listen to me: Close your eyes—sleep it off—get the fuzz out of your brain and in the morning we'll put our heads together and think up a way to stop Millie Bath from hurting your kid. Do you hear that?"

Some guys get all the breaks. Here's Lowe who's not only had the fun of getting tanked but he also has Claire to tuck him in when he's ready to pass out. I'd turn actor myself—only I'd probably draw Flora Finch or Polly Moran.

Moaning over the injustice of fate, I saunter on to the next stage where they're making another in the apparently interminable series of *Charlie Chan* pictures. This time he's in Egypt.

The set is the outside of an archeologist's home. There are parapets, desert, palm trees and about a ton of other Egyptian atmosphere, all dumped right on Stage 2. There is also an old Model T Ford. Tom Beck and Warner Oland enter. Seeing the car deserted, Tom calls "Snowshoes!"

"Yassuh," comes a familiar voice but there is no one around. "Yere I is," the voice continues as Tom and Warner look around trying to locate it.

They glance up and there is Stepin Fetchit hidden up in a palm tree and look-

ing so much like a monkey I begin to believe there is something in Darwin's theory of evolution after all.

"Us goin' home now, Mistah Tom?" he whines hopefully.

"Yes. Come on," says Tom.

Step scrambles down and they pile into the wreck.

"I'm not superstitious," Tom begins, "but when the lights went out tonight and *Sekmet's* eyes began to glow, I had a chill."

"Eyes made of radio active stone," Warner explains, holding up his watch and pointing to it. "Glow in dark like face of watch."

Step puts his foot on the accelerator and the car lurches forward.

Sekmet is the goddess of vengeance, put to guard the tomb the archeologist has opened.

Mr. Oland, estimable gentleman that he may be—and probably is—in private life is not one to indulge in chit-chat on the set. He seems to have difficulty in remembering his lines, so he never engages in unnecessary conversation while working. I don't know Step or Mr. Beck so I transfer my activities to RKO.

At R-K-O

MY LUCK is holding. Of the three pictures shooting here, I've already told you about "She." "The Peacemaker," starring Richard Dix, is on location so that only leaves one—but it's the best of the trio. It's "Top Hat" starring Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

It seems Ginger's best friend has married a man Ginger has never seen. Ginger and he are stopping at the same hotel so she naturally goes to look him up.

"Is there a Mr. Hardwick stopping here?" she asks the room clerk.

"Why, yes, Miss Tremont. Mr. Hardwick is in Room 421—just above you. However," pointing to a man on the mezzanine who is carrying a can and brief case, "there's Mr. Hardwick (played by Edward Everett Horton) now."

"Oh," Ginger breathes, starting to move through the crowded lobby towards the mezzanine.

In the meantime, Fred Astaire has come up to Eddie.

"Here's a telegram for you—from Italy," he informs the latter. "And there's a message to please call your office at once."

"Oh, bother!" Eddie fusses and, not knowing what to do, he shoves his brief case and cane on Fred and puts the telegram in his pocket. "I'll meet you downstairs. Get a cab like a good fellow," and off he rushes.

Well, naturally when Freddie gets downstairs he's carrying the cane and brief case. Suddenly he comes face to face with Ginger. She is practically up to him when she sees that the man whom the clerk has pointed out to her as Horace Hardwick, and who is married to her best friend, is also the man she has fallen in love with and who has made such charming advances to her. And, boy, howdy! Does she dish him out a filthy look!

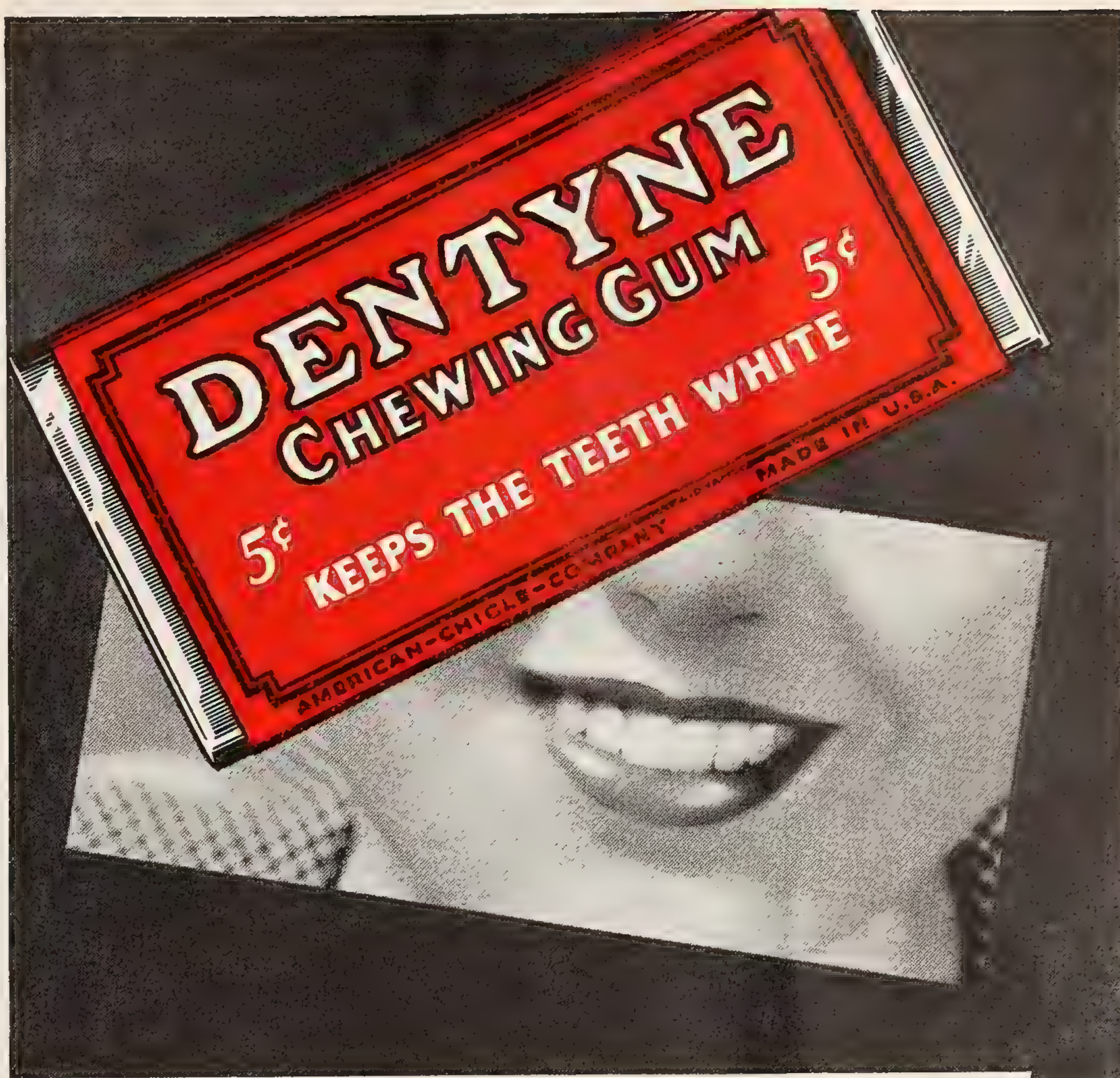
"Why—hello," says Freddie who is most agreeably surprised at the meeting.

Ginger's disappointment becomes mixed with her humiliation and her anger rises. She hysterically hauls off and gives him a resounding smack on the face.

Her dress is something to marvel over. It is a sort of lace made of pale pink threads running one way and silver metal threads running the other. It is quite plain, with the skirt tight around the waist and flaring out into a wide circle at the bottom. The jacket is three quarter length, with a cape.

Suddenly a young man who has been kidding around the set and who supplied Ginger, Eddie Rubin (Bennie's brother) and me with salted peanuts, turns to me: "Are you Dick Mook?" he inquires.

In the presence of so many witnesses



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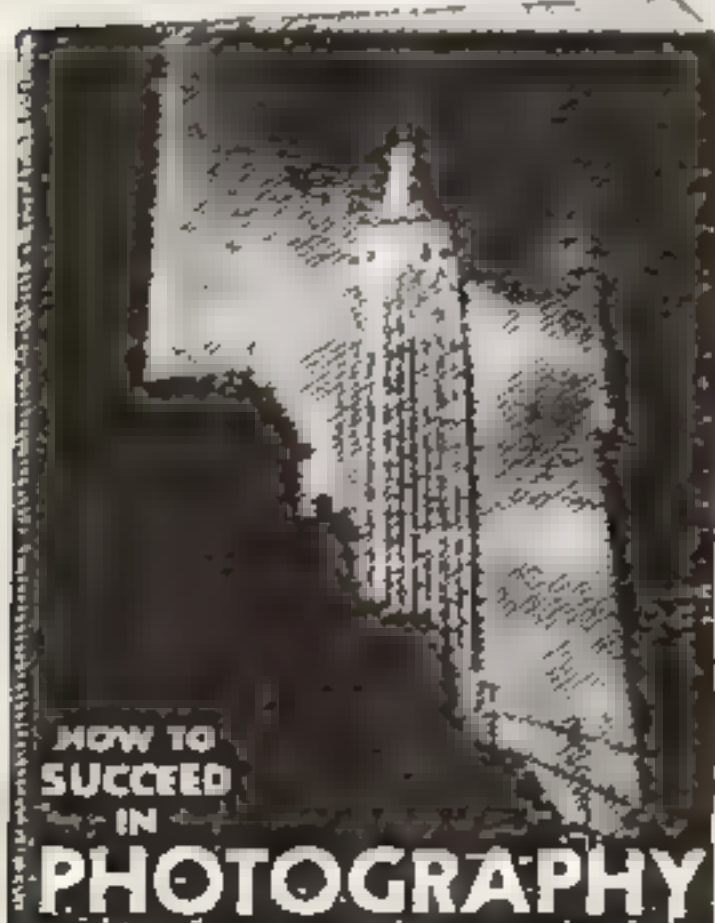
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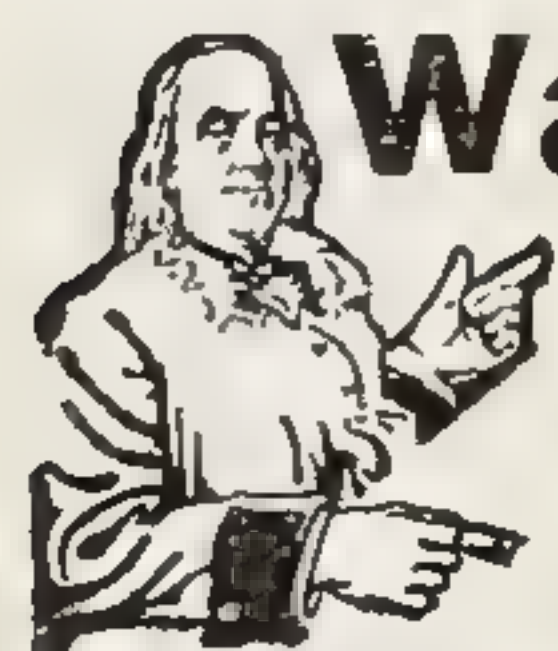
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there is nothing to do but admit the horrible truth.

"I'm Bernard Newman," he avers. "This ill-mannered oaf (indicating Eddie) hasn't sense enough to introduce us but I wanted to tell you I like your criticisms."

Well, Filipino, Mr. Newman, I like your gowns so that makes us even and no one's hurt. Mr. Newman, my friends, is the gent who designs all of Ginger's clothes for her pictures and who created all those marvelous costumes you saw in *Roberta*. Quite aside from the fact that he—er—likes my criticisms, I think his gowns are the outstanding note in Hollywood today and that takes in the masterpieces of Adrian and Travis Banton.

Quite buoyed over by the knowledge that my truck is really read I mosey over to—

Paramount

MY GOOD fortune suffers a let-down here. There are three pictures shooting and all of them are on the lot. First and foremost, there is DeMille's latest—"The Crusades"—which I have put off covering from month to month in the vain hope that it would suddenly finish and I'd miss it completely.



A scene from "The Crusades" with Henry Wilcoxon dashing in on his charger. There is a complete story on page 22 of this issue.

Not that I don't like DeMille and not that I don't enjoy his pictures, mind you, but his orations to the cast before every scene completely exhaust me and I'm always afraid to draw a deep breath for fear he'll hear it and order me off the set in front of everybody.

This one has a cast of names as long as your arm, headed by the lovely Loretta Young. DeMille doesn't really need "names" in his casts and I don't see why he couldn't have given Loretta's sister, Sally Blane, a break. Sally is even lovelier than Loretta and she has such a grand sense of humor.

To get back to the production—a DeMille picture is a DeMille picture and there is no sense trying to describe it. It has to be seen to be appreciated.

All I can tell you of this is that the Master has had a fighting tower, weighing approximately thirty tons, erected. This is a huge tower about fifty feet tall, on wheels, made of twelve by twelve beams that they wheel up to a fortress, drop a platform across a moat and, presto! the men on top of the tower are on a level with the top of the fortress wall and all they have to do is rush across and capture it. The men are passing back and forth, back and forth carrying up arrows, spears, etc., to load the tower for the attack. Suddenly Henry Wilcoxon dashes up on a horse and Mr. DeMille yells "Cut." At least, that's what the guide said he said. I thought he said, "Duck!" so I did and when I stopped ducking I found myself on the set of "College Scandal."

This is a murder mystery, with several murders involved. The murder proceedings



Johnny Downs, a newcomer from the stage, appears in "College Scandal."

are interrupted long enough to bring in the inevitable college play.

Johnny Downs, a newcomer from New York, is in the living room of his fraternity house. He picks up the 'phone to call one of his pals and tell him he has just finished the theme song of the play. It is called "In the Middle of a Kiss." What a beautiful number that is!

This piece has a lot of things to recommend it. First, it gives Arline Judge a marvelous part and what Arline can do to a good part is nobody's business. Then it gives Eddie Nugent a great break. If some studio ever gets behind Eddie you'll hear from him in a big way. Next, it introduces Mary Nash, who was for years one of the big stars in New York and who should have been in pictures long ago. Lastly, it is being directed by Elliott Nugent, and if you don't know what I think of Elliott's direction by this time, there's no sense going into it again. Anything he does is worth seeing.

The other picture on this lot has been variously called "Federal Dick" and "Men Without Names." It features Fred MacMurray (whom you saw in "The Gilded Lily" and "Car 99"), Madge Evans and David Holt, one of my two favorite child actors.

Fred has just engaged a room in David's home. He comes into the room lugging his suitcases, with David on hand to show him the ropes. David is quite occupied with a miniature airplane glider.

"This is the best room in the house," David informs him.

"That so?" from Fred.



David Holt and Fred MacMurray in one of the "Federal Dick" pieces.

"Sure," says David confidently. "Mr. O'Connor lived here for years."

"Good bed, too," Fred vouchsafes, trying the springs.

"Sure," David agrees. "Mr. O'Connor died on it."

"How is it you're not downstairs at dinner?" Fred laughs.

David bounces to his knees on the bed

and pulls Fred's head down to a level with his mouth. "I—don't—like—hash," he whispers.

"Neither do I," Fred admits, gravely extending his hand.

"We sure have it a lot," David admits, shaking hands.

"Listen," Fred suggests. "How about us aviation men going downtown and getting something besides hash?"

"Oh, boy!" David yells eagerly. "Can I have ham and eggs and chili beans and strawberry pie and ice-cream?"

"Hey!" Fred exclaims. "You might as well have hash in the first place!"

"Hi, Dick," says Ralph Murphy, the director, after the scene. "Going to be with us awhile? Make yourself at home."

"Miss Otis regrets," I come back. "I've got to get over to—"

Columbia

BUT, alackaday! When I reach Columbia I find the new Grace Moore picture—"Love Me Forever"—is on location.

I go out on the set of "After the Dance" featuring Nancy Carroll and George Murphy, but after waiting three quarters of an hour nothing has happened and not a shot has been made. So I go to the next stage where "Unknown Woman," featuring Richard Cromwell and Marian Marsh, is in production and I wait even longer with no results. Just wait'll Mr. Briskin finds out there were two companies working and that they never made a shot for almost an hour!

There are still two studios left to visit, so I head in the direction of—

Universal

THE one picture going out here is "Diamond Jim Brady" which is being directed by Eddie Sutherland, who gave you "Too Much Harmony," "International House" and "Mississippi." Eddie was to have directed "The Great Ziegfeld," but when Universal sold that yarn to M-G-M, they gave him this one to direct. It was quite a blow to Eddie not to do the other one but he has a fine story in this one and that swell actor, Edward Arnold, in the name part.

This tells how *Diamond Jim* was left an orphan, how he got a job as baggage smasher at the Spuyten-Duyvil station in

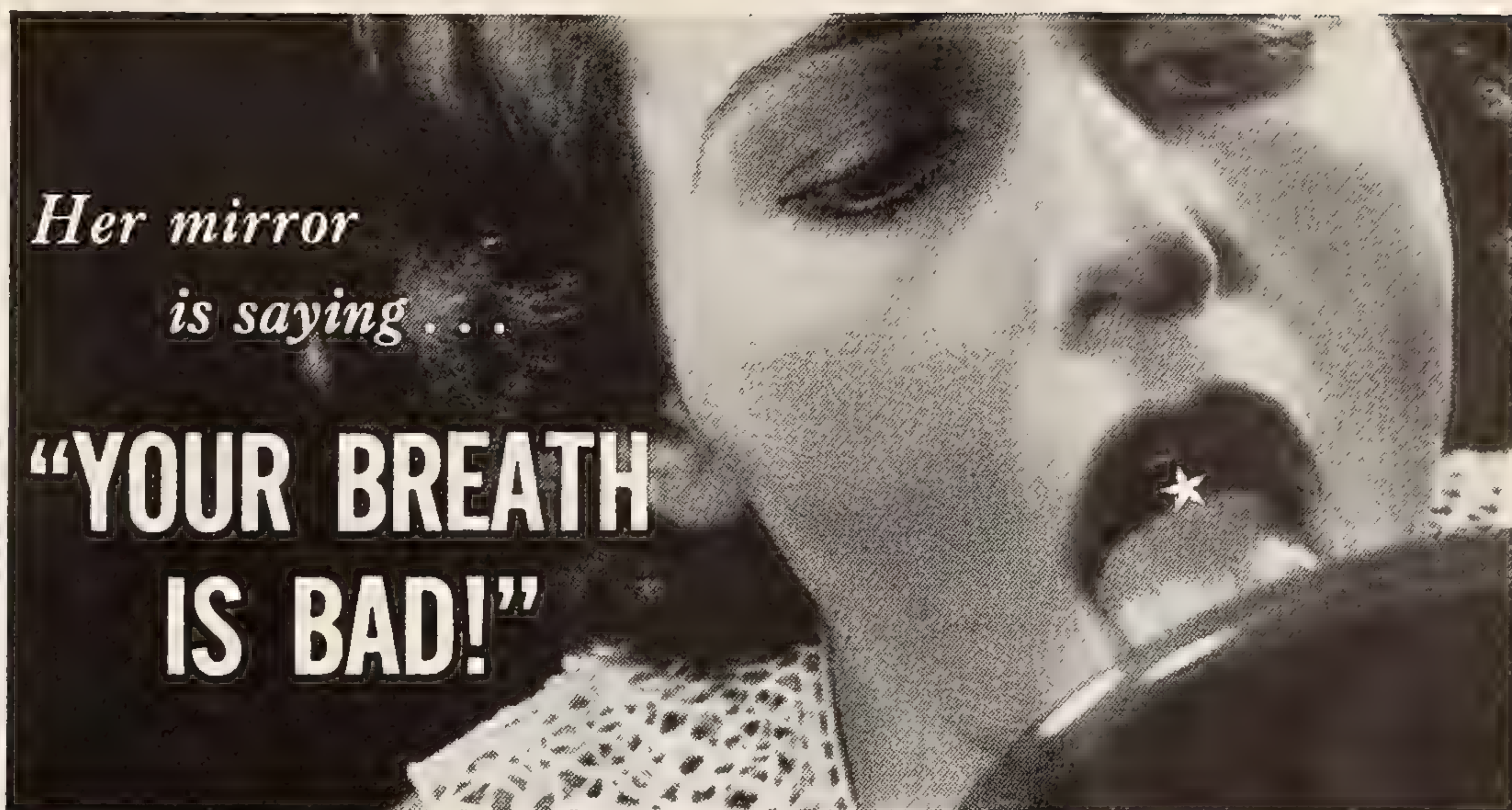


Armand Kaliz and Edward Arnold
in "Diamond Jim Brady."

New York, how he read an ad for a salesman and went into a pawnbroker's shop to rent a frock coat in which to apply for the job. He'd taken a correspondence school course in salesmanship!

The man from whom he rents the outfit suggests that a flock of diamonds would give Jim a much more impressive appearance. So Jim rents some diamonds and the pawnbroker (George Sidney) goes right along with him while he applies for the job, so he can keep an eye on the diamonds.

Through a clever ruse Jim lands the job. On a train he meets the president of a concern that manufactures steel under-



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This is to certify that the average circulation per issue of **SILVER SCREEN** for the six months' period July 1st to and including December 31st, 1934, was as follows:

Copies sold 411,598
Copies distributed free 6,213

TOTAL 417,811

(Signed) **J. SUPERIOR, Treasurer.**

Subscribed to and sworn before me on this 26th day of April, 1935.

(Notary's Seal) **E. A. GEELAN, JR.**
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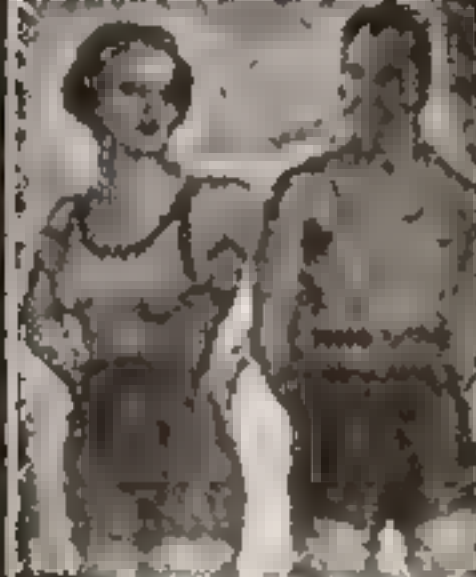
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Then he goes over to the Wheeling & SW people and tells them the C&NA people have bought five hundred of his trucks, whereupon the former place an order for six hundred. You know how those things are.

Well, Jim is out to celebrate in a big way. He's going to own some real diamonds at last. He strolls into Cartier's wearing an infinitesimal diamond in his tie pin, a chip in the locket on his watch chain and a diamond in his ring that you can't see without a magnifying glass.

"Good morning to you," Armand Kaliz, the salesman offers.

"Good morning," says Mr. Arnold cheerfully.

"Isn't it a glorious day outside, sir?" Mr. Kaliz goes on.

"Yeah," says Eddie. "I wanna buy some jools."

"Yes, indeed," Armand gushes. "By all means. Something in an elk's tooth?"

Eddie glares at him ferociously. "Nothing in an elk's tooth. I want some diamonds."

"Ah, diamonds," Armand beams, taking out a tray.

"The trouble with this stuff," Eddie announces disgustedly, "is that everybody's got it. It ain't got no-no-no—" He hesitates for an adjective.

"This way, please," Albert Conti, the manager, who has been listening, interrupts, leading Eddie into an inner room where the good things are kept.

And that was the start of Diamond Jim Brady's career—one of the most colorful New York ever knew.

"How'd you get out of that show in New York to do this?" I ask Arnold when the scene is finished.

"I wasn't in any show," he replies.

"I thought I read you'd gone east to do a play, right after you finished 'Sadie McKee.' You'd have been in a sweet spot to do one then."

"Wouldn't I?" he nods. "I'd love to have done one then if I could have found a good one. That part in 'McKee' is the kind an actor dreams of and never gets but once in a lifetime.

This set fascinates me but there is still

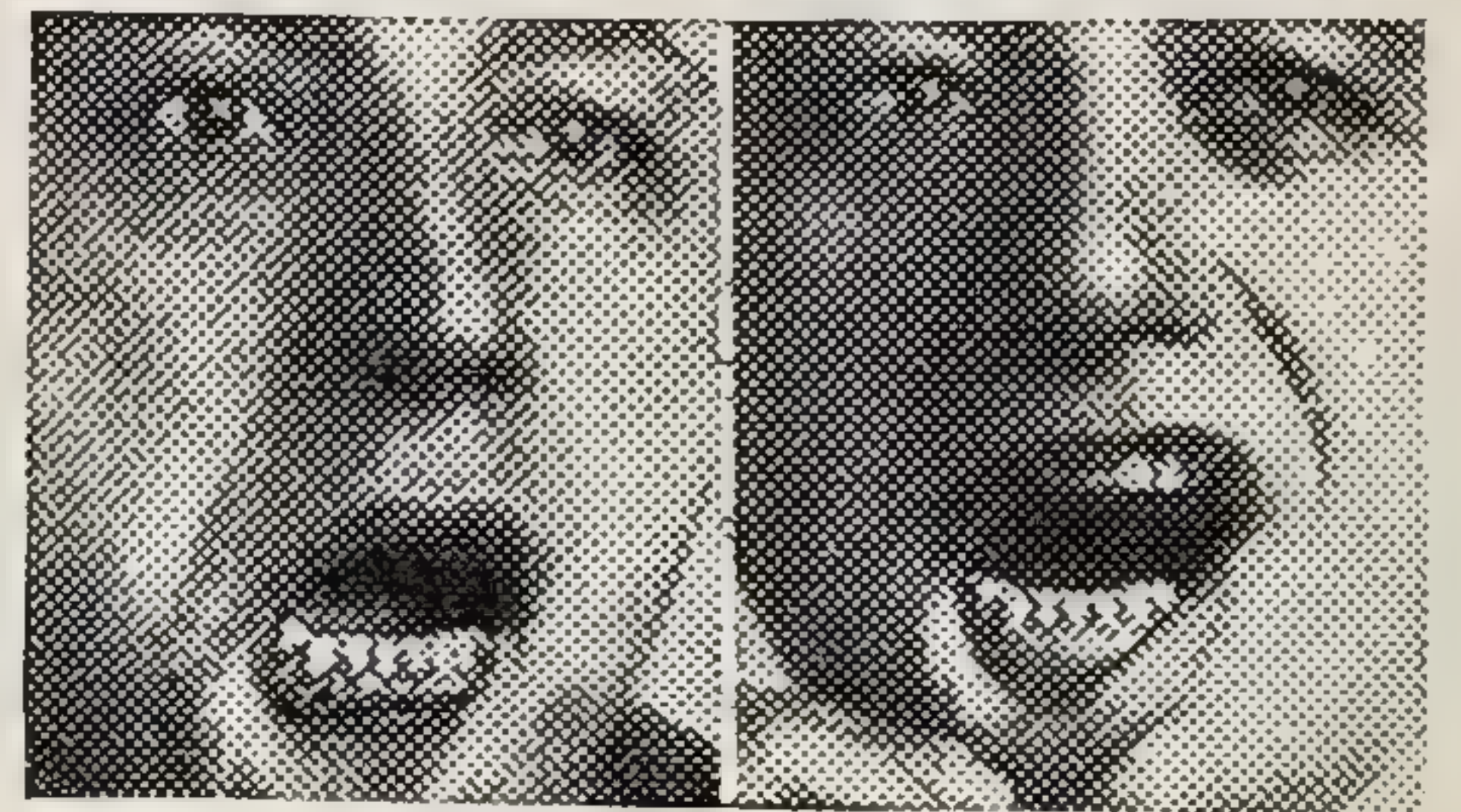
Warner Bros.

THE most important picture of the month or year over here is "Page Miss Glory," starring Marion Davies and featuring Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh.

Dick isn't working today but all the others are.

Frank, who is by way of being a photographer, makes a composite picture of about six different girls, selecting the most beautiful feature of each, and calls it "Dawn Glory." He enters it in a contest and he, Pat O'Brien (his press agent) and Mary Astor (his fiancée) win the \$2500 prize. Immediately the picture is published every

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ARE YOU What's wrong with you? Do symptoms of Constipation, Indigestion, Dizzy Spells, Sweating and Sleeplessness keep you irritable, exhausted and gloomy? Are you Bashful? Despondent? **There's Help for You!** Medicines, tonics or Drugs probably will not relieve your weak, sick nerves. My wonderful book "Watch Your Nerves," explains a new method that will help you regain lost vitality and healthy nerves. Send 25c for this amazing book. **ROBERT HOLMES, 177 Fuller Bldg., Jersey City, N. J.**

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radio firm, advertising agency and theatrical producer in New York want to sign up the girl.

The trio have moved into the royal suite of the most expensive hotel in town, where Marion is employed as a maid.

I can't think of another star with Marion's looks who would get herself up the way Marion has for this part—to say nothing of permitting herself to be photographed that way.

Mary is just coming into the living room of their suite, carrying a suit box and followed by a bellhop who carries a huge oil painting.

"Another present for *Dawn Glory*," she announces triumphantly. "Her poster!" She turns to the bellhop. "Put it up there—on the wall." Then she opens the box. "AND," she raves on, "the silhouette dress the artist used in painting the picture." She pulls the dress out and holds it up before her.

"Try it on, Gladys," Frank urges. "You'd look swell in it."

"I'm afraid I haven't the baby blue eyes to go with it," Mary mocks.

Just then Marion comes out of the bedroom, first sticking her head out to make sure everything is all right.

"She's here again," says Mary, catching sight of her. Marion is what's known as a pest. "Here, maid," Mary goes on, calling to her, "put this in the bedroom."

Marion takes the outfit, holding it like it was of some precious and perishable material, and goes back into the bedroom.

"I won't tell you the rest because I don't want to spoil the picture for you but this should be one of the season's best."

"Hey, you louse," Pat greets me when the scene is over, "what about those old theatre programs you promised me?"

Pat collects old theatre programs and I have a couple of hundred that date back to the year one which, in a moment of madness, I promised him. It's going to end by my having to give them to him or I'll never hear the end of it.

The other picture on this lot is called "Front Page Women" and stars Bette Davis and George Brent. The scene is the press room in a prison. A bunch of reporters are lounging around—also Bette—waiting to cover an execution.

Suddenly the door opens and Brent breezes in. "Hello, everybody," he salutes, crossing the room and hanging up his overcoat. "How's everybody on this festive occasion?"

There is a chorus of greetings from the reporters. "Yo, Devlin," "Hi, son," "Where you been? Haven't seen you in a long time."

"I work for a living," Brent comes back in answer to the last crack.

"How are you, Devlin?" Bette asks quietly when the hubbub quiets down.

George whirls at the sound of her voice and then crosses over to her. "Well, I'm a dirty so and so—"

"That's what I've always thought," Bette smiles.

"What are you doing here?" he asks.

"I'm covering the story," with an elaborate attempt at nonchalance.

"Do you mean," he ejaculates. "Spike Kiley handed you this assignment?"



George Brent and Bette Davis in the newspaper story, "Front Page Women."

"I asked for it," she snaps, and, noting his look, "Why not? It's a big story, isn't it?"

"Look, tidbit," he protests, "an electrocution is no place for you."

"Why not?" she demands. "I'm a reporter."

"No, you aren't," he protests. "You're just a sweet little kid whose family let her read too many newspaper novels."

"You make me so mad," she mutters, "I could—could—could—*Spit!*"

George glances down meaningfully at a cuspidor on the floor. Bette, in a rage, kicks it. "You think you're so cute," she squelches him. "I'm surprised you don't talk baby talk."

"By the way," he continues. "I don't suppose you've ever attended one of these high tension parties before. Maybe I can give you a rough idea of what it's like—just so you'll know how to handle yourself. Suppose this is the chair (jerking an ordinary chair over to him) and they (pointing to the reporters) are the witnesses." He suddenly takes her by the arms. "They slap you into it like this (sits her down) then they put straps across here (indicating her elbows) and here (the wrists) and here (the thighs) and then another one across here—tight (indicating her chest). Over your eyes they put a wide rubber band (pulling his hands slowly across her eyes). She stares at him as if hypnotised. "And another one," he goes on, "across your mouth. Then they take the electrode (getting a gold slave anklet from his pocket and bending down quickly) and strap it on your leg, like this;" He suddenly snaps the anklet on her ankle.

Bette who has been absorbed by the gruesome suggestion of his speech, snatches it quickly and pulls it off. She fairly throws it at him. "Never mind the rehearsal," she pants, springing up.

"I was just trying to give you a present," he protests.

"Well, that's a swell way to do it," she says hysterically.

"Look," he begs her, holding it out, "it's real gold and everything!"

Well, kiddies, I'll leave you with Mr. Brent and Miss Davis at their high tension party. Personally, I'm off to another party—one where they slap you into a chair and shove a glass in your hand instead of putting straps and bandages all over you. My kind's more fun.

THE APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

... is using this space to correct a popular error about **ASTROLOGY**

Astrology is no more related to "Fortune Telling" than is a Doctor's advice to **eat certain foods and avoid certain infections.**

—Or the caution of a Beach Guard that you should **keep inside the ropes at high water. Both tell and caution, but do not COMPEL.**

Just so Astrology tells, but does not **compel**; it cautions, restrains or indicates action **on certain Dates** and about certain things.

These favorable and unfavorable **Dates** are not matters of chance, but determined by mathematical progression of Star positions from the exact time of your own Birth.

That the advice is good and the Dates are accurate can easily be accepted, because of Astrology's **absolute accuracy** upon intimate personal matters, **known only to you.**

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"I was certainly amazed at the accuracy and deep knowledge you have displayed in casting this Horoscope.

I have had work of this kind done many times, in India, Germany and the United States, and I can truthfully say that the work done by you has been the most accurate.

I am sending you the enclosed remittance to cast a Horoscope for a young lady who was born on the 17th. 10 A. M."

These Forecasts are very detailed (about 20,000 words) and cover full 12 months from date it is sent to you.

Being based upon your Birth Date, we must be informed **where, what year, month and date** you were born.

YOUR Forecast will be sent, sealed, for one dollar (bill or check) which will be refunded if you are not fully satisfied and return the Manuscript.

Or, if you simply enclose a 3c stamp for postage on reply, the Society will advise of certain Dates important to you.

APPLIED RESEARCH SOCIETY

77 Prospect Street • Marblehead, Mass.

Answers to the Puzzles on Page 72

- | | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Douglas Fairbanks | 6. Ruby Keeler |
| 2. Warren William | 7. Alan Dinehart |
| 3. Barbara Stanwyck | 8. Dixie Lee |
| 4. Rochelle Hudson | 9. Mary Astor |
| 5. May Robson | |

The Final Thing



Marlene Dietrich

MANY of us when we make a failure of what we are doing, can hide it. A motion picture director has a tougher lot; when *he* fails we can all see and ridicule the flop. Probably it will be some time before you can see another film directed by Joseph Von Sternberg, because "The Devil Is a Woman" is poor, and it follows "Scarlet Empress," which was not too successful. As you look at this Dietrich picture you cannot help but wonder what has happened to this once clever director. Why, for example, when he killed his "Scarlet Empress" with gargoyles should he have this picture full of horrible carnival masks? Why must he see every scene from *behind* something? Never a direct shot to help the story, but always the camera is peeping through tangled skeins of paper streamers, grapevines or rain storms. Of course, the answer is that when looking at simple straightforward directing you do not think about the director, but, when you have to view the star in the dark, behind a typhoon and wearing a veil, you are certain to say "Huh, who directed this?"

Moral: When you tackle art you must forget your "Von" and how doggone wonderful you are, and give the audience a chance.

On the other hand:—

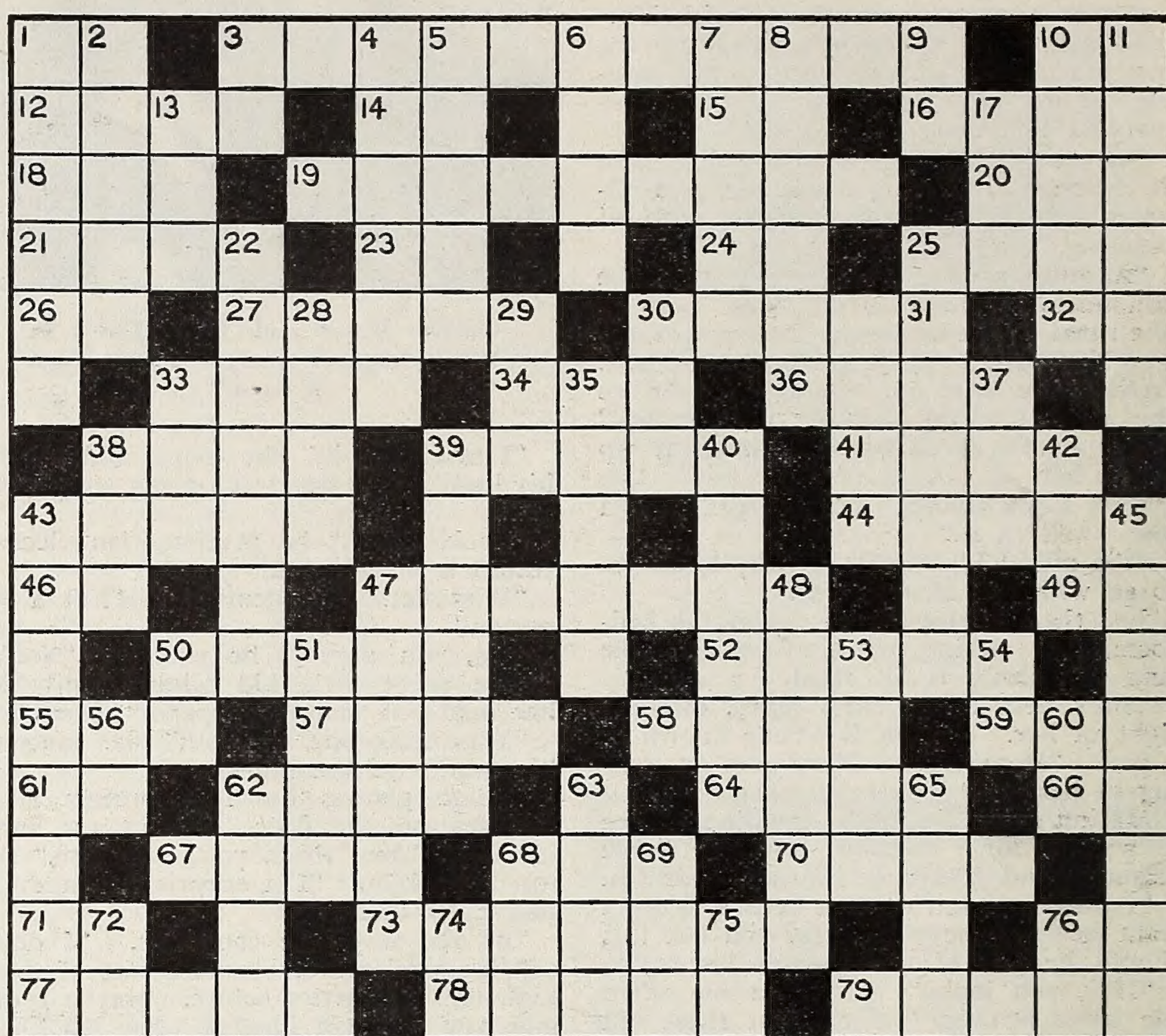
"The Scoundrel" is a real work of art. It is the work of Hecht and MacArthur, with Noel Coward as the inconstant lover. Every line is something to listen to; the photography is perfect, inasmuch as you do not think of it. In fact, that is the note of the entire picture. You forget the medium because you are enthralled with the theme. It has the touch of mystery that is Life itself, and even a grim justice that balances the account. Noel Coward, a real genius, does not require any trickery to help him create this astonishing, unforgettable character.

Moral:—It seems only fair that after this they should call themselves, Von Hecht, Von MacArthur and Von Coward.

THE EDITOR.

A MOVIE FAN'S CROSSWORD PUZZLE

By Charlotte Herbert



ACROSS

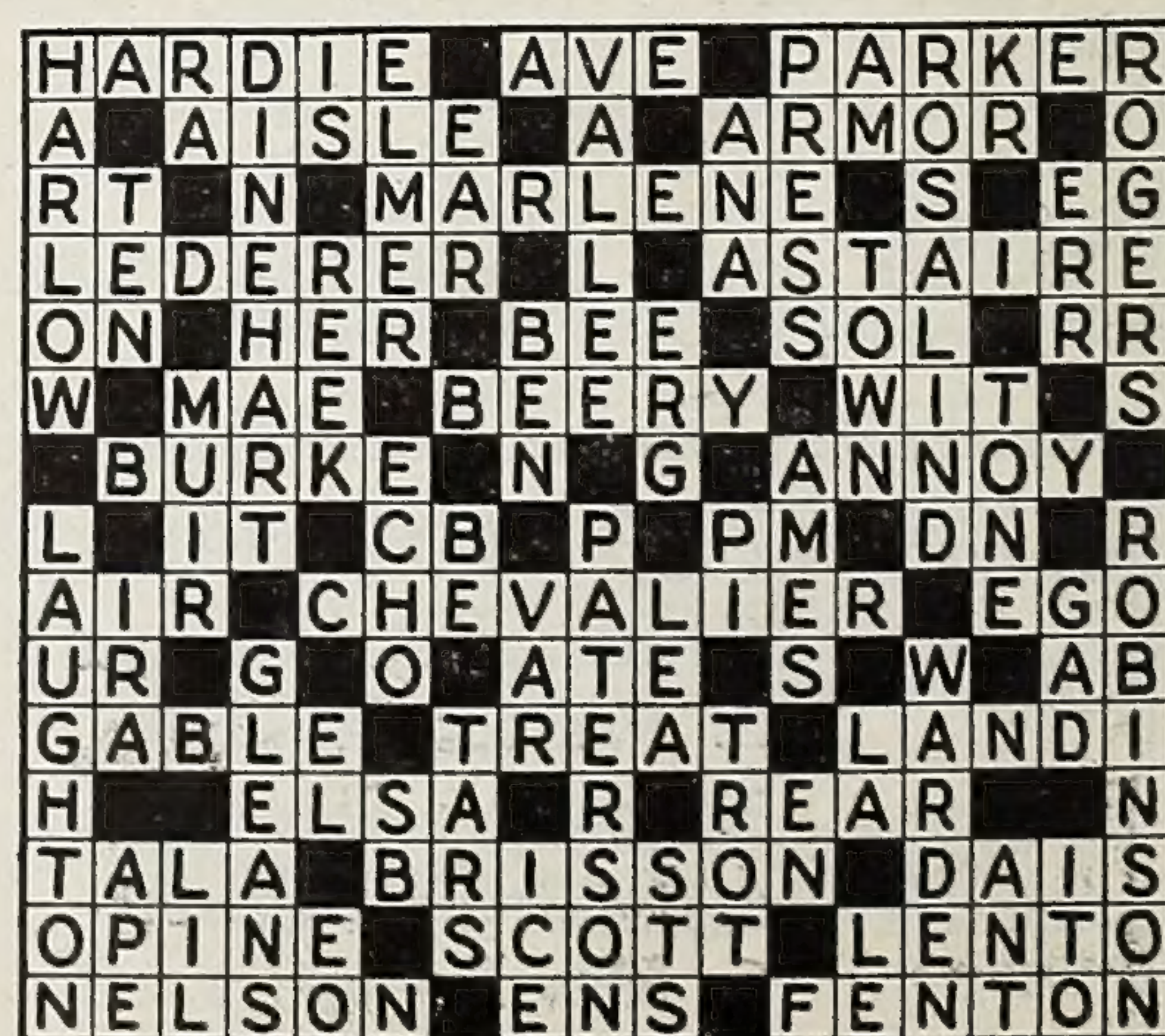
- 1 His first picture was "The Jazz Singer"
- 3 The star of "Four Hours to Kill"
- 10 Expression of delight
- 12 He was excellent in "Sweet Music"
- 14 Either
- 15 Type measure
- 16 Joan Crawford's devoted friend
- 18 To extend or lengthen
- 19 The winner of the highest Hollywood honors
- 20 To urge
- 21 Seizes unexpectedly
- 23 Army Corps (abbr.)
- 24 Expression of hesitancy
- 25 A sediment
- 26 Like
- 27 A small horse (poss.)
- 30 She once worked in a barber shop
- 32 Fifty-one (Roman)
- 33 To be the leader of
- 34 Anger
- 36 Merit
- 38 He is often teamed with Evelyn Venable
- 39 Constancy
- 41 Female sheep
- 43 Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables"
- 44 To make even
- 46 Ever
- 47 She danced in "Rumba"
- 49 Point of compass
- 50 To imagine
- 52 Nell Kenner in "Ruggles of Red Gap"
- 55 Sorrowful
- 57 Native of Arabia
- 58 Small Youngsters
- 59 Definite article
- 61 Helen in "Four Hours to Kill" (initials)
- 62 Strays
- 64 The creator of Mickey Mouse
- 66 Editor (abbr.)
- 67 The owner of those "expressive" hands
- 68 Companion
- 70 To cover with wax
- 71 A note of the scale
- 73 The youthful leading lady in "Dog of Flanders"
- 76 Newfoundland (abbr.)
- 77 Illuminate
- 78 Dr. Charles Monet in "Private Worlds"
- 79 Mr. Sweeney in "One More Spring"

DOWN

- 1 Places for contestants in Roman amphitheatres
- 2 He was an aviator during the war
- 3 Beside
- 4 Uriah Heap in "David Copperfield"
- 5 He may return to the stage
- 6 Captain Warrington in "Naughty Marietta"
- 7 Rhythm
- 8 Entrance
- 9 Thoroughfare (abbr.)
- 10 She was betrothed to David Manners in "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"
- 11 He is well known on the stage

- 13 A girl making her first appearance in society
- 17 Above (poet.)
- 22 He is a polo enthusiast
- 25 Betty Furness was her daughter in "McFadden's Flats"
- 28 A sworn statement
- 29 Title of respect
- 30 Acquire
- 33 Possessive pronoun
- 35 George Raft and Carole Lombard played in this picture
- 37 Western state (abbr.)
- 38 Now sojourning in Europe
- 39 The poor Flemish boy in "Dog of Flanders"
- 40 Her real name is Harlean Carpenter
- 42 Japanese money
- 43 His next picture will be "The Flame Within"
- 45 He was born in Lithuania
- 47 To beat
- 48 Separate
- 50 Doctor of Dentistry (abbr.)
- 51 Organs of hearing
- 53 Small island
- 54 Near
- 56 Morning (abbr.)
- 60 Masculine pronoun
- 62 Every
- 63 He attended Grinnell College in Iowa
- 65 Adorn
- 68 No longer an amateur (abbr.)
- 69 Falsehood
- 72 Three-toed sloth
- 74 A degree (abbr.)
- 75 Elder (abbr.)
- 76 Negative

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



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RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS'
"GO INTO YOUR DANCE"



LIKE SO MANY
GIRLS I USE ROUGE
AND POWDER, BUT
THANKS TO **LUX
TOILET SOAP** I'LL
NEVER HAVE
COSMETIC SKIN



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PAPER FOR CHESTERFIELDS . .

“poured”
like milk
and just
as pure . .

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Chesterfield cigarette paper,
the linen pulp of the flax plant is washed
over and over again in water as pure as a
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So thin is this crisp white paper that an
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Chesterfields—actually over 2 miles of paper

*Chesterfield paper must be pure
Chesterfield paper must burn right
It must have no taste or odor*

Liquid paper in
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Paper Co.



—the cigarette that's Milder
—the cigarette that Tastes Better